

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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ANN
BLYTH'S
MARRIAGE
STORY

JUN 15 1953
THE MOUNTAIN
GONDOLA
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 19 1953
copy

DELL
MAGAZINE



New! a shampoo that
Silkens
 your hair!

Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather . . .* its new and fresh fragrance. *You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
 See your hair left silky bright!
 This new formula flashes into
 lightning-quick lather—milder
 than castile! No other lather
 is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!



New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!

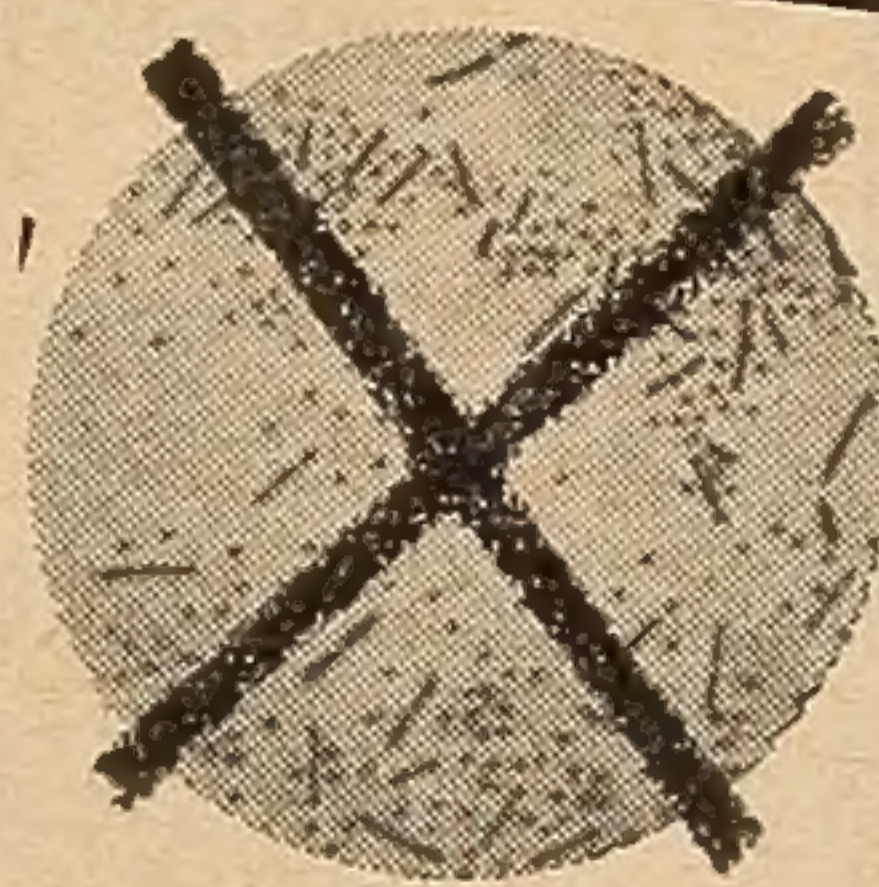


This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

Important- especially if you can't brush after every meal!

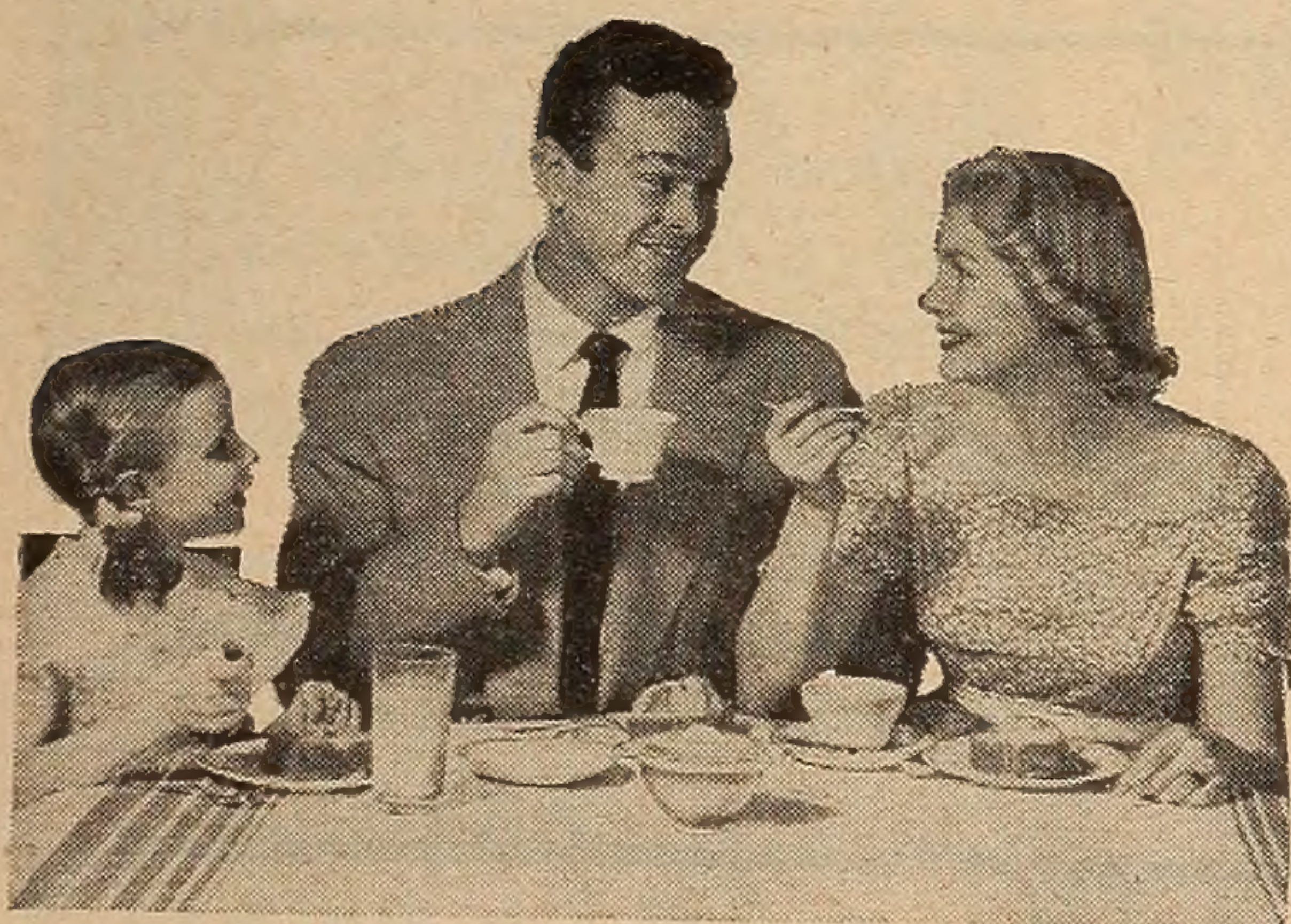
New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



... and scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria — including bacteria that cause decay and bad breath — by an average of 84%.

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!



Clean sweet breath—even after eating

*Yes, a single brushing with new Ipana lets you eat and smoke with amazing freedom from unpleasant mouth odor (except, of course, from onions or garlic). In tests, it stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing.

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal... and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don't have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours... even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What's more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use

new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here's how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

New, White—



Product of Bristol-Myers



Student nurses are needed...
Inquire at your hospital.

modern screen

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All she seems
to know is "NO"!



ZOWIE! YOUR LIBERTY
SURE IS FOGBOUND, EDDIE!
BETTER CHECK IN AT YOUR
DENTIST'S, MATE!

WOW! SO KATE'S HUNG A
BAD-BREATH TAG ON ME,
HAS SHE? HIT THE DECK,
MR. DENTIST! HERE I COME!

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



SINCE COLGATE'S AND I BECAME SO MATEY
IT'S A LIFETIME HITCH FOR ME AND KATIE!

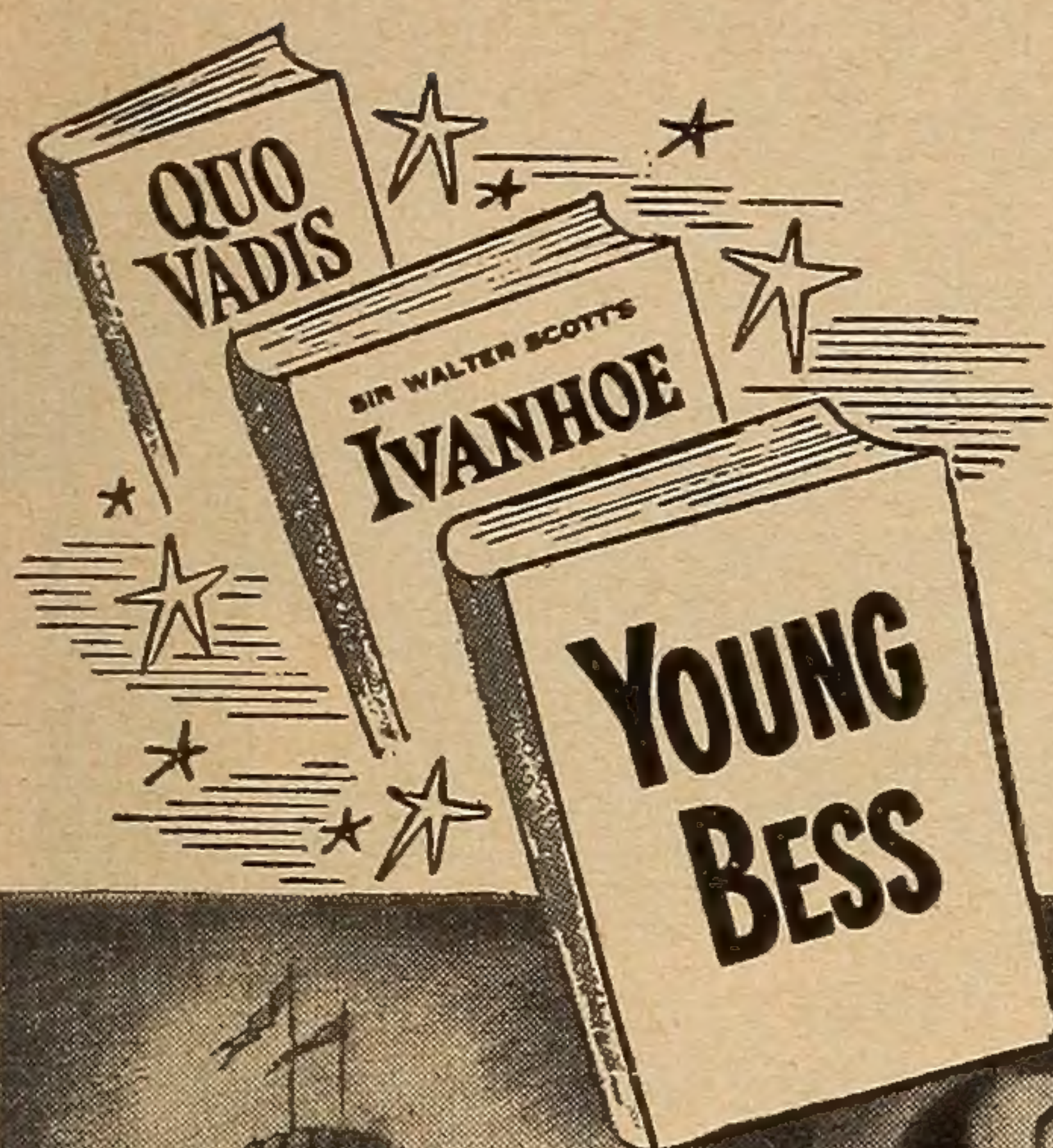
Now! ONE Brushing With
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



GIVES YOU A CLEANER,
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER



For his kisses, this fiery young beauty braved scandal! He was so strong, so handsome—but so unattainable because he belonged to another! From the pages of a best-selling novel, M-G-M brings another spectacular entertainment to the screen—a new and wonderful Technicolor production by the studio that gave you "Quo Vadis" and "Ivanhoe".



starring **JEAN SIMMONS** • **STEWART GRANGER** • **DEBORAH KERR** • **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **KAY WALSH** • **GUY ROLFE** • **KATHLEEN BYRON** • **CECIL KELLAWAY** • **LEO G. CARROLL**

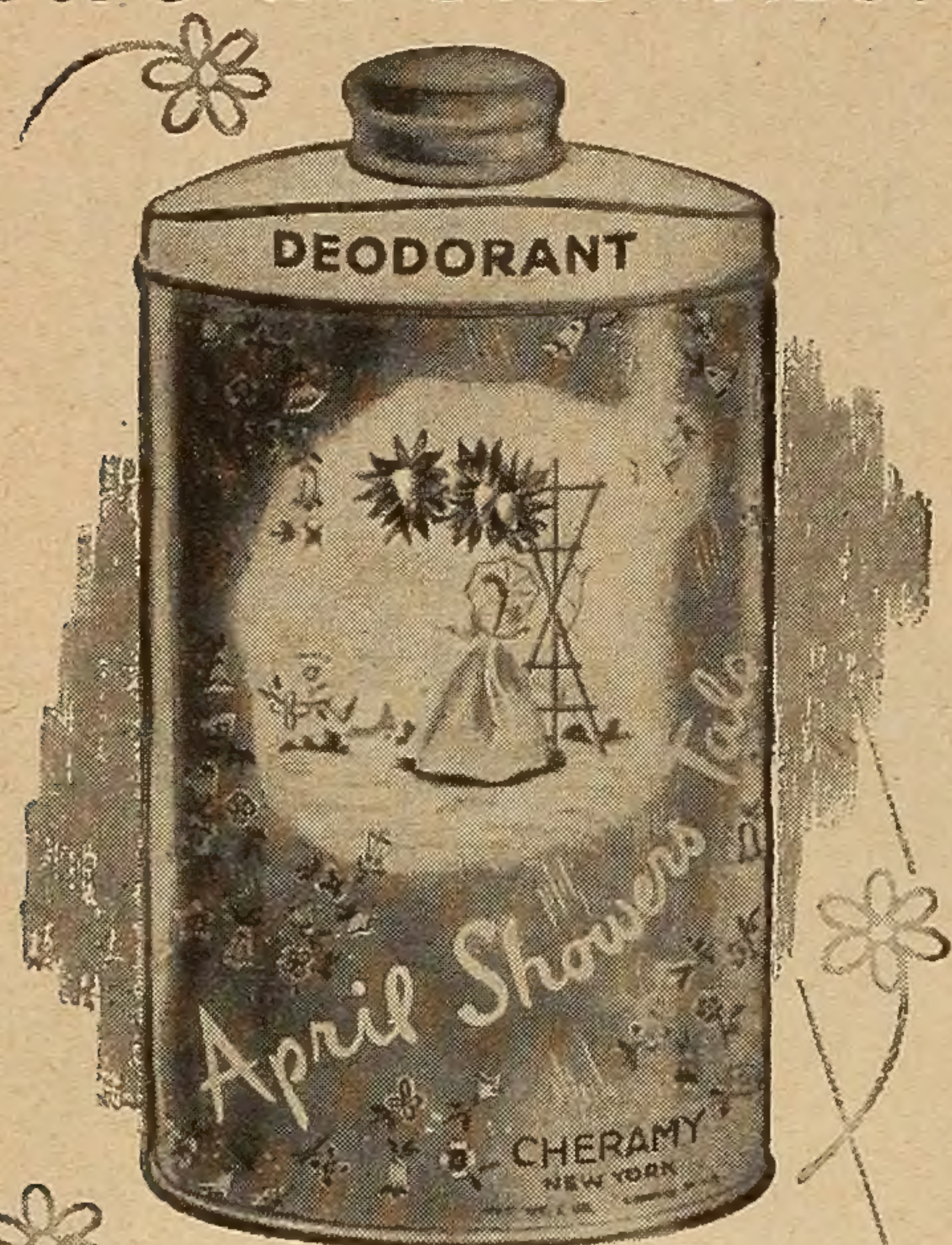
Screen Play by **JAN LUSTIG** and **ARTHUR WIMPERIS**

Based On the Novel by **MARGARET IRWIN**

Directed by **GEORGE SIDNEY** • Produced by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN** • An M-G-M Picture

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1. It's a deodorant!

2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH
BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply...
glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe,
Always Sure" deodorant

gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.



by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.** The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor doesn't really like to act?

—T.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. True.

Q. I understand that the Federal Government plans to jail Frank Sinatra because of back income taxes. How much does Frankie owe and can the Government honestly jail him?

—V.R., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. Sinatra owes the Government \$110,497.97. There has been no talk of jail. Unless Sinatra pays up, the Government will attach his recording royalties, his salary, his property until the delinquency is satisfied.

Q. When Carole Lombard died to whom did she leave her very large fortune?

—C.J., BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

A. Her husband, Clark Gable.

Q. Does Dan Dailey wear false teeth?

—F.E., WILSON, N. C.

A. Yes.

Q. Does Janet Leigh hope to have some babies in the near future? I heard she and Tony don't want children.

—C.O., CORNWALL, N. Y.

A. They would like children but not right now.

Q. I have heard that Esther Williams is notoriously bow-legged. Is this true?

—G.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. I've been waiting more than three years to see John Wayne and Janet Leigh in *Jet Pilot*. When will this picture be released?

—K.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Probably in the Fall.

Q. Who are the two most generous young actors in show business?

—F.L., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Our guess—Mario Lanza and Jerry Lewis.

Q. Would you please settle this argument about Roy Rogers. Will he ever see forty again?

—M.V., ATHENS, GA.

A. No.

Q. Who is the famous Russian nobleman hired by Warner Bros. years ago to look after their top star, Rin-Tin-Tin?

—K.D., WELLS, NEB.

A. "Prince" Michael Romanoff, the Beverly Hills restaurateur.

Q. I know that Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers. But is Gene Tierney their sister?

—E.S., SANTOS, N. M.

A. No.

Q. I understand Elizabeth Taylor is pet crazy. What sort of pets does she have now that she's married?

—D.H., ITHACA, N. Y.

A. Four dogs, four cats.

Q. Vivien Leigh has a 20-year-old daughter who is an actress. Is Sir Laurence Olivier the father of this child?

—D.R., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. The father is a previous husband of Miss Leigh's.

Q. How come Vera-Ellen was in *Call Me Madam* and yet her name doesn't appear on the record album?

—F.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Her songs were dubbed by Carole Richards who gets the vocal credit on the records.

Q. How much older is Patti Lewis than her husband, Jerry? Is it true that he is of Greek ancestry?

—B.D., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. One year older; Lewis is of American ancestry.

Q. Why doesn't Orson Welles return to the U. S.? Doesn't he have any paternal feelings for his daughter Rebecca?

—V.J., MADISON, WIS.

A. Welles has tax trouble.

Q. Isn't it a fact that Gwen O'Connor filed for a divorce from Donald O'Connor originally because she fell in love with Dan Dailey?

—T.O., TROY, N. Y.

A. No, she and Dailey began seeing each other only after the breakup.

Q. How come we read so few stories

(Continued on page 25)

THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL MUSICAL ADVENTURES!

The wind-swept sands of North Africa...

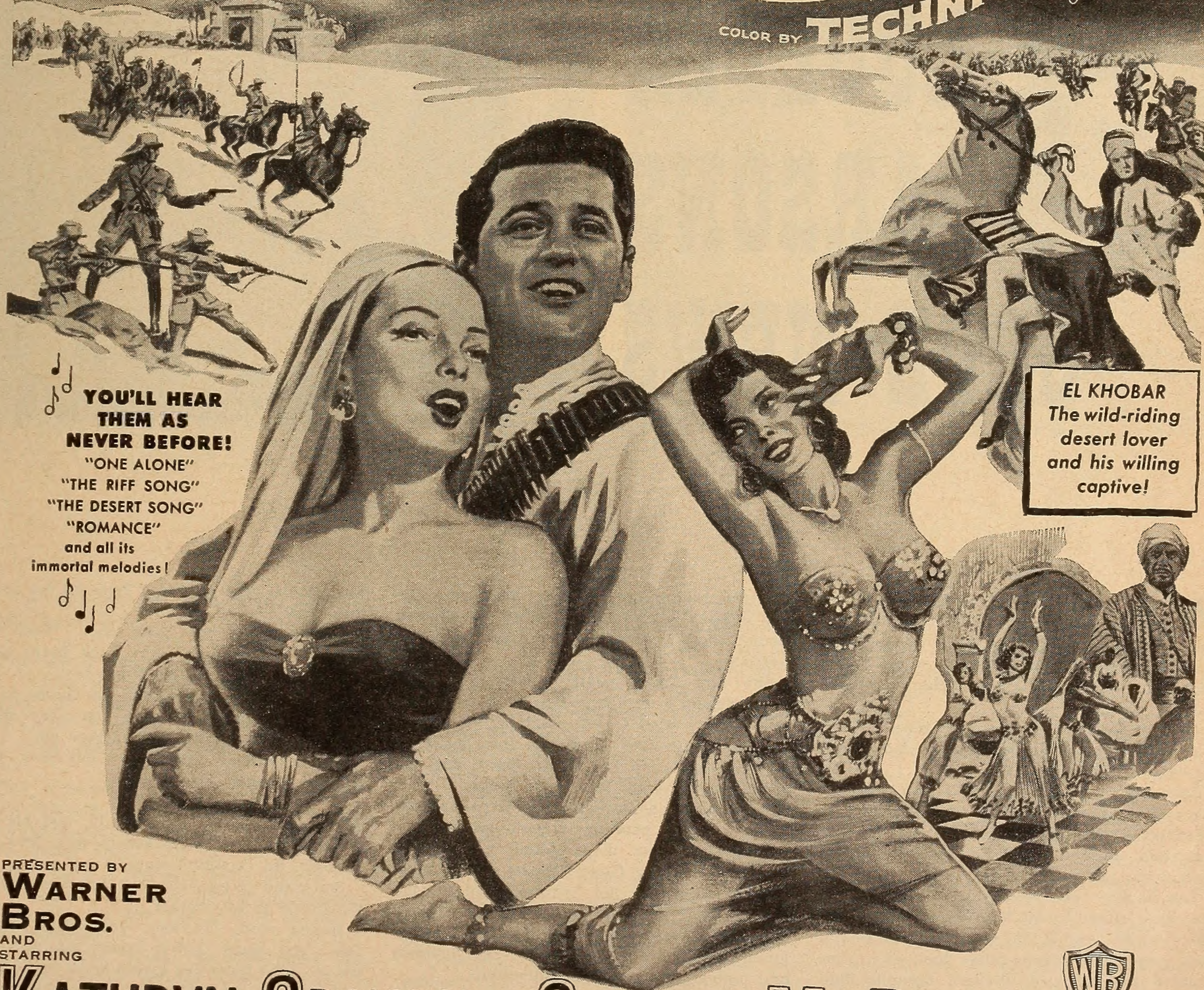
Screaming Arab terror-raids... The Harem Dance of Desire...

The embattled Foreign Legion... The sheik's palace stormed

- AND THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE NEW

"DESERT SONG"

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**



**YOU'LL HEAR
THEM AS
NEVER BEFORE!**

"ONE ALONE"
"THE RIFF SONG"
"THE DESERT SONG"
"ROMANCE"
and all its
immortal melodies!

EL KHOBAR
The wild-riding
desert lover
and his willing
captive!

PRESENTED BY
**WARNER
BROS.**

AND
STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON · GORDON MACRAE · STEVE COCHRAN

WITH
RAYMOND MASSEY · DICK WESSON · ALLYN McLERIE

DIRECTED BY
BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROLAND KIBBEE · RUDI FEHR

PRODUCED BY
BASED UPON A PLAY BY LAWRENCE SCHWAB, OTTO HARBACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND, SIGMUND ROMBERG AND FRANK MANDEL
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED & DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF



Wonderful news about
Virginia Mayo . . . Shelley
goes sleek . . . new "headlines"
for Rita . . . Young Mr.
Wilding steps out . . .
And young Mr. Arnaz
gets censored.



Rosemary's home town turned out *en masse* for the premiere of *The Stars Are Singing*. The celebration started with a motorcade.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Wayne Bell of WFTM, Maysville's local station, crowned Rosie "Queen of Song" in the name of disk jockeys the country over.

WHEN YOU read this, Jane Powell will be touring this country and Canada with her night club act. And by the strangest coincidence, Gene Nelson's public appearances take him to the same towns at the same time Jane is playing!

The rift between Janie and Geary Steffen was a body blow to her fans, to the whole industry, in fact.

The public is more or less used to the romantic failures of the Lana Turners, Ava Gardners, et al. But Jane and Geary and their two children stood for something solid among the younger married set.

Apparently, everything was okay until Jane was loaned by MGM to Warners' to make *Three Sailors And A Girl* with Gene. So simon-pure was Jane's reputation that even the usually suspicious co-workers thought little of the fact that she and Gene lunched together daily.

The first jolt came when Gene admitted that he and his wife of nine years were separating. (They have a son.)

Two weeks later came the thunderbolt that Jane and Geary had had "trouble" and were attempting to hold their marriage together.

But just before Jane left on her tour, taking

her two children and a nurse, she said, "Unless I have a change of heart, I'll divorce Geary when I return to Los Angeles in six weeks."

She had "no comment" to make about Gene Nelson (as though one were needed!).

Somebody tried to tell me that the trouble between Jane and Geary is that he is a business man and she is an artist; and the attraction between Jane and Gene is that they speak the same language, showbusiness. That's a lot of nonsense if you ask me.

What gets into these young people—the Donald O'Connors, Gene Nelsons, the Steffens, Jane Withers and her husband and all the rest of them? Do they think a change of partners will solve the problems that can only be handled by more inner strength and patience and understanding of the individual?

DESI ARNAZ was all over the Racquet Club in Palm Springs the Saturday night of his and Lucille Ball's first vacation since Desi IV was born, showing a whole set of nude pictures of his son and heir.

"Some boy, eh?" squealed Desi bustin' his buttons with pride over his four-months-old boy. "Already the glamor girls are tryin'

to date him—but he gives them all the brush. Some boy!"

Lucille called from their table, "Desi! You bring those pictures right back here! Can't poor little Desi have some privacy?"

Obediently, Desi returned the nudes to his red-headed Lucy. She gave him some others to show of the baby with clothes on.

Desi exhibited these, too. "But they don't do him justice," he sighed.

FRANKIE SINATRA JR., age 10, had his first fight with a kid at school who said that Frankie, Sr. "couldn't sing."

Scratched up but victorious, Frankie reported the battle to his mother.

Nancy said, "Darling, you mustn't fight. Don't you know that if Daddy couldn't sing we wouldn't have this lovely home and all the good things he gives us even though he doesn't live here anymore?"

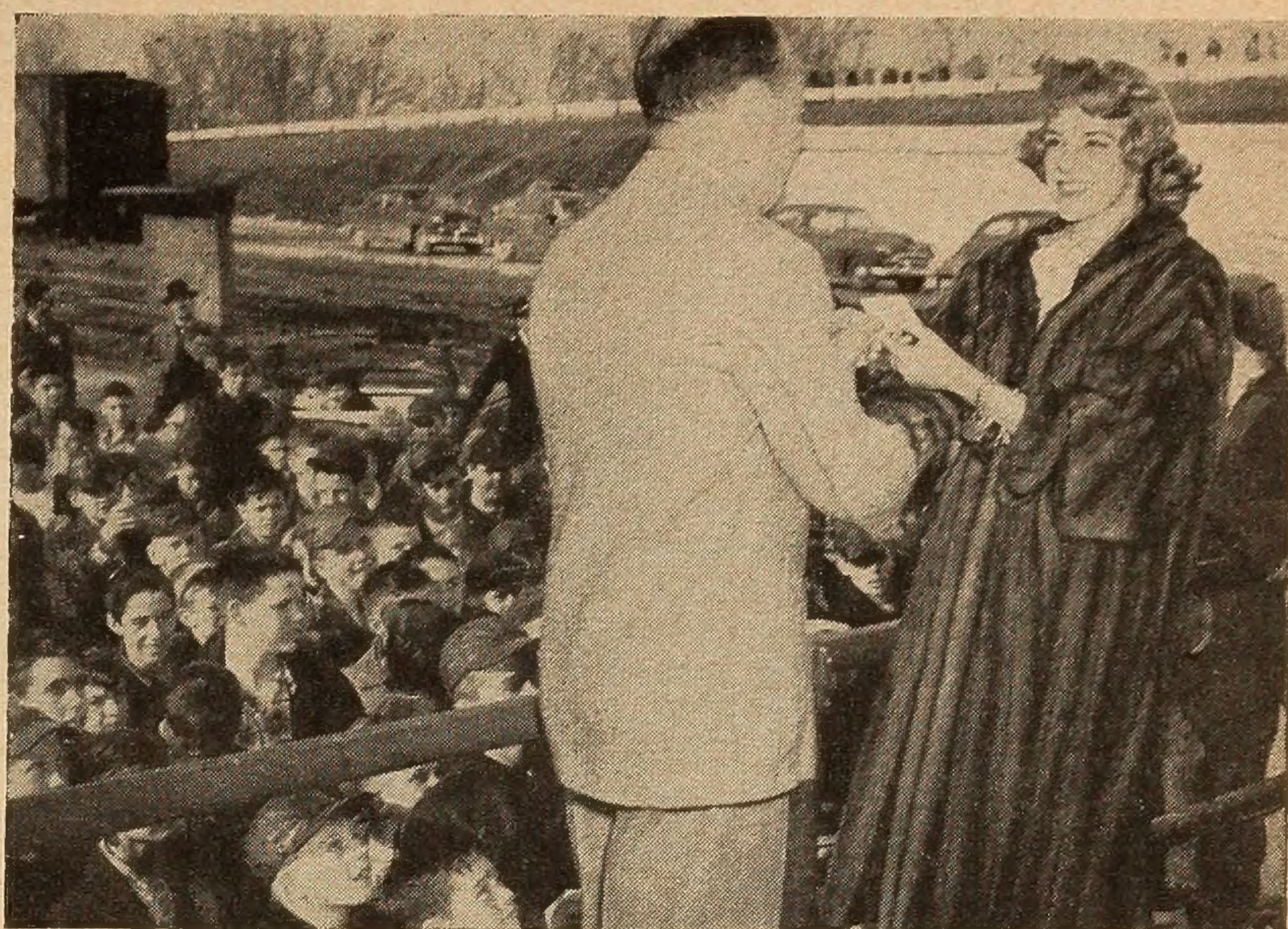
"From now on when a boy says your father can't sing, just ask him if his father has done as well in his business as your father has done in his."

Little Frankie thought this over.

"All right," he conceded, "and if his father hasn't done as well, I won't fight. But if



Grinning excitedly, Rosemary is interviewed in front of the theater. She was guest of honor at the gala teen-age dance that followed.



Elected an honorary member of the Maysville Boy's Club, Rosemary receives her membership card while the Club, ardent admirers all, looks on.



Rosemary gratefully acknowledged the honor done her when a street was named for her. Maysville's lady mayor, Mrs. Rebeheh Hord, stands by.



Back in Hollywood once again, Rosie relaxes with her favorite beau José Ferrer, and gives him a report on her triumphant return to her home town.

he has done as well—I'm gonna beat the stuffin' out of him!"

THE LAW of compensation really paid off for Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea.

After six years of a childless marriage, they expect a baby in November and they're just about the two happiest people in the world.

This wonderful blessing came at a time when Virginia and Mike thought the breaks were going against them. Mike's career hasn't been going well. And a California court handed down a decision that Virginia (because of our state's community property laws) had to pay the first Mrs. O'Shea \$25,000 in back alimony.

When things looked blackest came confirmation of their dearest hope—a baby is coming to them. They're nice people, Virginia and Mike. I'm so happy for them.

I'M NOT losing any sleep fearful that the "scoop" of Terry Moore's "elopement" with Robert Wagner will elude me.

This little gal has a plenty hep press agent. He never misses a chance to get Terry in the papers as the burning heart interest of

some very attractive gentleman or another.

Bing Crosby sat down at her table briefly following a golf match. The next day the gossip columns were flooded with news of this newest "romance."

The truth about Terry and young Wagner (a much sought after guy) is that they were in Florida making a movie together. And they went dancing a couple of times.

So, this is blown into a "big story" that Terry and Bob are on the verge of eloping. (I'll wait.)

LISTEN TO THIS: psychiatrists have diagnosed Marlyn Monroe's frequent colds and asthmatic attacks as "psychosomatic" (meaning an illness brought on by a frustration).

"She needs to feel that she is loved and wanted," say the mental-medics. "She suffers physically from a subconscious yearning for affection!"

Wait 'til the Army, Navy and Marines hear this!

I WONDER WHAT Janet Leigh thinks if she happens to remember the interview she gave not too long ago in which she said, "It may seem cold-hearted, but when a couple in

our set starts quarreling and having trouble, we just don't see them anymore. It's too dangerous to the happiness of the young marrieds we know to associate with couples who are fighting or divorcing!" Now look what's happened.

The first couple in the set of "happy young marrieds" to turn in their badges were Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney. When their marriage break came, no longer were they among the gay group headed by Janet and Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis and Patti, invited to barbecues, to make home-made movies and to share vacation trips to Palm Springs or the mountains.

Then the Dean Martins had a serious break before they decided to try again.

Now it's Jane Powell and Geary Steffen on the skid list.

And, horror of horrors, Janet and Tony have spent a great deal of time recently heatedly denying that they are having their problems.

Pretty soon, the only couple left of the "original" group of friends still permitted to join the barbecue-home-movies group, may be Patti and Jerry Lewis!

The "cast" is rapidly pffftting out!

(Continued on next page) 7

A SOLDIER IN KOREA SENDS HIS THANKS TO LOUELLA AND TO YOU.

Dear Louella,

I wish to express my thanks to you and to MODERN SCREEN for the wonderful response to my request for mail. At first I answered every letter but they arrived in increasingly large numbers. Today I got 62 letters and find it impossible to answer them all. A lot of the letters are being passed on to other GI's and I sincerely hope each letter gets answered.

If there is some way you can convey this information to the many nice people who have written me, I will appreciate it.

As for myself, I couldn't be better. The food is good, we have warm clothing, and I also have 30 points for rotation. What more could anyone ask?

In closing, I again say "Thanks." You have boosted my morale 100 per cent. If you have time to drop me a line, I'll be only too glad to read and answer it.

Sincerely,

John Hughes,
0995645, Btry A,
160. FA MN APO 86.

THESE FOUR ROMANCES ARE NOW THE HOTTEST TOPICS OF HOLLYWOOD.



Since this first date, Gwyneth O'Connor and Dan Dailey have been fair game. Dan's been blamed for plenty, Gwen's said to long for a career.



Geary threw a birthday party for Jane. But Jane pairing off with Gene Nelson threw all Hollywood for a loop. Only temporarily, says Geary.



Terry Moore and Bob Wagner were supposed to be a "thing" in Florida. But it turned out to be hotter in print than in person. They're just pals.



Wedding plans for Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray were in the blueprint stage before Rita Hayworth came along . . . now everything's sketchy.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

AFTER BEING the dowdiest-dressed pregnant woman ever to have a baby in Hollywood, Shelley Winters is absolutely startling the natives by showing up at social events a bloomin' fashion plate. She's very, very chic these days.

She came to the Diner's Club cocktail party at Ciro's in a cinnamon-colored cocktail suit with jet buttons, black gloves and, believe it or not, a very chic cocktail hat with tiny jet beads on the veil. It's the first time the oldest citizen can recall Shelley wearing a hat.

When she was kidded about how smart she looked, Shell flipped, "Why should I have spent money looking like I did before Vittoria was born? Now I've got my 'figger' back there's some sense in going overboard on buying pretty clothes."

Another gal at the same affair who looked surprisingly different was Jeanne Crain, who showed up with her hair violently red and very short. And her husband, Paul Brinkman, looked "different" because he had shaved off his mustache.

While we're on the subject of fashions, Ann Blyth's wedding garters will be the most original ever donned by a bride: they are blue-lace with tiny bags filled with rice decorating them.

PURELY PERSONAL: It's touching and a little sad the way Greta Peck (Mrs. Gregory) tries to pretend that all is well between her and Greg. She explains her return to Hollywood while he remains in Europe making movies, by saying "It's better for our children to be here." . . .

Robert Taylor, who has always criticized people for necking in public, necks in public with Ursula Thiess. . . .

Nothing is sillier to me than the argument defending the stars in Europe for 18-months to dodge income taxes, "an actor's career in the big money is so short." Errol Flynn has had a short career? Clark Gable has had a short career? Claudette Colbert? Gene Kelly? Gary Cooper? Gene Tierney? Oh, come now. . . .

No girl ever took sudden, dizzying success with more modesty than Rosemary Clooney. Just love this gal. . . .

Mona Freeman's torch for Bing Crosby is lighting up Sunset Boulevard. I still say, no matter how many dates Bing has with a pretty girl, he ain't thinking of marrying again. . . .

You may not think of "Schnozz" Durante as the ideal lady's man, but his cute, redheaded girl friend, Marjorie Little, cried her eyes out when she (mistakenly) thought he was at a night club with another gal. Guess we better start calling him "Romeo" Durante. . . .

THE SIGHT-OF-THE-MONTH was the Paramount Studio gates opening to permit a sporty Jaguar car onto the lot. The driver was Michael Wilding in bright yellow slacks and sweater and beside him sat a nurse holding three-months-old Michael Howard Wilding on her lap.

Just like his old man, baby Mike was also done up in yellow, but it was a paler shade; a little embroidered yellow cap and matching jacket.

The Wilding "men" were on their way to visit Momma Elizabeth Taylor who was emoting in *Elephant Walk*—her first movie since Mike, Jr.'s birth.

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

The way you demanded them...in a picture that was made for them—the way they were made for each other!


Their real love
spills over on the screen!




TONY CURTIS JANET LEIGH

...as the great Houdini, master escape artist! ...as the girl whose love was his real magic!

HOUDINI

Color by  TECHNICALOLOR

with  TORIN THATCHER • Produced by GEORGE PAL
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN
Based on a book by Harold Kelloch • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued



The Tyrone Powers and daughter Romina examine a gift basket during a recent stay at N.Y.'s Savoy Plaza. Another baby is expected soon.



Louella Parsons, guest of honor at a Masquers' Club dinner, was the first person outside the acting profession ever to be so honored. She was dubbed "Hollywood's leading columnist." Here, she's congratulated by Pat O'Brien and Edgar Bergen.



A beaming Shelley Winters gets a kiss from Susan Ball as Dawn Addams waits her turn. Both Susan and Dawn, along with all of Shelley's other friends, were delighted when tiny, premature Vittoria, was pronounced out of danger by the doctors.



Jan Sterling and her husband Paul Douglas are rarely found night clubbing in Hollywood—but when they're visiting New York, that's another story! They really do the town! Jan's latest is Paramount's *Pony Express*; Paul's in *Forever Female*.

He is just about the huskiest little fellow you ever saw and so cute that director William Dieterle insisted on shooting a whole minute of footage showing young Wilding in his mother's arms.

He was very blasé about it but kept trying to push Liz' face to the side.

"Hmmmm," observed papa Wilding from the sidelines, "a born actor!"

MARIO LANZA flies into such tantrums that I'm sure the only real solution to his problem is medical care. His latest antic was tearing the mail box off his Palm Springs house when he failed to receive a letter he expected.

And he's re-gained a great deal of weight, although he tries to diet.

I believe that some people are born to be plump and that it is dangerous for them to diet too strenuously.

Judy Garland had all her trouble when she was trying desperately to get thin.

And, everything had been all right with Mario before he took off 75 pounds.

Mario is a great artist. If keeping his physique in shape means losing him on the screen, for heavens sake, let's have him plump.

RITA HAYWORTH's hair-do for Miss Sadie Thompson is said to be the sexiest yet. Hair stylist, Helen Hunt, created it and it's a halo of soft, loose curls which sway with the Princess' body movements. They "wiggle" when Rita dances. Sounds like Medusa and the snakes in her hair to me—but I'm willing to see it on Rita.

THE LETTER BOX: A wonderful sympathetic letter from Vera Marshall, of New York, about Bing Crosby: "He never in any way revealed or indicated any personal unhappiness in his life. Can others, with less serious troubles, say the same? I say Bing is entitled to a little happiness." You are a fan with rare understanding, Vera.

"Aleta," St. Louis, wants to know why Dale Robertson's publicity has dropped off. It was his own idea—and I'm not sure it was a good one.

That's all for now. See you next month.

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far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

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Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing"
gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act
instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much
easier, faster.
A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies
your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually *feel*
the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair
that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt
way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt
gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-
manage wave . . . even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!

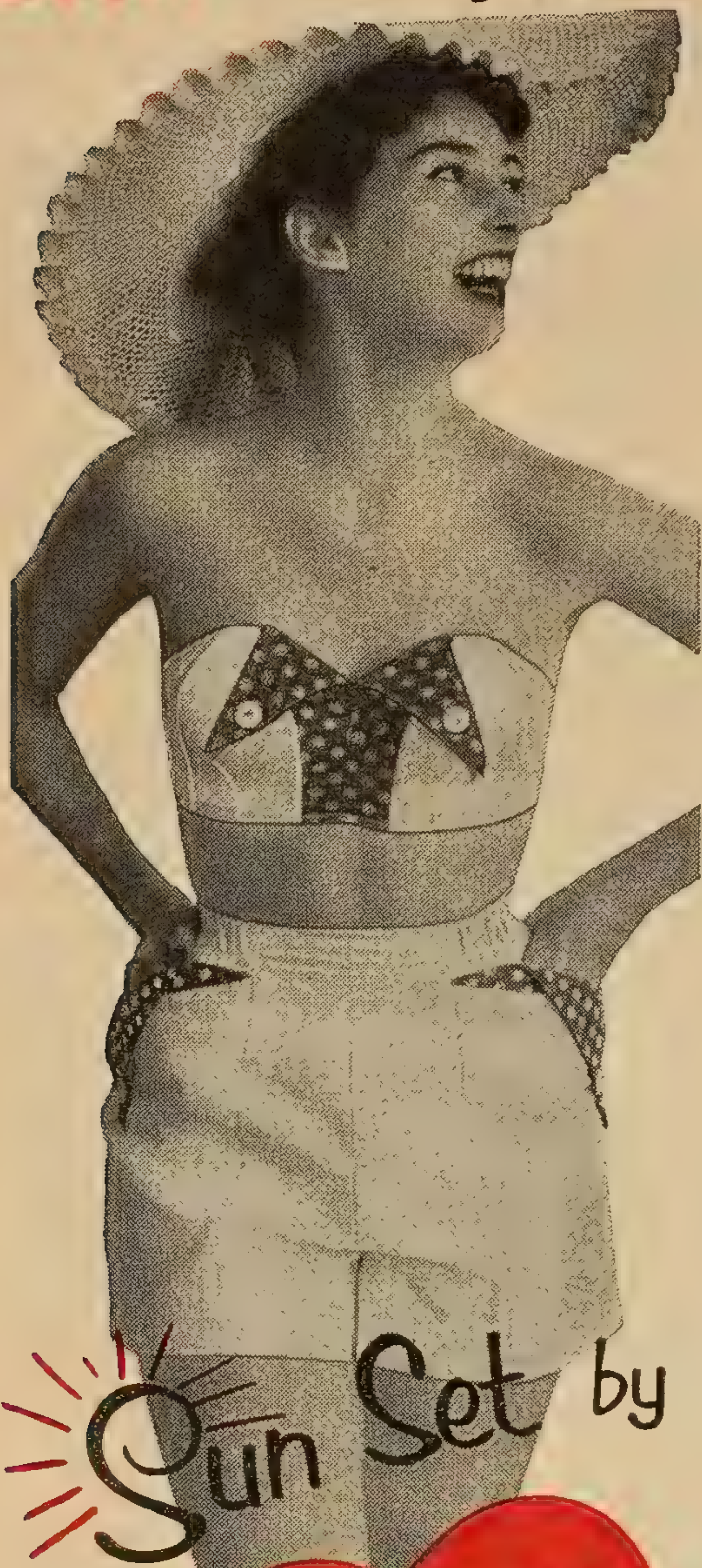
Everything you've been wanting in ease and
speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

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jaunty boxer shorts to match.
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HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND



THE WORLD

LONDON, ENGLAND Vivien Leigh, confined to a sanatorium in Surrey is "getting along nicely" according to Mr. and Mrs. David Niven who are living in the Oliviers' house in Chelsea. Vivien's 20-year-old daughter, Suzanne Holman, recently made a one-line debut in a London show; most of the family missed it. Her lawyer father, Leigh Holman, Vivien's first husband, was rehearsing his role of footman at the Coronation. Ever since 21-year-old Liz Taylor replaced 38-year-old Vivien in *Elephant Walk* moviegoers everywhere have wondered what sort of role it is that can be played by two such different stars. The script calls for an average English girl, 27 or 28, who goes to India and gets involved with two mean men and an elephant stampede. . . . James Mason has become a disc jockey for the British Broadcasting Company; plays mostly jazz.

PARIS, FRANCE Despite the mounting gossip, Gregory Peck is still seeing an awful lot of young, beautiful Veronica Passoni. He tells reporters: "Nothing to this, only friendship." But it would surprise no one here if eventually Miss Passoni becomes the second Mrs. Peck. (In Hollywood, Greta is reputed to be very worried, although she is confiding in no one.) The film Peck was supposed to make in India, *The Purple Plains*, has been cancelled, affording him more time in Paris. . . . The British and Scandinavians are shocked that Lana Turner and Lex Barker should be touring the Continent unchaperoned, but fans in the Latin countries don't seem to mind. When Lana and Lex first arrived in Paris they were invited to a cocktail party by someone who had last seen Lana while she was engaged to Fernando Lamas. At the party he turned to Lex and said, "Glad to see you and Lana together again, Mr. Lamas." Lex and Lana left very early.

RAVELLO, ITALY The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love affair has subsided from hot poetry to cold prose. Reason for this, according to intimates, is that Ingrid's movie career—her basic love in life—has slumped sharply. All the pictures she has made with husband Roberto have been flops. Domestically, the Rossellinis are content but not ecstatic. Rossellini, who owns nine racing cars, says, "Ingrid is much more ambitious than I am. Basically, I am a lazy man." Ingrid also feels that she is no longer welcome in the two countries she loves best—Sweden and the United States. However, there is a strong possibility that Bergman may arrive in New York very quietly late in June to see her daughter Pia (renamed Jenny) who lives happily and sedately in a small suburb outside Pittsburgh.

NICE, FRANCE The marriage of Gene Tierney to Aly Khan is expected momentarily here. Aly's financial settlement on Yasmin, Rita Hayworth's daughter, is a court secret, but confidentially, Aly has told friends he settled one million dollars on the little girl. Rita asked for and got nothing.

ROME, ITALY Humphrey Bogart, who has just finished filming *Beat The Devil* here, endeared himself to local newspapermen when he gave out with a barrage of salty quotes on his favorite subject—Hollywood. Samples of Bogart's interview: "Take it from me, nobody in Hollywood knows how to have fun except me and Errol Flynn. A couple of the girls have the old spark, too. . . . Watch the old hypocrites land on us every time we cut loose. They are always reminding me of my responsibilities to my public. . . . I don't owe my public anything but a good performance. That's what they pay for."

PARIS, FRANCE Charles Boyer, back home again, is trying to live down his movie reputation as a Great Lover. Now 51, the balding Boyer insists he is too old to discuss love, women or passion. "I just want to be known as an actor," he says. "After all, you never hear of Sir Laurence Olivier discussing love." . . . At the hotel George V in Paris where Jacques de Bergerac used to work as a clerk before he married Ginger Rogers, employees say they always knew he would end up with a wealthy wife. "He used to specialize in mature, beautiful women," a friend of de Bergerac explained. Incidentally, it was Evelyn Keyes who first introduced Ginger and Jacques to each other. Jacques, in fact, was Evelyn's friend but she gave him up without a struggle. Evelyn is currently very much occupied with producer Mike Todd in Hollywood.

**NEVER BEFORE HAS AFRICA
REVEALED HERSELF LIKE THIS!**

"How do you love a Goddess," he asked?
And her lips gave him the answer as
Pygmy Drums echoed the chant of the
Bakuba...telling the jungle the White
Hunter had won the titian-haired

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

STARRING

**SUSAN
HAYWARD**

**ROBERT
MITCHUM**

TECHNICOLOR

with WALTER SLEZAK

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Produced by **OTTO LANG** Directed by **HENRY HATHAWAY** Screen Play by **IVAN GOFF** and **BEN ROBERTS**

picture of the month



Starrett (Van Heflin) and his family (Jean Arthur and Brandon deWilde) find that their homestead is being threatened by an ambitious cattle baron.



Shane rides mysteriously into town one day, and conditions strangely begin to improve. His placid mood is broken only by action in crisis.



The champion of the frontier leaves as quietly as he came. A heartbroken, hero-worshipping little boy vows to himself that he will be like his idol.



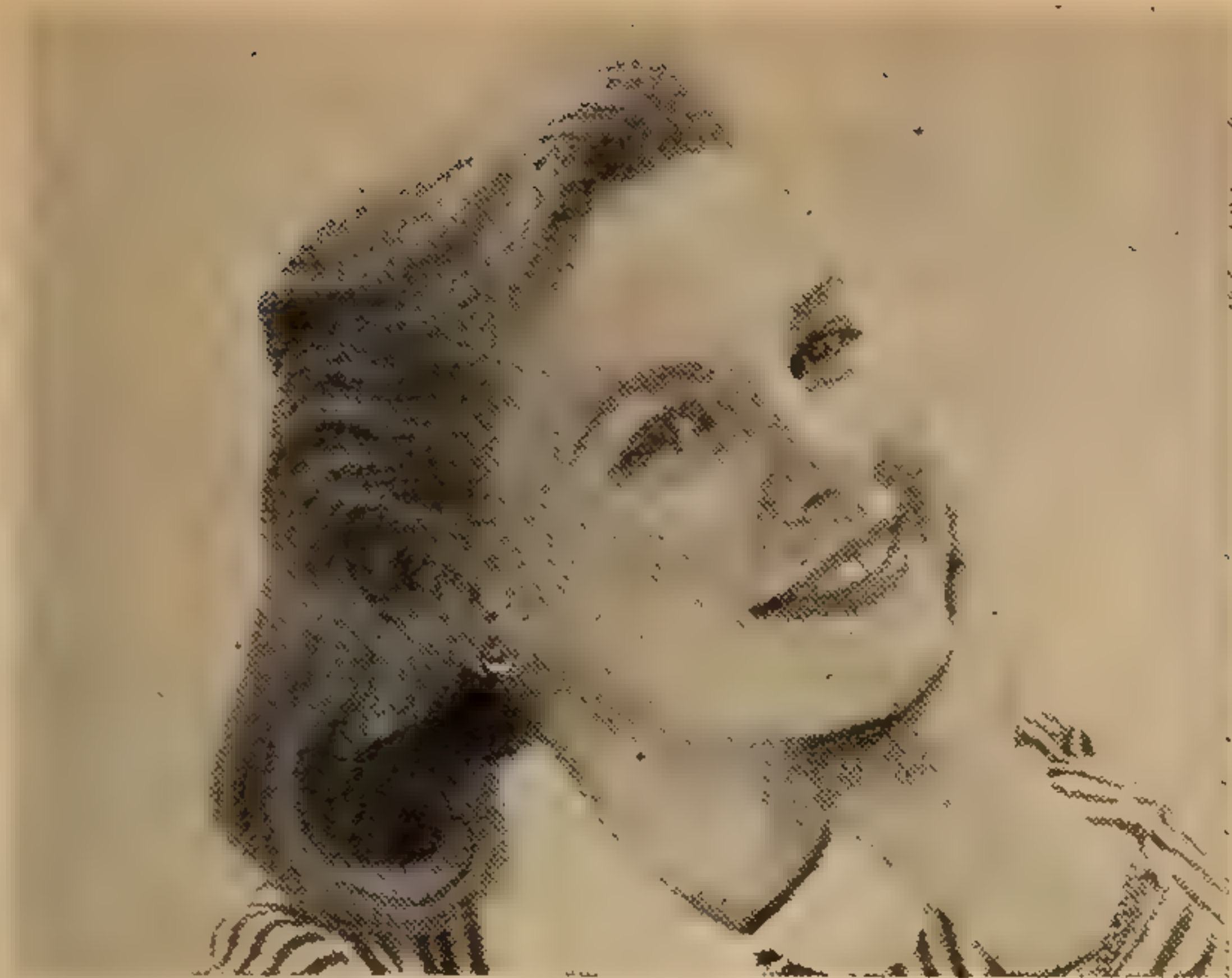
Shane (Alan Ladd) kept his agility with gun and fists a secret from the people of the small frontier town in Wyoming. But injustice and a murderous feud between settler and cattlemen force him to put down violence with violence.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

SHANE

■ *Shane* is a beautiful movie, a poetic recounting of the days when bitter feuds raged between cattle barons and homesteaders. Filmed in Technicolor, set in Wyoming with the Grand Tetons forming a vast and awesome backdrop, the movie captures the passion and glory inherent to the American frontier. It is more than a Western, it is a classic with dramatic use of music, fine rhythm of action, tableau effect of photography. The presence of Brandon deWilde, a little boy who observes all through hero-worshipping eyes, transforms the familiar heroes, villains and struggles into symbols of a romantic era in our past. Brandon's hero is Shane (Alan Ladd) a mystery man with a shiny gun in his holster who appears out of nowhere on a proud horse. He stops briefly at the homestead of Brandon's father (Van Heflin) and mother (Jean Arthur). Heflin is the leader of a small group of farmers bullied and threatened by a cattle baron (Emile Meyer) who wants their land for his beef. Ladd is moved by Heflin's courage and determination to stay put. He takes off his gun, changes into work clothes and for a long while conceals his facility at shooting and fighting. But the suggestion is always there that Ladd will prove, to Brandon at least, that he is the bravest man in the West. Ryker hires a gun fighter (Jack Palance) a lean figure in black who lures a brash but honest homesteader (Elisha Cook Jr.) to his death. But Ryker's sights are on Heflin, as everyone knows. The final gun fight occurs in a dim saloon. It is tense, powerful in its quiet approach toward doom and the epitome of all Western gunfights with Ladd twirling his gun magnificently before the dazzled deWilde. There are other scenes, more poignant, less dynamic, but each fits nicely into the whole. Directed and produced by George Stevens, shown on a "panoramic" screen, which is wider and slightly higher than usual, *Shane* is a complete success. Paramount.



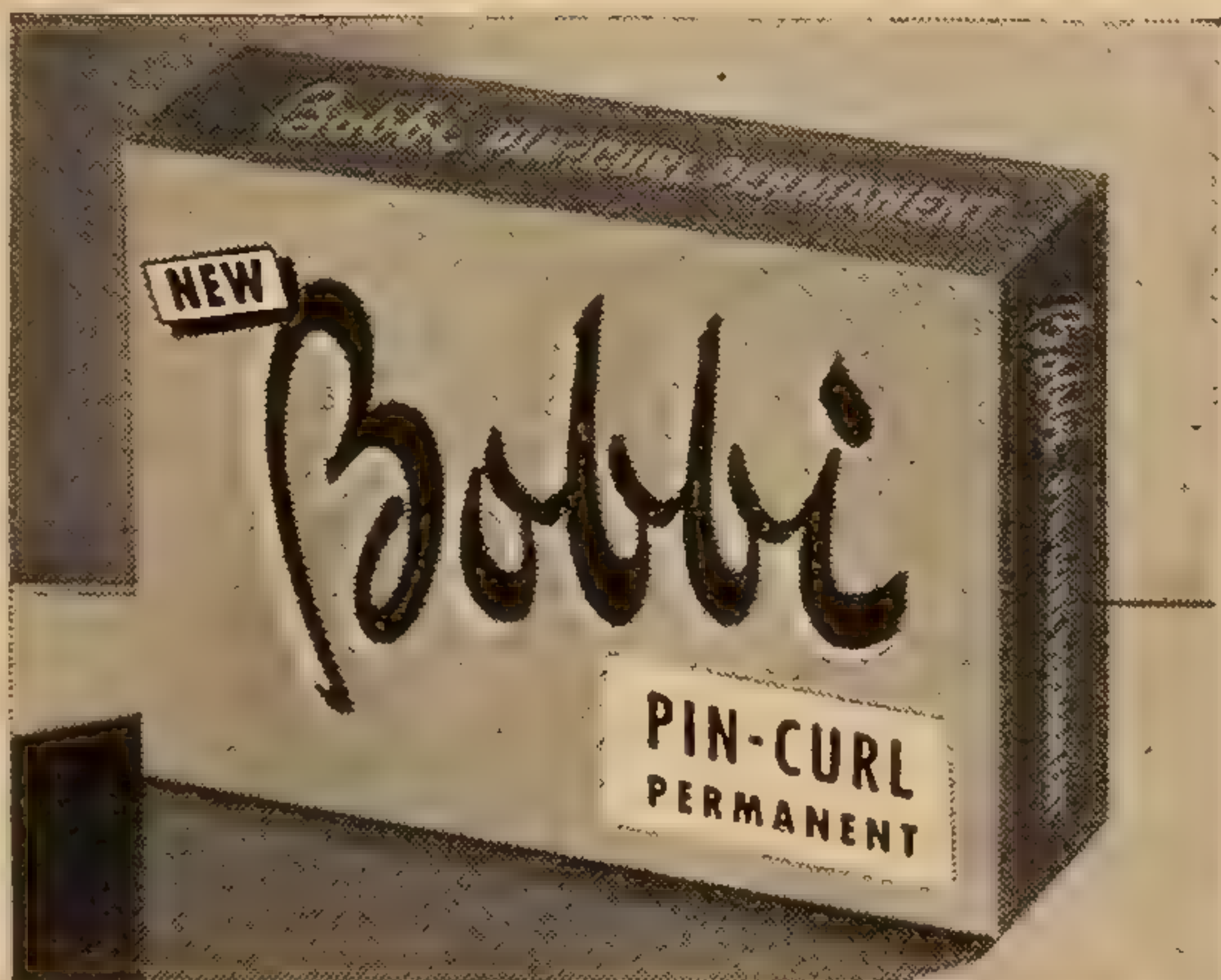
See how the ends curl gently under for this "Miss Coquette" style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.



"Holiday" hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.



A real compliment collector—the "Sun Sprite" hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. Gives waves where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. **\$1.50 plus tax**



Like this "Angelic" hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all*. Imme-

diately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

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**Easier, Less Embarrassing
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Young wives are quick to appreciate the *extra advantages* of Zonitors for feminine hygiene. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories — modern, convenient and effective. Zonitors eliminate all embarrassment. Positively non-irritating, non-poisonous!

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TITANIC

The biggest marine disaster of our times occurred in 1912 when the R.M.S. Titanic, a luxury liner on its maiden voyage, struck an iceberg and sank. Only 712 people survived. The rest—1,517—went down with the ship. This movie is based on that tragedy. Remembered incidents are repeated; actors recreate the roles of known passengers, and the sets are actual reproductions of the ship's interior. But the bulk of the movie is fictional. There's the story of Barbara Stanwyck who is fleeing to America with her children (Audrey Dalton, Harper Carter) as a protest against the snobbish values of her husband, Clifton Webb. But Webb unexpectedly joins them on board and in those few hours before the disaster, the tragedy of their marriage unfolds. There's the story of Richard Basehart, who's returning home in shame, an unfrocked priest, because he can't shake himself free of alcoholism. There's the young college boy (Robert Wagner) who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck's daughter. There's the rich widow (Thelma Ritter) and the social climber (Allyn Joslyn). The diverging lines of these people's lives are all drawn together in a common nightmare. And as the Titanic founders, each reacts from the depths of his nature. Fox has taken advantage of the real tragedy by superimposing a drama destined to flood you with tears. Maybe that's unfair, even corny, but it works.

CAST: Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Wagner, Audrey Dalton, Thelma Ritter, Richard Basehart—20th Century-Fox

HOUSE OF WAX

Here's 3-dimension's first full-length feature film. That's reason enough to see it. That's almost the only reason. The story is an old horror tale you'd expect to find on television but certainly not in this bright new medium. Vincent Price owns a wax museum. His partner sets fire to it just to collect the insurance. He also succeeds in horribly disfiguring and completely maddening Mr. Vincent Price. Vince retaliates by murdering his partner. Then he murders whoever else he thinks will look good in his museum. What he does is immerse the corpses in boiling wax and when they harden and cool he arranges them in artistic tableaux. Phyllis Kirk wanders in one day and comes face to face with an old friend (Carolyn Jones). It's only wax, says Vincent, eyeing her hungrily. Phyllis goes there once too often and soon finds herself about to be immersed. Luckily detective Frank Lovejoy arrives to turn off the heat. But you'll love the 3-dimensions (they hand out polaroid glasses, without which you are sunk). The corpses are in your lap, so's the fire and a few dancing girls (yes, they have dancing girls, too). The Warner-Phonic sound, however, is likely to blast you out of your seat coming at you, as it does, from all sides. Somehow you never connect those sounds with the people on the screen. You connect them with some wise guys up in the left balcony. But time ought to do something to improve 3-D, or it's liable to turn into a monster.

CAST: Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones, Paul Picerni—Warners

NEVER LET ME GO

Romance, daring, intrigue—that's Clark Gable's meat. That's *Never Let Me Go*—the adventures of an American newspaperman in Russia who falls in love with a ballerina (Gene Tierney), marries her, and is forced to

leave the country alone. His English friend, Richard Haydn, has also married a Russian (Belita) and must also leave her behind. Gable lights on a fantastic idea. Why not sneak the girls right out of Russia? He decides to buy a fishing boat, sail it from England to a beach resort near the town where Gene is performing. At night the beach is crowded with bathers. No one would notice if two of those bathers swam out beyond the breakers to a rowboat, were taken by that rowboat to the fishing vessel, and freedom. Haydn's skeptical, but what—besides his life—does he have to lose? Gable has a friend, a radio broadcaster in Russia, whom he contacts and together they devise a code enabling Gable to make rendezvous plans with their wives. Everything works—up to a point. But there's a run-in with a Russian patrol boat, and after that there's Gable masquerading as a Russian Army officer, and after that there's a chase right into the ocean. After that—well, see it for yourself.

CAST: Clark Gable, Gene Tierney, Bernard Miles, Richard Haydn, Belita, Kenneth More—MGM

PICK-UP ON SOUTH STREET

Fox calls this "a hit-and-kiss drama." They're not kidding. If it were 3-dimensional the whole audience would be down for the count. Opens in a crowded subway train. Jean Peters (a dish of questionable character) is having her pocketbook picked by Richard Widmark (he has no character). As it happens, Jean is carrying some micro-film marked for Communist agents. Jean's tough, but no Red—she's being used by her boyfriend (Richard Kiley). Widmark's no Red, but for money he'll do business with anybody. Later, though, love turns him into a patriot. The FBI has been trailing Jean, but now they have to find Widmark, too. And Jean's boyfriend forcibly suggests that she locate him and recover the film. Thelma Ritter, a necktie peddler and stool pigeon, plays all sides against each other. She knows every pickpocket in the city and—like Widmark—for money, she'll inform. Jean buys her way to Widmark's shack on the river. (The FBI buy their way, too, but Widmark knows that Thelma has to make a living, and bears no grudge.) Whenever Jean and Widmark meet they're not sure if they feel like necking or knocking each other's brains out—he uses his fists, she rallies with beer bottles. Between him and Richard Kiley it's no wonder Jean winds up in a cast. The plot's awfully tricky, but it sure isn't dull. Like Fox says—"it throbs with raw emotions."

CAST: Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Murvyn Vye, Richard Kiley—20th Century-Fox

THE GLASS WALL

Vittorio Gassman plays a displaced person who's barred from the United States because he's a stowaway without papers. Immigration officers plan to ship him back to Trieste, but Vittorio has spent ten years in concentration camps and is pretty fed up with the Old World's charms. He escapes to Times Square, hunting a clarinet player named Tom who'll vouch for his character. (Tom, an ex-paratrooper, owes his life to Gassman.) Broadway's garish background provides the people and the excitement of the chase. There's Gloria Grahame—she's taken to stealing doughnuts in cafeterias, but when she hears Vittorio's story she feels like a millionairess; she also falls in love with him. There's Robin

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New! ... a magical non-roll top, *plus* tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way *Nature* intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, *breathing* second skin.



See how it firms and flattens your tummy. Hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist your body muscles, control you in *Nature's* own way!



Look how magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. They're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a *stay*.



Feel the fabric lining inside, new textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller washes in seconds—and you can almost *watch* it dry!

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller*!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as *Nature* intended!

Here is *natural* figure control! *Natural* control that works *with* your body, not against it... *resilient*, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, *never distorts*!

Magic-Controller is all *one* piece of fabriclined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally*, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full* size... no matter what *your* size!



Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, **\$7.95** Extra-large size, \$8.95

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.95
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Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!

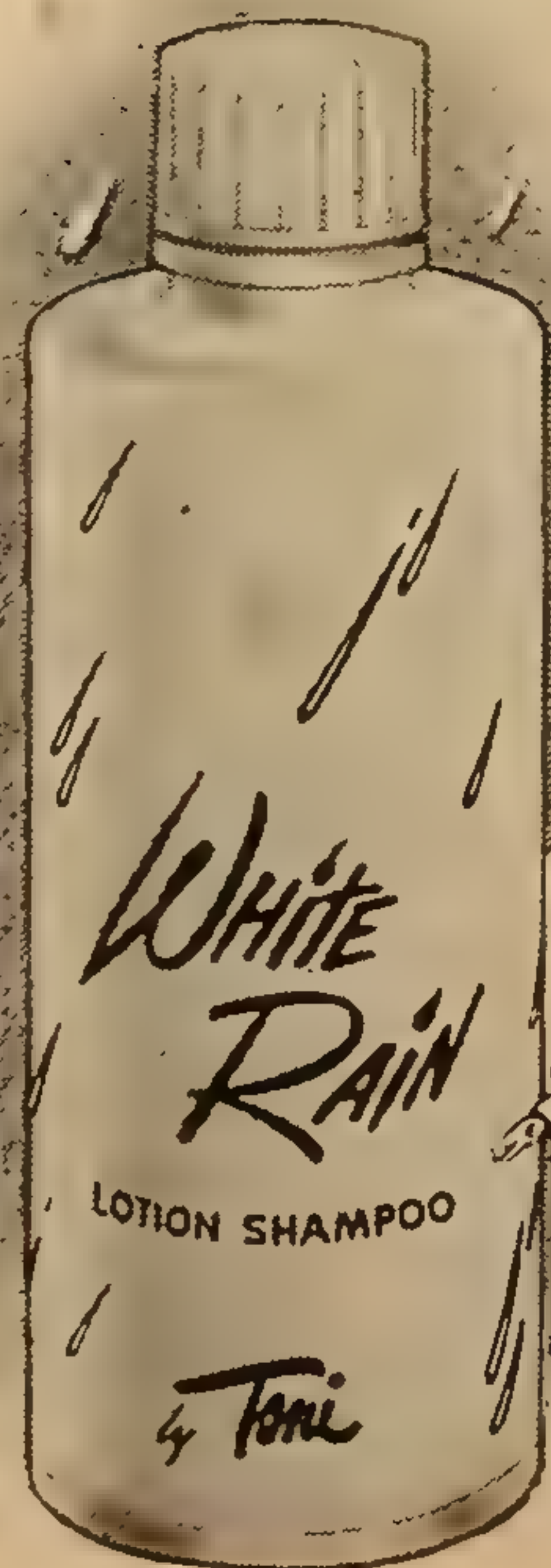


It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo pampers your hair...
leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as
sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



Raymond, a hard-working burlesque dancer—she's willing to hide him from the police but her cowardly kid brother won't let her. And there's Tom (Jerry Paris)—he's ready to fight for Vittorio, only his fiancée (Ann Robinson) keeps telling him "not now." Now he has to audition for Jack Teagarden. The law is closing in, Tom's blowing his head off on the clarinet and Gassman's practically dropping dead in the streets. Finally, he makes his way to the UN and the building looms before him like a glass wall, a symbol of a world he yearns for but isn't allowed to touch. His desperation re-awakens you to the promise America holds for all such men. As for Vittorio, he's one of the lucky people who manage, in the end, to get over that wall.
CAST: Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame, Ann Robinson, Douglas Spencer, Robin Raymond, Jerry Paris—Columbia

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY

What happens? The Eden Archive press starts rolling and shakes the foundations of the house in which live Loretta Young, her husband John Forsythe and their two children. To begin with, John was a New York reporter, night shift. His wife was expecting her second child and the way they were existing had no future. Through an ad they bought a weekly newspaper in California. Only that was no newspaper, that was a broken down press with hardly any circulation. As for the seven room dwelling (also in the ad) those were seven rooms above the office, of which two were rented out to pressmen (Edgar Buchanan, Jimmy Conlin). Well, Loretta had her baby in a hurry—it made the first edition—and pretty soon she was out getting ads with the baby tucked under one arm and a briefcase under the other. Eden, California turns out to be a very small town where public opinion is extremely important. Just when the press is really beginning to roll, public opinion almost closes it down. Then there is the problem of rain. The farmers need rain. John decides to go up in an airplane and seed the clouds with dry ice. Only he has to wait for the right cumulus formation. Just when his plane is about to take off the rains came and the town hails him as a miracle maker. A couple of weeks later, though, they are threatening to sue him for damages. It's a busy movie, full of busy people, dreaming up gimmicks, raffling autos, saluting Boy Scouts, selling papers. But there's a nice gay feeling about it. It looks like fun.

CAST: Loretta Young, John Forsythe, Frank McHugh, Edgar Buchanan, Palmer Lee, Harvey Grant—Universal-International.

THE JUGGLER

Kirk Douglas, once a famous juggler, now a DP, arrives in Haifa with only bitter memories. His wife and child were victims of a gas chamber and he himself knew the horror of concentration camps and complete despair. He has an abnormal terror of confinement and when a doctor suggests that he needs psychiatric treatment he runs away from the DP camp. Mistaking an Israeli policeman for a Nazi, Kirk attacks and nearly kills him. Then he becomes a real fugitive, traveling through the back roads of Israel. Along the way he acquires a companion—12 year old Joey Walsh, and they tramp together. Finally they reach a remote kibbutz (communal farm). The boy is injured by a mine blast and is carried into the home of Milly Vitale, a beautiful young girl. For the first time in a long while Kirk feels close to another human

being. Eventually, the police arrive and in a wild surge of panic Kirk barricades himself in Milly's house threatening to come out shooting. The strength of Milly's love crumples his resistance and he surrenders to arrest, rehabilitation and—perhaps—a new life. Kirk handles his part sensitively and well, and is surprisingly adept as a clown-juggler. But what really sets the picture apart is the fact that it was filmed in Israel and all of the backgrounds are fresh and exciting. The plot, unfortunately is often found lagging way behind the scenery.

CAST: Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale, Paul Stewart, Joey Walsh, Oscar Karlweis—Columbia

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

June Haver's last movie before she entered a convent, recently, is a tender little triangle concerning a night club singer (June), a cartoonist (Dan Dailey) and Dan's son (Billy Gray).

Billy is one of the few child actors you don't mind watching—that boy has charm. They all live next door to each other. June's a new neighbor, celebrating her own arrival with a huge garden party. Suddenly a flock of pigeons swoop down over the guests followed shortly by billows of smoke. Seems that father and son are cooking hamburgers on their outdoor barbecue—the pigeons are theirs, too. June marches over to give them what for—and not much later, it's love. Billy objects. He wants exclusive ownership of his father for purposes of hunting and fishing in the North Woods. While the romance is working itself out June's friend, Cara Williams, is unsuccessfully resisting the advances of Dennis Day. The story's slim, but that's all it's supposed to be. The glow's in the Technicolor, the singing, the dancing and, happily enough, there's enough of that to keep everybody in good spirits.

CAST: Dan Dailey, June Haver, Dennis Day, Billy Gray, Cara Williams—20th Century-Fox

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

This is a family affair full of old-fashioned song and sentiment. You keep thinking you've seen all this before, and you have. Nevertheless, the picture's full of chuckles and warmth. Setting's a small town after the first World War. Leon Ames and Rosemary DeCamp are the parents of Doris Day and 12-year-old Billy Gray. Mary Wickes is the faithful but sarcastic maid. They live in a comfortable home, Doris plans to marry her childhood sweetheart (Gordon Macrae). Billy is full of growing boy mischief (he has a turkey he pretends to kill for their Thanksgiving Dinner, but he swipes the neighbor's bird instead) and everybody's happy. Until scandal strikes. Father, after 20 years of wedded bliss, seems to be involved with an exotic actress—Maria Palmer. Seems to be is right, because he's as innocent as a babe, but his children don't think so. His children valiantly set about to save him from himself. Naturally, they get all tangled up in their own web and Doris has weepy spells. But one moonlit night at Miller's Pond when the ice is hard and the spirits light, the happy truth is revealed. That actress was merely a business acquaintance of Dad's, kids, so you see, life is beautiful. Especially in Technicolor. This is a sequel, incidentally, to Doris and Gordon's hit *On Moonlight Bay*. CAST: Leon Ames, Rosemary DeCamp, Billy Gray, Mary Wickes, Russell Arms, Maria Palmer—Warners

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Stay as Sweet as you are

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

The rumors that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were tiffing were spreading as we went to press. As a matter of fact, the neighbors claim they can hear Hollywood's prettiest couple battling! . . . Same stories were circulating about Kay and Brod Crawford, and about Jeff and Marjorie Chandler—again! . . . I've heard there'll be no divorce for Ty Power and Linda Christian—that they'll merely reach a mutual understanding not to "get in each other's way."

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's time out to have her baby cost her \$60,000 in salary from her studio. And when a magazine offered her \$3,000 for an exclusive story about the infant, together with exclusive photographs, she turned it down . . . Jacques Bergerac signed a property agreement under which he will have no claim on Ginger Rogers if their marriage doesn't pan out . . .

Lana Turner is trying to sell the \$95,000 mansion in which she lived as Mrs. Topping. She can use the money . . . Lex Barker

and Lana have been telling everyone they're SO in love—and yet they act so bored when they're out together. Funny, huh? . . . John Wayne is dickering to buy two hotels in Mexico City. The thing he's most mad at ex-wife Chata about is that she won't let him rent their unoccupied home in the San Fernando Valley. He claims he can get \$1,000 a month rent for it and split with her but that she won't come across with an okay . . . It's been just 24 years since Gene Autry recorded a song called "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine" and started on his first \$1,000,000.



Leigh & Curtis



Wayne

FUNNIES:

. . . Gene Nelson's four-year-old son refused a quivering dish of gelatine. "I can't eat it!" he wailed. "It isn't dead yet!" . . . Marilyn Monroe took a deep breath for a scene in *How to Marry a Millionaire* and David Wayne said: "It makes Marilyn feel good but it makes me feel better!" . . . Ed Wynn's definition of The Monroe: "A posterior for posterity."

. . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor unveiled her new nightclub act in Las Vegas, Mrs. James Mason sent her this telegram: "No matter how lousy you are, you're still prettier than anyone else" . . .



Monroe

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

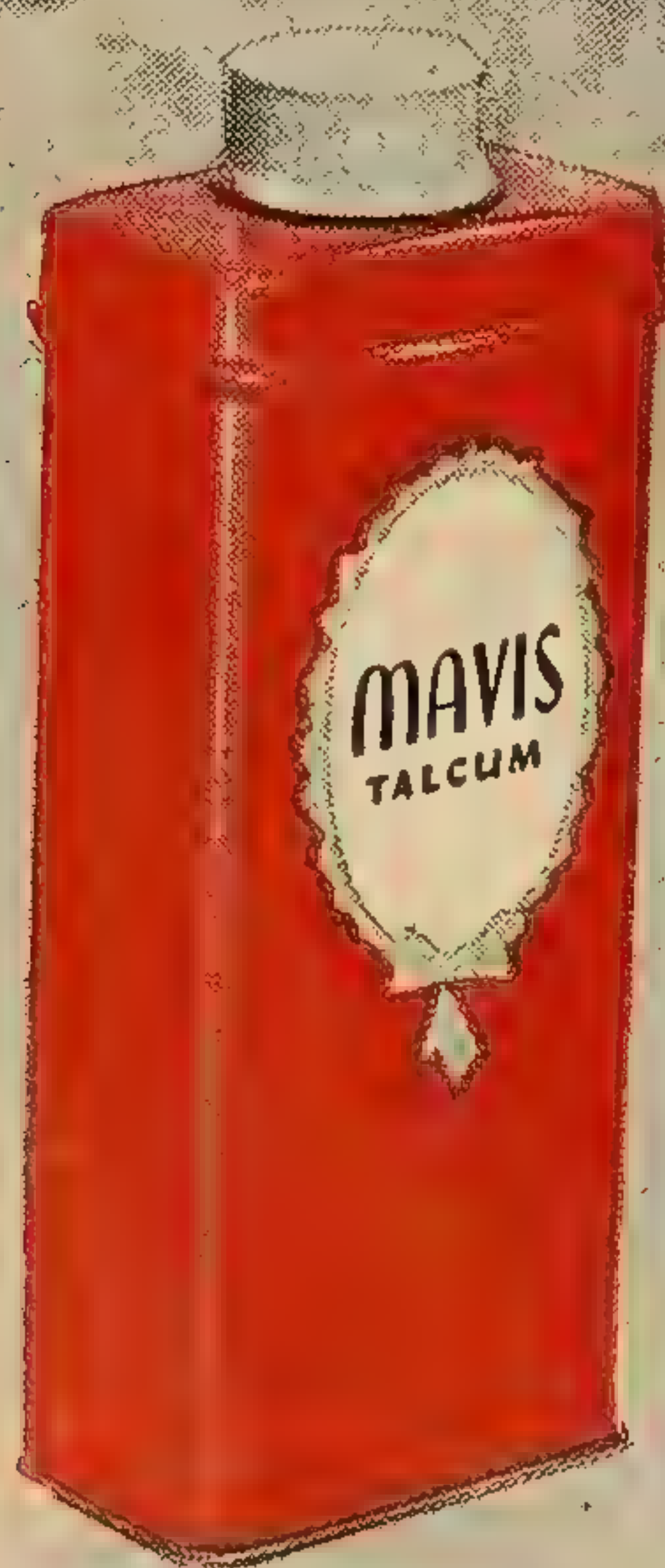
Terry Moore and Bob Wagner started practicing their love scenes for *Twelve Mile Reef* long before anybody asked them to! . . . Before Bing Crosby left for France he told me this: "Disregard all the rumors you hear about me and Mona Freeman and three or four other girls" . . . Would anyone be surprised if Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle got together again, despite her dates with Hugh O'Brian? . . . Ann Blyth and her "Doc," Jim McNulty, are buying their household furnishings one at a time . . . Columbia prexy Harry Cohn ran a private screening, at his home, to which he invited Rita Hayworth and Manuel Rojas, her hottest romance since Aly Khan. Manuel is a Chilean who came to Hollywood with a polo team and liked it so well he decided to stay . . . Anyway, as I was saying, Cohn ran a screening of Rita's picture, *Salome*, and she and Manuel sat throughout the whole thing holding hands . . . Dick Haymes has been dating Rita, too, but it's Manuel who's her real heartbeat.

Anne Miller fell for Mario Cabré's line in Spain, just as did Ava Gardner before her . . . Divorces of both Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas (Continued on page 22)



Moore

Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self . . . in 29¢-43¢ and 59¢ sizes at all toiletry counters.



MAVIS
TALCUM

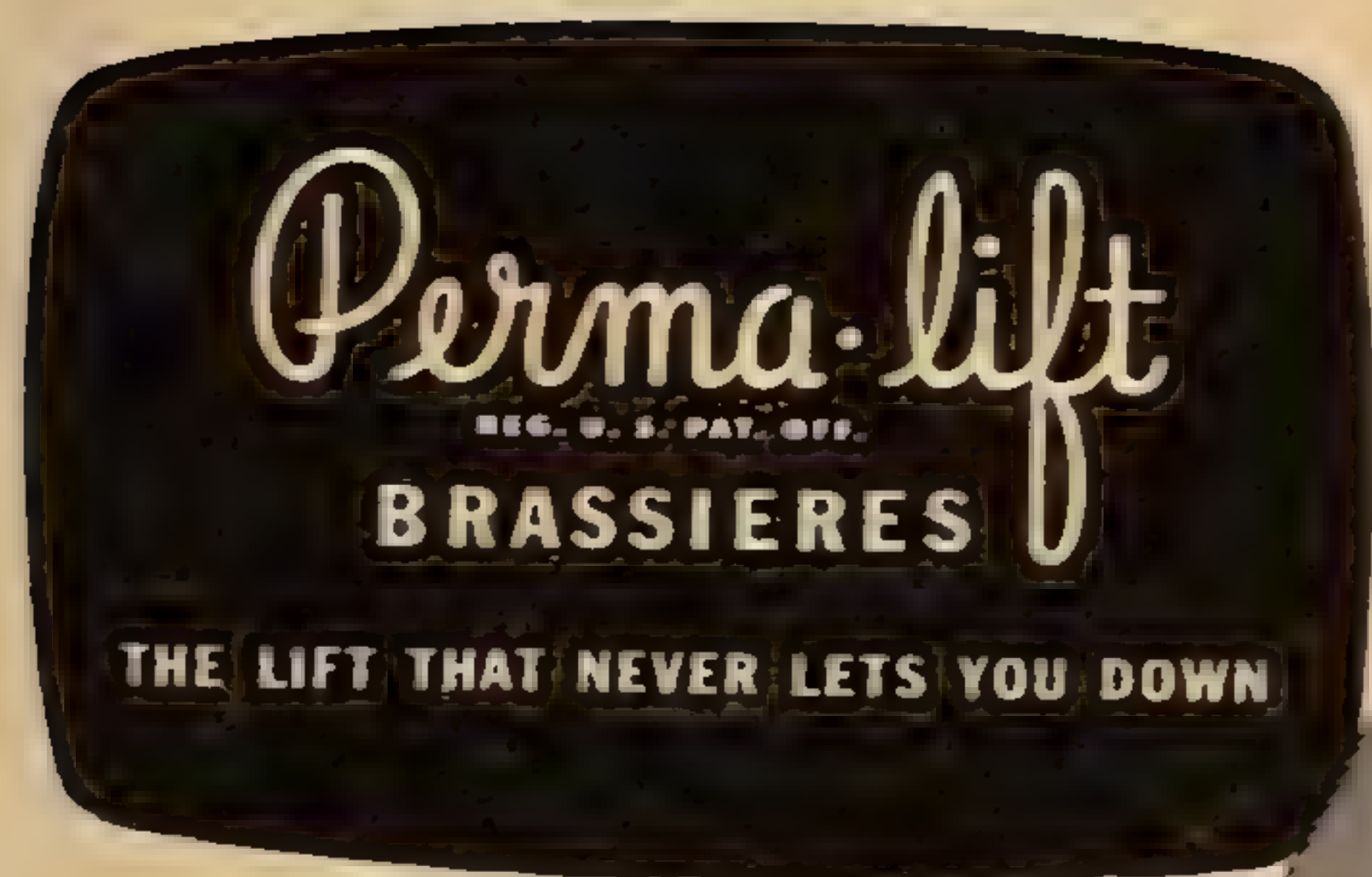
You're Irresistible!

ready for romance when you wear exciting, heart-stirring Irresistible perfume and creamy, non-drying, color-right Irresistible lipstick. Try this irresistible combination tonight — and see.

Irresistible
PERFUME ♥ LIPSTICKS



at all 10¢ stores



No. 146 Self-conforming
and super comfortable with
new split wire construction.
In Cotton & Eyelet
Broadcloth \$3.00
Pat. No. 2457989

Look for the Magic Inset — You'll love the difference



No. 191 Stitched Cup Wired Strapless in cotton \$4.00



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No. 46 Self-Conforming Wired Bra in Nylon \$4.00

Love it, of course you will, when you wear your "Perma-lift"* Strapless Bra:

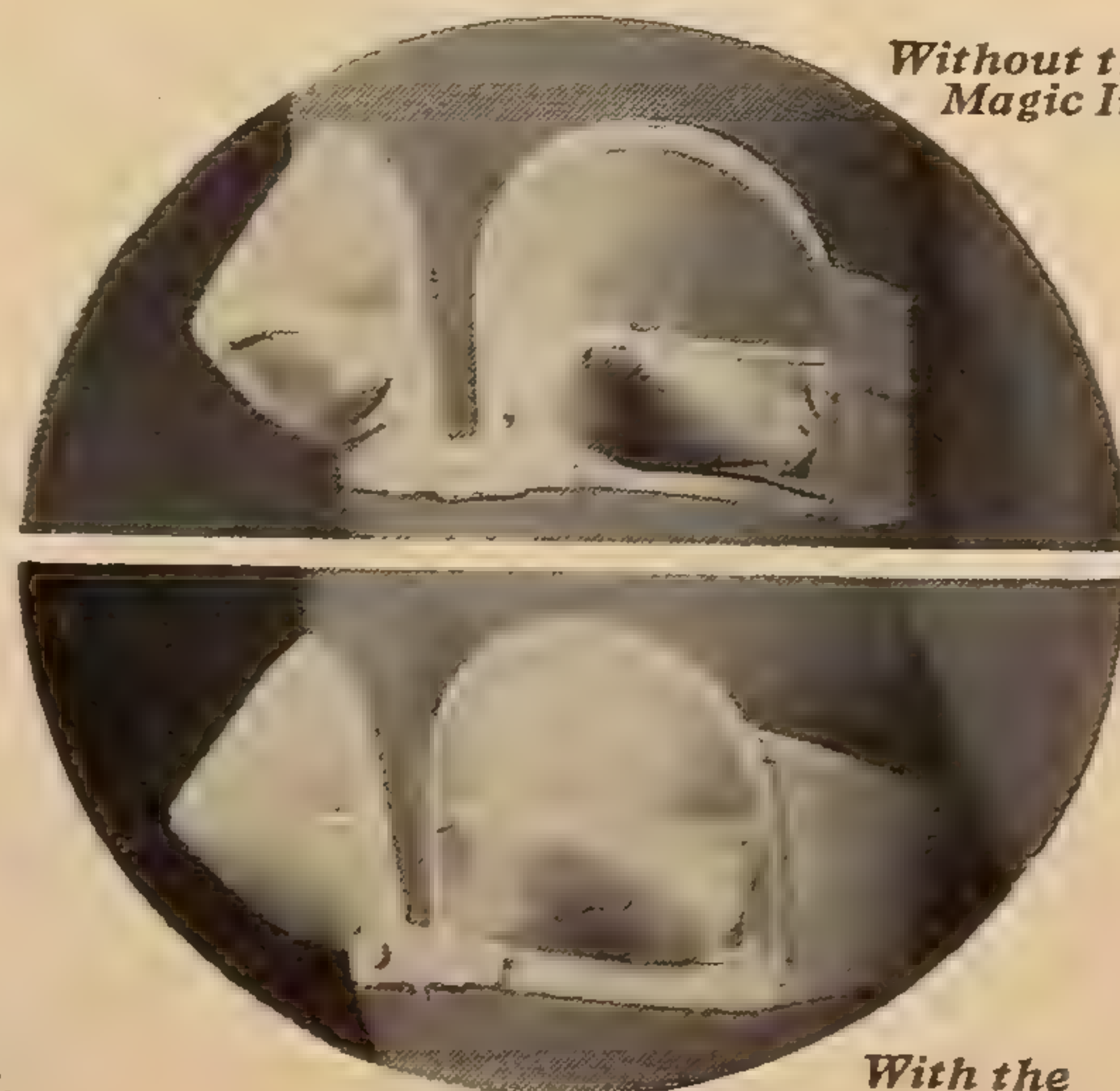
Now you can enjoy the same uplift—the same feeling of security of a conventional brassiere, yet all the charm and freedom of a strapless style. The wonderful difference is in the Magic Insets in your "Perma-lift" Bra.

Designed in the base of each bra cup, the Magic Insets support your bust from below, guarantee a lovely, lasting uplift, no matter how often your bra is washed or worn.

Try on a "Perma-lift" Strapless Bra at your favorite Corset Department today—you'll love the difference:

Upper semi-circle: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.
Lower semi-circle: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Without the
Magic Insets

With the
Magic Insets

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of Truly beautiful hair



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Luxurious **RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO**

is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to **RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE**



60c and \$1.00
Plus Tax

by **RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue

hollywood report continued

are final this fall, when they can get married if they still want to. But who knows in this off-again-on-again town? . . . Season's hottest romance: Farley Granger and Dawn Addams . . . Interrupted only occasionally, of course, by Farley's dates with Susan Morrow! . . . Kirk Douglas surprised everybody by dating Jeanmaire in Paris . . . Whereupon Pier Angeli started going out with Arthur Loew, Jr. . . . Let's remember this, where Pier and Kirk are concerned: it's not only Pier's momma who's the problem in their romance, it's also a matter of Kirk's divorce from Diana Douglas and the fact that Pier is a Catholic.



Angeli & Douglas

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Esther Williams has wanted SO much to have a baby girl this time. And a bathing suit manufacturer promised her that if she did have one he would put out a new set of mother-&-daughter swim suits in their honor . . . Pev Marley, who has been directing Guy Madison's first movie in several years, says: "Give him three years and there'll be no bigger name in movies than Guy Madison" . . . Meanwhile, it looked like Guy and his estranged wife, Gail Russell, would never get together again—unless Gail NEEDS him by her side! And then watch Guy go running to her . . . One will get you five, despite all the rumors, that Byron Palmer won't wed this year.

Loretta Agar, John's wife, went looking for steady work while he served his jail sentence for drunken driving. She has been modeling. After all, a gal's gotta eat! . . . Judy Garland says she wants four more kids . . . People were saying that Vittorio Gassman "better hurry home from Italy to Shelley Winters or Shell isn't gonna be waiting for him!" I lunched perched atop a stool at Schwab's with her two days before her baby was born, and she showed no sign of being angry that he wasn't here to welcome his child. But I happen to know she wasn't too happy about it . . . On a quick trip to Europe this spring, I spent time with Alan and Sue Ladd. Alan was fed up with the life over there and wanted to come home immediately after *Hell Below Zero* finished shooting. But practical Sue insisted on staying 18 taxfree months.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

June Allyson is AGAIN out of the mood to continue her career, and where have I heard this before? Says she just wants to stay home and take care of Dick and the kids, and this time MGM just might let her! . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's quick trip to Rome was to determine whether she would continue as Mrs. George Sanders or return to Hollywood and file the divorce papers . . . Patrice Wymore, complete with 30 pieces of baggage, arrived from abroad. But without Errol Flynn . . . Gary Merrill gave Bette Davis an album of photos from her 80 movies for her 45th birthday . . .



Allyson

ODDS BODKINS:

When Barbara Stanwyck's in the dumps she makes transatlantic phone calls to the Mon-seigneur Café in Paris and gets Roger Baurieux and his 17 fiddle-players to play "My Heart's a Violin" for her . . . Rosemary Clooney thinks her decision to marry José Ferrer is under fire. She thinks her friends and fans disapprove. And if there's anything else that'll make a gal hold on for dear life I haven't heard about it! . . . Maggie O'Brien is still too young for boys, according to those who've asked her mother to okay a date . . . Monty Clift has been running around Hollywood High School's track every morning at seven for his role in *From Here to Eternity*. Great body-building, this . . . Somebody swiped Nancy Olson's monogrammed panties from the set of *So Big* at Warners, and she's not amused.



Clooney

Leslie Caron goes shopping in tight matador pants and a black jersey sweater that are STRICTLY from Hallowe'en. Gosh, this gal dresses peculiarly in public . . . And does Debbie Reynolds have to be so all-fired effervescent at ALL times? Wears a guy out, she does . . . The Sister of Charity at Xavier, Kans., don't use hair-cutting as a ceremony, as do some religious orders, so two years from now when June Haver takes her final vows her curls will be topped by a nun's square cap . . . June, by the way, is waiting on tables for her room, board and schooling, having given up a \$3,000-a-week contract at 20th Century-Fox to enter the religious life. One of the nuns she waits on reports: "June is light on her feet and a good worker."

QUICK QUOTES:

Lauren Bacall says she doesn't even look at other men while her Humphrey Bogart is abroad making pictures. Says Baby: "There's no one like him!" . . . Anne Baxter, just back from Texas, said, "The only millionaires I ran into were 76 or over."

SEX APPEAL:

Katie Grayson finished *So This Is Love* at Warners and told me: "I'll never go blonde again for any reason, not even to star in *The Lana Turner Story*!" . . . Jean Peters leaned over a table at Ciro's to whisper to me: "I'm ready for romance." The right guy for Jean still hasn't come along . . . Shirley "Little Sheba" Booth is now a tangerine blonde. Looks 30 and sexy. Shirleeeeeeeee! . . . Janet Leigh is, me-thinks, too thin.



Peters

Latest Hollywood fad for fingers: nails encrusted with rhinestones and emeralds . . . Doris Day is getting good enough at tennis to challenge Ginger Rogers, who's still the best in town . . . Lex Barker settled for a new car instead of a house. He'll continue to rent Patricia Neal's apartment . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti celebrated her 17th birthday by buying her first lipstick . . . Mexican bulls chased 15 pounds off of Oscar winner Tony Quinn . . . John Barrymore, Jr., and his bride, Cara Williams, were playfully shaking spoons at each other at the Mocambo when a photographer rushed up to snap a picture of them. Yelled John: "Oh no—now everybody will say we're fighting again!"

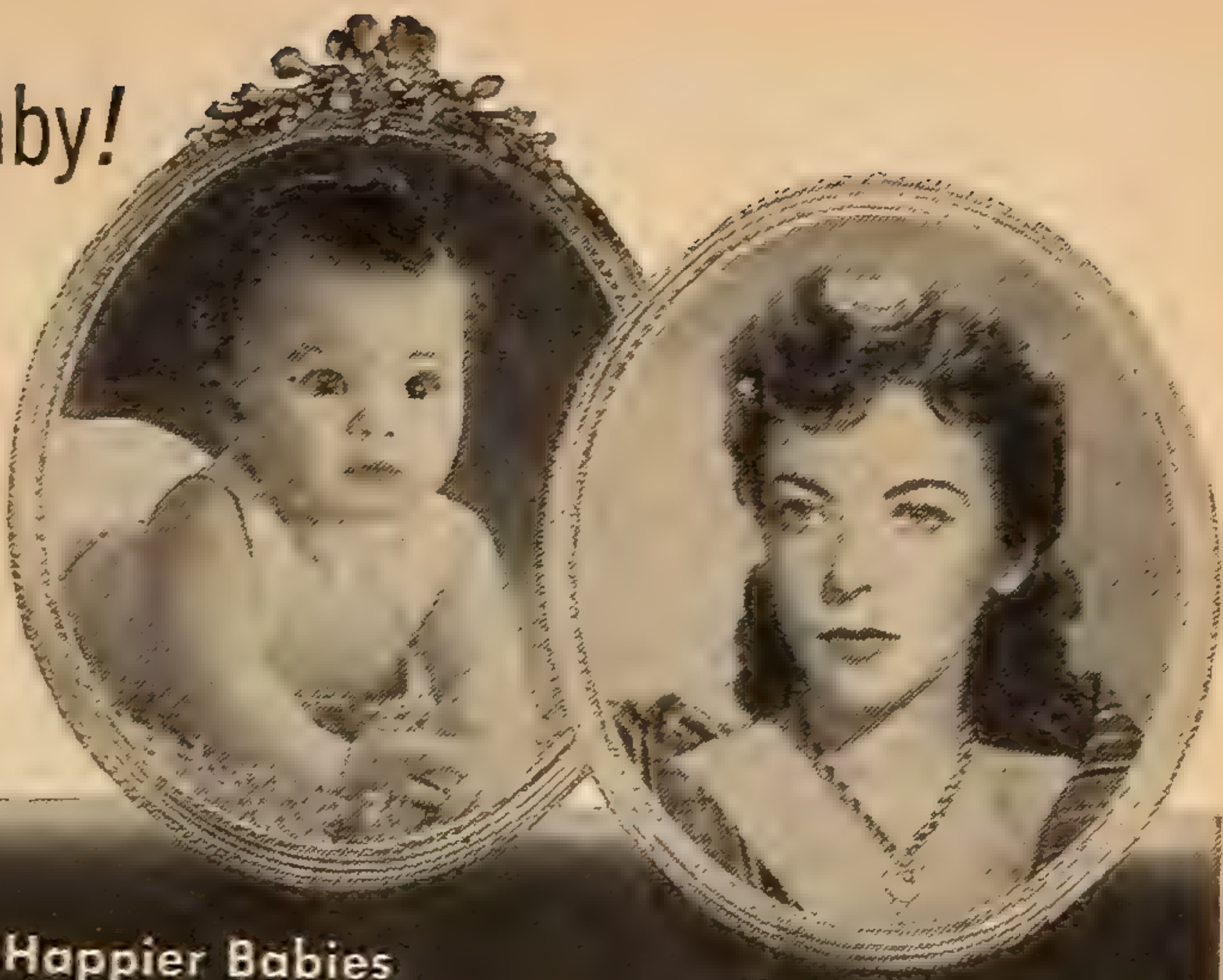
Just look at her baby!

Ida Lupino

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."



PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies
...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner



Only Playtex® Panties

Fit so gently . . . Protect so safely . . . Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily . . . crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually *stretch all over to give all-over comfort—as no ordinary baby panties do.* PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive . . . are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.



MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!

Prove to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg opening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate . . . are stretchier than any other baby pants made.



PLAYTEX
TRANSPARENT
PANTIES 89¢

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON
PANTIES
\$1.19

NOW
AVAILABLE
IN
"SUPER-SIZE,"
TOO!
PLAYTEX PULL-ON
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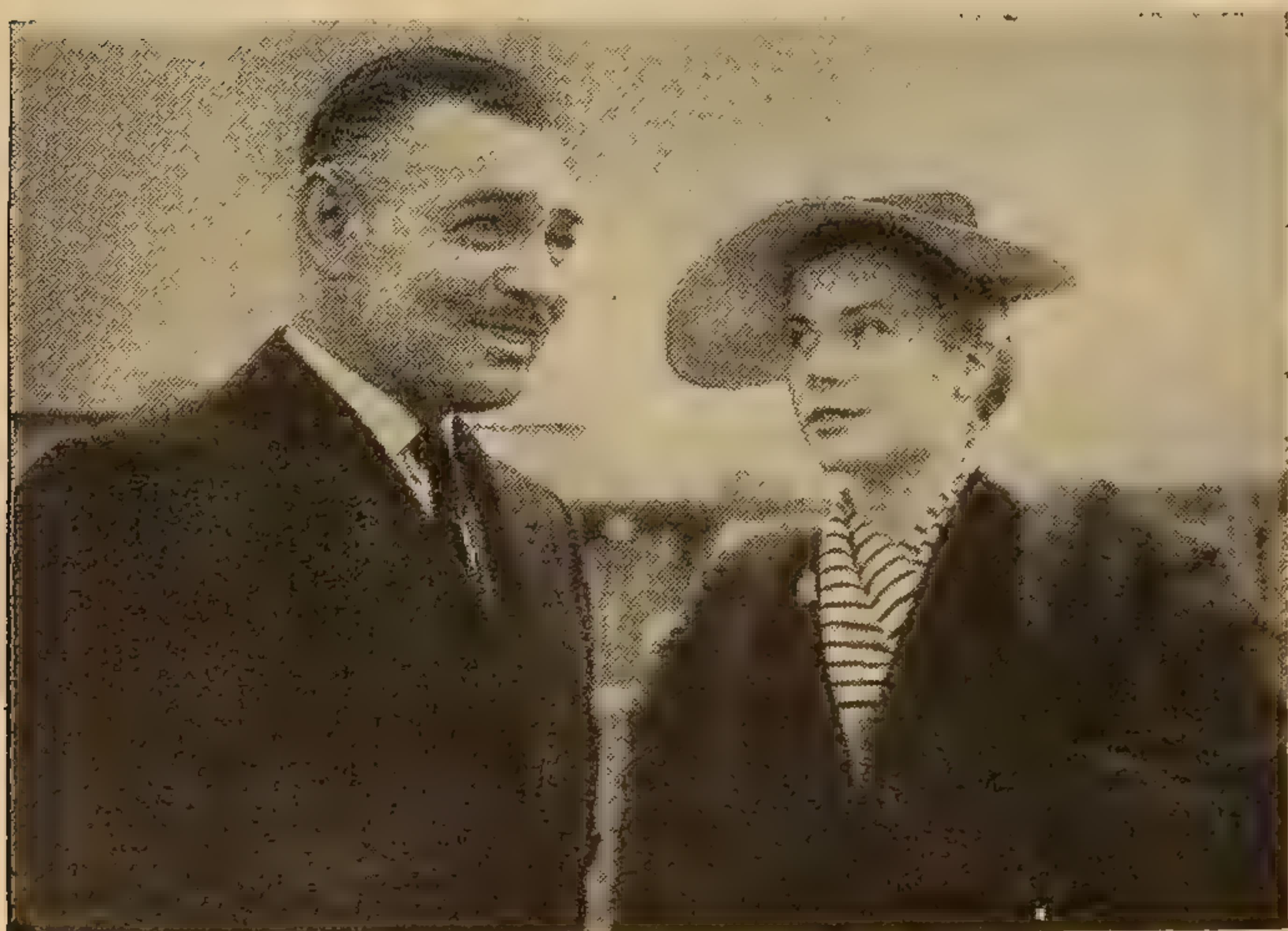
(Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.)

More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

Love blooms easily in sultry Africa. But intimates are wondering how it will stand up in a cooler climate.

Gable and a girl named Kelly

by Alice Hoffman



■ If he had not become an actor, and a darn good one, Clark Gable would have made a superb diplomat.

He is charming, tactful, smooth as nylon, and so sincere when denying an allegation, so altogether credible and downright that to doubt him seems like heresy.

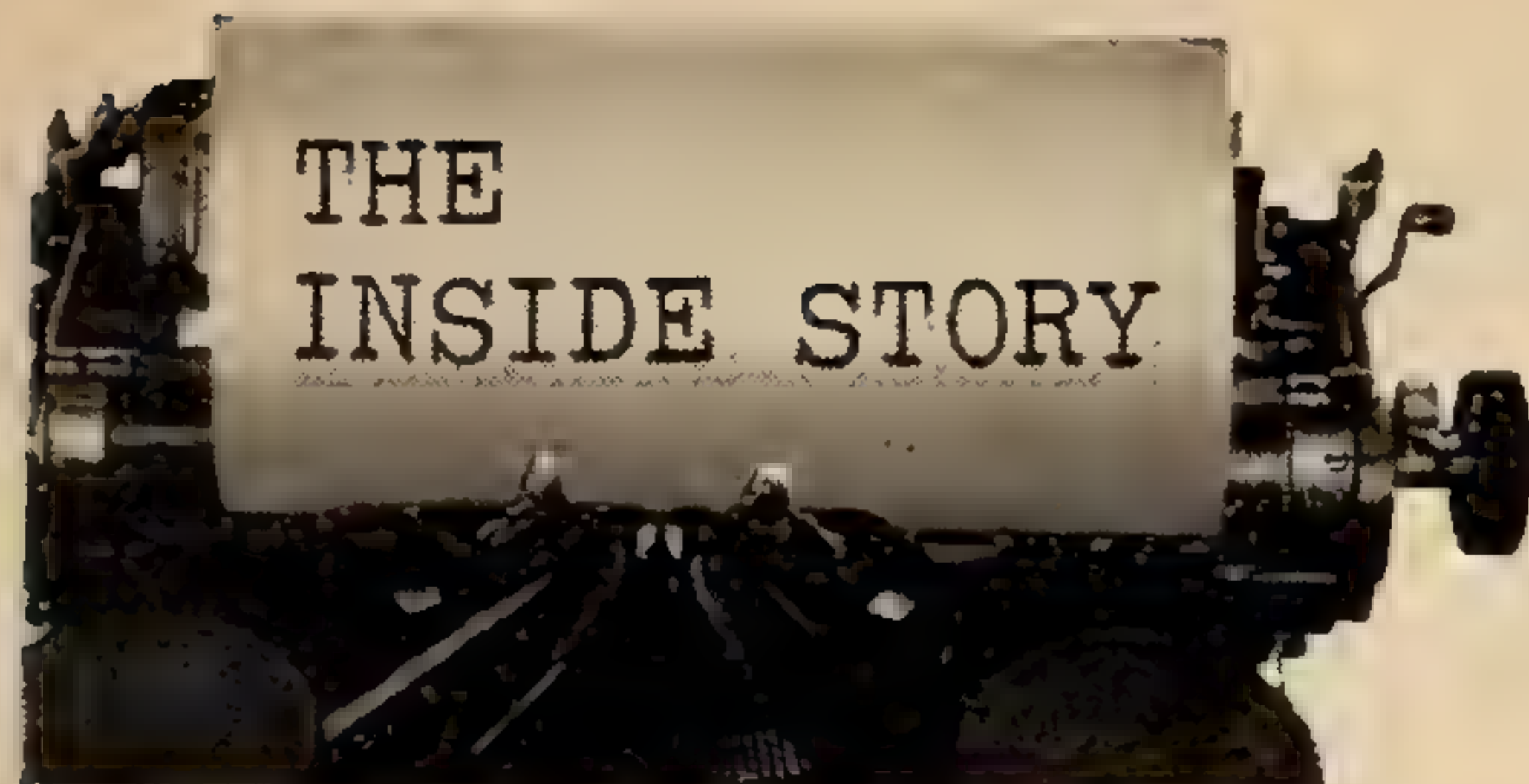
You say to him, "What goes with you and Grace Kelly? I understand the two of you were virtually inseparable all through Africa and London? There's even a rumor that you and Grace have some sort of understanding, maybe an engagement?"

Gable fixes you with a manly stare, shakes that handsome temple-gray head of his and says flatly, "That's absurd. The whole story's fantastic. Just because we've made one picture together and we've been out a few times. She's a very lovely girl and a fine actress, but that's all there is to it."

If his history with women were not so replete with similar denials, one might accept Gable's protestations and admit that his friendship (Continued on page 72)



Clark Gable and Grace Kelly met while working on location for *Mogambo*, 750 miles inland in the bush country of Africa. In this dangerous, lonely environment the two stars found there was little to do after working hours but inspect the animal compounds (above) and sit around the fire and fall in love.



(Continued from page 4)

about Susan Hayward and her husband?
—P.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Hayward is zealous in guarding her private life.

Q. Is it on the level that Judy Garland has dyed her hair jet black, weighs 155 lbs. and is making the rounds again with Frank Sinatra?

—H.F., OMAHA, NEB.

A. Judy's hair is currently black. She, Sinatra, and her husband, Sid Luft, are a regular threesome at Hollywood night spots. She weighs 130 lbs.

Q. Lots of times I'd like to get the titles of the background music used in motion pictures I see. Where can I obtain these titles? —B.D., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Write to the music departments of the individual studios.

Q. Is Loretta Young a millionairess? Does she wear braces on her teeth?

—J.V., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Yes to both.

Q. I've been told that Marlon Brando's real sweetheart is Jean Peters, not Movita. How about it?

—L.T., LINCOLN, NEB.

A. Movita looks after Brando's heart, Miss Peters after his pet raccoon.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe on the verge of a nervous breakdown?

—T.T., RUMSON, N. J.

A. She pretty nearly was; is better now.

Q. Has Fernando Lamas promised to marry Arlene Dahl or are they using each other for publicity purposes?

—R.R., EL DORADO, ARK.

A. Their mutual affection transcends publicity.

Q. Is it on the level that Stewart Granger's first wife was much older than he, and that he is almost twice the age of Jean Simmons?

—V.T., LONDON, ENGLAND

A. Yes.

Q. For years now I've read that the reason Bing Crosby dresses so sloppily is because he's color-blind. Is that really why?

—N.T., ELKO, NEV.

A. Crosby is color blind; has unconventional taste in clothes.

Q. Why were Marge and Gower Champion dropped by MGM?

—T.T., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. The studio is economizing by reducing its list of contract players

Q. Will Aldo Ray marry Jeff Donnell this year? —K.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. Probably.

“Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!*



DO

go near the water

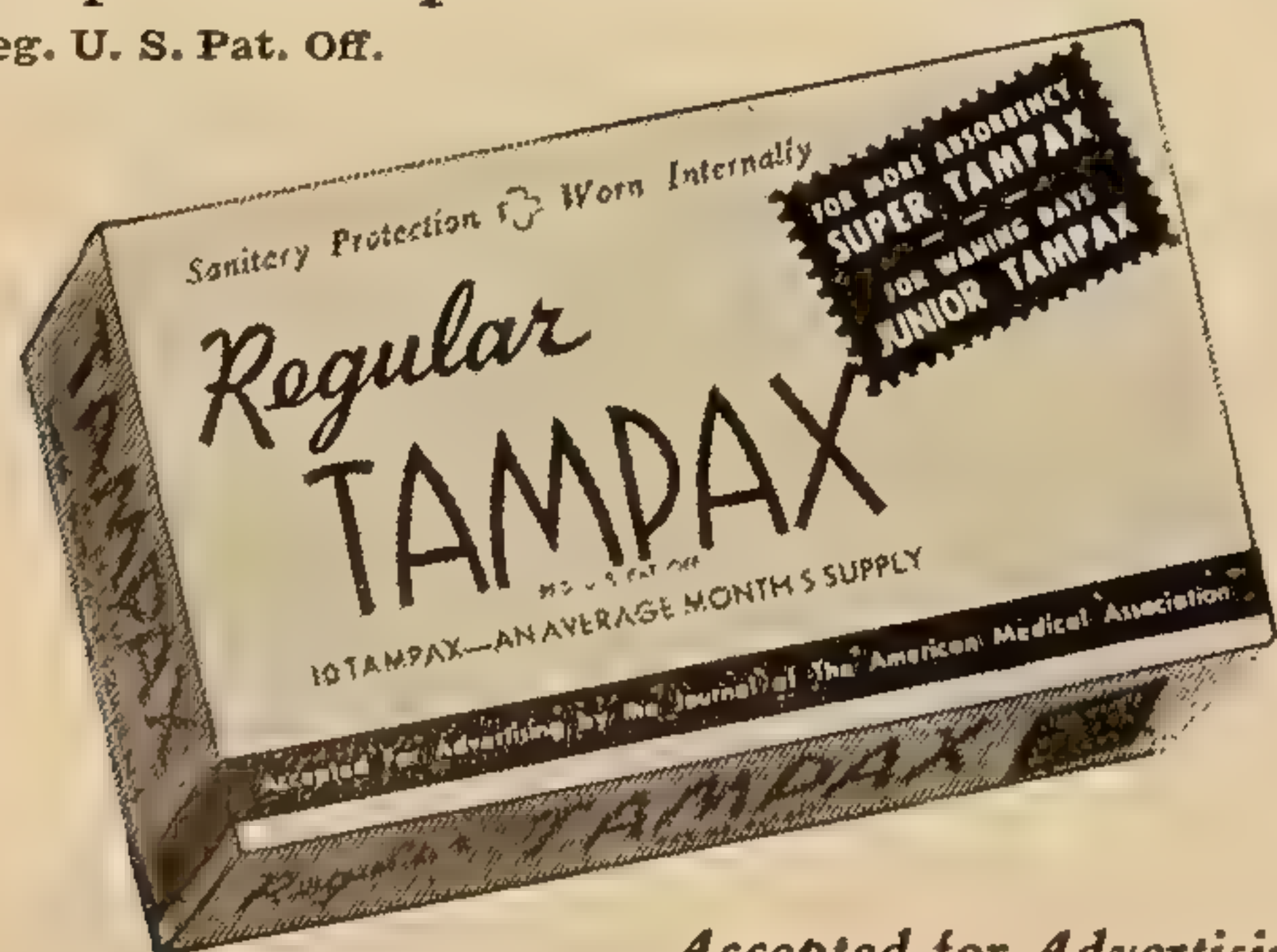


You can go swimming wearing Tamponax*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tamponax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tamponax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tamponax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tamponax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tamponax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tamponax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tamponax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

where to find the stars in hollywood

by Nancy Streebeck

■ If I had a dime for every star I've pointed out to tourists I'd be rich. However, if I had five cents for every time they have called me a liar I could retire.

If John Tourist stands on the corner of Hollywood and Vine chances are his attempts will be fruitless and he will return home very disappointed with a huge grudge against Hollywood and all it stands for.

What most people fail to know is that within a one-mile radius of Hollywood and Vine can be found countless numbers of stars.

The El Capitan Theatre which is located one block from the famous corner is now one of N.B.C.'s television centers. On most any Sunday afternoon one can catch the performers from the "Comedy Hour." If they arrive at lunch time they can find the stars going to lunch, probably in their TV costumes. They will either eat across the street at Tips or Dupars, or will walk down to Hollywood and Vine for food at Melody Lane.

The same day (Sunday) will find the stars rehearsing for the Lux Radio Show which is one block south of Hollywood and Vine, across the street from the famous Hollywood Brown Derby.

At approximately two o'clock the stars break for lunch and make their way across the street to eat. I've often seen tourists taking pictures of the Derby with the stars in the background. I've often wondered if they discovered them when the pictures were developed. One day two ladies were posing by the Bamboo Room and Fred MacMurray came out. With a small shrug the lady said, "Why, that man looks just like Fred MacMurray," took their pictures, and continued to talk about the stars they *hadn't* seen.

During the week there are various places to see the famous, the best place probably being the movie studios. By waiting outside the main gates between five and six-thirty P.M. you can see most every star that is working in a picture at that studio. R.K.O. is the easiest for getting autographs. The stars have to cross the street to get to their cars. Best advice: wait in the parking lot.

During the week an excellent place to find stars eating is Lucey's Restaurant, located at Melrose Avenue and Winsor Blvd. Here the stars from R.K.O., Paramount, and Columbia eat when working on a picture. Between twelve and two o'clock you can usually expect five to 20 stars either walking or driving in.

During the week many stars eat at Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. Here you can see the stars come out as they wait for their cars to be brought around the block. Frequent noon patrons include Paul Douglas, James Mason, Humphrey Bogart, and Ray Bolger.

At night there are always the famous night spots on the Sunset Strip; Ciro's, Mocambo, and LaRue Restaurant. The stars arrive at LaRue anytime after eight o'clock and at the other nighteries usually after eleven o'clock. The best night is Thursday.

Premieres are always loaded with movie personalities. However, if you aren't outside at least two hours in advance your chances of seeing all the stars are very slim. Best bet is to wait until it is over and go to the Sunset Strip. The stars return there for dinner. You can catch them unrushed, happy, and looking their best.

If you want to meet the stars informally during the wee hours of the morning stop in at Googies which is the restaurant connected to the famous Schwab's drugstore at Sunset Blvd. and Laurel Canyon. Here you can drink ten-cent coffee next to them.

Some evening when you want to spend a little more of that vacation savings and eat in finery stop in at the dining room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. There you will be greeted by their hostess Betty Brown (wife of actor James Brown) and will probably spot some star close by. It's the favorite eating spot of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

Here's hoping that your trip to Hollywood will send you home happy and successful. And if you have trouble spotting celebrities just remember to see if they have sunglasses on (or in their pocket), note if their car is foreign or Cadillac, and if they look half as good as they do on the screen. If all these things check then chances are you've just seen another top Hollywood personality.



Louis Hayward, Lucey's.



Danny Thomas at El Cap.



Jane Russell at R.K.O.



Jeff Hunter at Ciro's.



Diana Lynn at the Derby.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—album by Doris Day* (Columbia).

One of Doris' best LP discs to date, this includes the title song as well as *Your Eyes Have Told Me So*, *Just One Girl*, *Ain't We Got Fun*, *If You Were the Only Girl*, *Be My Little Bumble Bee*, *I'll Forget You* and *King Chanticleer*.

There's also a good album by Gordon MacRae doing most of the same tunes on Capitol with June Hutton.

DREAM WIFE—*Ghi-Li Ghi-Li* by Barbara Ruick (MGM).

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—*There's Music In You* by Bill Hayes* (MGM).

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—title song by Johnny Green* (MGM).

A stirring performance from the sound track by Johnny Green, the orchestra and chorus; coupled with it is the *Triumphal March* from *Quo Vadis*.

MOULIN ROUGE—*The Song From Moulin Rouge (Where Is Your Heart)* by Arthur Fiedler—Boston Pops Orch.** (Victor); Mantovani* (London); Buddy De Franco* (MGM); Victor Young (Decca); Percy Faith* (Columbia); June Hutton-Axel Stordahl (Capitol); Stan Fisher-Bobby Hackett* (Okeh); Joe Loco (Tico); Henri Rene (Victor); Nick Perito (Coral); Marshall Royal (Mercury).

This song has an unusual story. Originally it was brought to the publisher just the way it was sung in the film; its title at that time was *It's April Again*. He decided it was too long, and needed a new title. While he was having it rewritten he showed it to Percy Faith, who made the original record. As you all know, it eventually became a big hit with the new *Where Is Your Heart* lyrics, and there are at least a dozen interesting versions on record now.

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY — MARLENE DIETRICH — *Dot's Nice*, *Donna Fight!* and *It's The Same** (Columbia).

Two more slightly screwy sides by this strange team, with bright accompaniment by a rhythm group that includes two guitarists and Stan Freeman on harpsichord.

EARTHA KITT—*Uska Dara** (Victor).

This one's nothing if not unique! The much-traveled Eartha sings this one in Turkish. The other side, *Two Lovers*, is a fast and weird thing in English.

JACKIE PARIS—*Only Yesterday** (Brunswick).

Jackie is a young singer (he's also a talented guitarist) who has been a favorite among musicians for years, but never quite made the grade in the popular record field. We think you'll like his style.

Add Spice to Dad's Life

FATHER'S DAY—June 21



SINGLE ITEMS: After Shave Lotion, 1.00 • Shaving Mug, 1.25 (Refill, .75)
Men's Talcum, 1.00 • Shaving Cream, Brushless or Lather, .50

GIFT SETS: Stick Deodorant, Lotion, 2.00

Shaving Cream, Travel sizes Lotion, Talcum, 1.50 • Lotion, Mug, Talcum, 3.25

Other sets and single items from .50 to 5.75

SHULTON

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Gold and Silver Sparkle

New Iridescent! Sultry,
boldly feminine, eye-catching
as a roman candle!

25c ea.



Never before was nail polish

So Exciting



Shell Pastel

Newest of all!
Daringly different!

First ever! Mix or match
with your bathing suits,
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accents. Aqua, Sea Green,
Coral, White, Shell Pink,
Neptuna, Orchis.

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Exciting new variations
from light to dark of
eighteen classic shades!

10c ea.



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"THE GREATEST NAME IN NAIL POLISH"



Perfumed

In ten Salon Shades!
When night hides the exquisite
colors, their scent subtly
tells of your presence.

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Iridescent

High-fashion hues with a
star-like twinkle! White, Pink,
Red or Plum Sparkle.

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LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

All prices plus Tax

MORE THAN ONE BILLION HANDS ARE GLAMORIZED EACH YEAR BY DURA-GLOSS—Sold in 28 foreign countries

What's Rita up to now? The princess finally came out of her ivory tower and ran smack into the arms of fourteen eager men.

■ Hardly a week goes by that Rita Hayworth's name doesn't pop up in the gossip columns as having been seen around town with two or three men, and scarcely a month passes that the list doesn't drop old names and add new ones. It is confusing, but to Hollywood citizens it is delightful. Keeping Up With Rita has been, for almost ten years, a favorite pastime of the town. During the months and years she resided in Europe Hollywood didn't seem quite the same, but nowadays the gossips sit back comfortably and chew the latest Hayworth rumor.

To those who follow the game, Rita is the definition of a gay divorcée. She seems always restless, always on the move, and always merry. There is no malice in the interest she creates, for Rita is an exceptionally well-liked person. She gets into occasional small tiffs with the press when she periodically clams up regarding her personal life, and there are sometimes arguments with her studio bosses, a fact which proves nothing except that she is a good businesswoman. By and large, she is fondly regarded as one of Hollywood's longstanding favorites, and her amours add considerable sparkle to her basic reputation as a gentle, thoughtful and easy-going girl.

The current reaction is that Rita's back and the boys are baying. Her marriage to Aly Khan, the split and the ensuing retreat into seclusion created a hiatus of about three years, but as of now things are back to what Hollywood likes to consider as normal.

Among the names mentioned are Dick Haymes, Aldo Ray, Dale Robertson and polo player Manuel (Continued on page 81)



The Gay Divorcée

BY JIM NEWTON

DANGEROUS CROSSROAD



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen don't deny trouble. But Geary says there's a 50-50 chance of reconciliation in a couple of months.



Jane's name was linked with Gene Nelson's when she co-starred with him in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Nelson was recently separated from his wife.



Music-man Dick Stabile and Gene discussed Jane's night club tour. The timing of her trip was fortunate, giving Jane and Geary a "trial separation period," though she often met Nelson en route in the meantime.

Can Jane Powell and Geary Steffen save their flickering marriage that used to be known as "Hollywood's happiest"?

by Consuelo Anderson

■ "Our marriage will succeed. I know the tragedy of separation, because I've seen it with my own parents; I know, too, what it has done to the lives of some of my friends. And, if it were necessary, I'd give up my career to save my marriage."

Jane Powell said that with deep conviction. She said it, not just a few days ago, but shortly after her marriage to Geary Steffen began, in November of 1949. At that time, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, she couldn't possibly have conceived that she would have occasion to recall those earnest words, some four years later. But now she knows, as does Geary, of the tremendous pressures which can well up against an apparently impregnable union. With one voice they exclaim, "Why can't we be left alone to settle our personal problems?"

It is a harsh contradiction to face, this discovery that Hollywood reporters, who constantly hailed their marriage as "perfect," should now after one brief quarrel be so apparently convinced that these two are headed directly for the divorce court. Yet, Jane Powell should hardly find it in her heart to blame her reporter friends, for they were not the first to break the news. Hollywood's 300 news correspondents, reading the abrupt announcement from her studio that she and Geary had "tiffed" and "hoped" to work things out, were both shocked and surprised.

Jane, never having been through a situation like this before, was only trying to be her honest self. Unfortunately, however, it was not possible for the press to accept this somewhat questionably worded statement and then sit back calmly to wait for another "handout" that never came. As matters stood, (Continued on page 97)



JOAN AND MARILYN TALK

ANOTHER MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE: HOLLYWOOD'S TOP REPORTER REVEALS WHY CRAWFORD BLASTED MONROE IN

■ Hollywood loves a feud better than a blood brother. It welcomes any sort of a fight—a battle always makes for exciting copy. So, when Joan Crawford blasted Marilyn Monroe in the bitterest interview one glamor girl has ever leveled against another, the town was torn apart.

I waited until the fire was smoldering and practically out before I talked to the stars of the now famous feud, Joan and Marilyn.

"Why did you do it?" I asked Joan, whom I have always known to be warmhearted, kind and never before too violently

critical of anyone. "Why did you tear Marilyn apart publicly? If you thought she needed your help, why didn't you give it to her in private?"

"You'll be surprised," Joan said, "but that's exactly what I wanted to do. I thought, when Bob Thomas came to get an interview with me on the subject of the Academy Awards—which is what he had asked for—that we were finished after we discussed this topic.

"He was half way out the door and on his way to an appointment at MGM, when suddenly he stopped and said,



TO LOUELLA PARSONS

PUBLIC . . . AND WHAT MARILYN'S DOING ABOUT IT!

'Don't you think Marilyn Monroe was too sexy in *Niagara*—and don't you think that dress she wore at an awards dinner was disgusting?'

"Because I was sure our conversation was now off the record, I answered his questions. I was shocked when I later read the interview which contained two lines about the Academy Awards and the rest was all a blast at Marilyn.

"I wish I could say I didn't say those things, but I *did* say them! I was *not* misquoted! But, believe me, in the future I will think twice before I (Continued on page 92)



This is the original Associated Press release which started the fireworks.

JOAN CRAWFORD GIVES MARILYN MONROE A TIP

By Bob Thomas

Joan Crawford today aimed this curt message at Marilyn Monroe: Stop believing your publicity.

The curvaceous blonde has been the subject of a hot controversy during the past fortnight. Women's clubs have protested about the nature of her publicity and the advertising photos for her pictures.

Adding fuel to the fire were reports that her latest picture, the first with which she could demonstrate her box-office pull, was doing disappointing business. Then there was her much-publicized appearance at an awards dinner.

Miss Monroe showed up in a zipperless metallic gown into which she had been sewn. When she stepped up to get her award as the outstanding personality on the screen, she put on a hip-swinging display that brought the house down.

"It was like a burlesque show," said the horrified Miss Crawford, who was present at the affair. "The audience yelled and shouted, and Jerry Lewis got up on the table and whistled. But those of us in the industry just shuddered.

"Certainly her picture isn't doing business, and I'll tell you why. Sex plays a tremendously important part in every person's life. People are interested in it, intrigued with it. But they don't like to see it flaunted in their faces.

"Kids don't like her. Sex plays a growingly important part in their lives, too; and they don't like to see it exploited.

"And don't forget the women. They're the ones who pick out the movie entertainment for the family. They won't pick anything that won't be suitable for their husbands and children."

The durable Miss Crawford, who has lasted longer than any film star in history, said the Monroe buildup was clever and well planned. It was the work of master exploiters, she remarked, but it got out of hand.

"The publicity has gone too far," she said. "And apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity. Someone should make her see the light. She should be told that the public likes provocative feminine personalities; but it also likes to know that underneath it all the actresses are ladies."

The Crawford comments were read to Miss Monroe and she was asked if she cared to say anything about them. Miss Monroe started to make a statement and then changed her mind and replied: "No comment."

Discussing other glamor build-ups, she remarked that Jane Russell had managed herself well.

"Howard Hughes tried to make her out a sexy dish at first," she said, "but Jane managed to keep her feet on the ground."

Then there was Jean Harlow, who was first painted as a platinum blonde vamp. When that novelty wore off, she became a successful comedienne. Apparently 20th Century-Fox has the same thing in mind for Monroe.

Miss Crawford, who is up for her second Oscar with *Sudden Fear*, added: "I think she'd better become a comedienne—or something."



"People say I'm a
flirt, and they're *right*,"
confesses Mitzi, who
jolted all Hollywood
by blossoming
into one of its most
tantalizing women.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

TEMPTRESS

■ One day last fall three very fancy young ladies marched out of an alley on Main Street in Los Angeles and started walking toward the center of town. Main Street in Los Angeles is not like Main Street in your home town; it is skid row, an avenue of gaudy saloons and pawn shops and cheap restaurants and burlesque theaters. The alley led to the stage door of one of these burlesque palaces—and the three fancy dolls were what you might call dancers, if you weren't familiar with the word stripper.

A few minutes later, attracting considerable attention, the girls halted at the box office of the Philharmonic Auditorium, an emporium of the finer things in stage entertainment, and picked up three tickets for the afternoon performance of a show called *Jollyana*. A fellow smoking a cigarette in the lobby smirked at the doorman as the girls entered the theater.

"Those kids are from the Follies," he grinned. "What are they doing up here, learning some tricks?"

"Yes, sir," said the doorman. "They come every matinee—to see Mitzi Gaynor."

"Mitzi Gaynor?" said the smoker. "*Mitzi Gaynor!*"

"Yes, sir," said the doorman.

The customer flipped his cigarette into the street and hurried inside. This he had to see. And he did.

Jollyana didn't travel out of Los Angeles, so you more than likely didn't see Mitzi Gaynor in that show, but if you had you would have understood why strippers from all over the Southern California area came time and again to see Mitzi, to learn a number of things. One was how to strip without removing any garment. Another was how to tantalize a male audience and still remain a lady. But most important, in *Jollyana* Mitzi Gaynor was giving lessons in how to dance sexy and still be a wholesome, healthy young girl; how to combine apple cheeks and a naughty wink.

Just the other day we spoke to her at length (Continued on page 99)



Mitzi's most sizzling romance at present is with Hugh O'Brian, a young actor who'll soon be seen in *The Man From The Alamo*.



But Mitzi still hasn't made up her mind about marriage to Hugh. "We've both got a bit more living to do," she admits.

ON HIS OWN

■ The news of his firing came to Mario Lanza like a thunderbolt.

He had just finished a transatlantic telephone call to a friend in London. "Look," he'd said, "it's definite. It really is. I go back to MGM on May 5th. Exactly when the studio will start up *The Student Prince* again I don't know. Joe Pasternak, the producer is going to Italy to do *Flame And The Flesh* with Lana Turner. But it's all set. I go back on salary May 5th. When Joe comes back from Italy, probably in July, that's when the picture begins.

"Oh, yes, another thing. I spoke to Vic Damone today. He told me that he and Jane Powell had been testing for *The Student Prince*. This I can't understand unless the studio feels I'm not to be trusted, that I'll walk off the picture. They don't have to worry. I'm going to give this one everything I've got. I've told that to all the executives, and I'm sure they believe me."

While Mario was talking with such unbridled enthusiasm and happiness, his mother-in-law was trying to get through to him from Chicago. She works at Marshall Field, the well-known department store, and as soon as any news or gossip about her famous son-in-law breaks in the papers, any one of half a dozen salesgirls comes running to her with it.

Five minutes after he finished his London call, Mario picked up the phone in the study of his Bel-Air mansion. His mother-in-law had gotten through. Her voice was charged with emotion.

"It says in the papers," Mrs. Hicks began, "that the studio has fired you."

Mario laughed. "What papers?"

"All the papers, Mario. The Tribune. All the papers."

"It must be a joke, Ma. I just finished a long legal hassel with the studio. Everything's fine. I'm going back to work in a couple of weeks."

"But the newspapers . . ." Mario's mother-in-law insisted ". . . it sounds very official."

"Okay," Mario said. "Read it to me."

Mrs. Hicks read the official studio announcement to the effect that MGM could no longer put up with Mario Lanza's demands and was terminating his employment contract.

Mario refused to believe it. After all, the papers had been carrying erroneous stories on him for months. This was probably another fantasy conjured up by an imaginative reporter. He handed the phone to his wife, Betty, (*Continued on page 83*)



Mario and Betty Lanza both adore their son Damon. To Mario, having a male child was the fulfilment of a long-time, deep, desire. Damon was six months old in June.



Ever since Mario and MGM parted, he has had much more time to spend with his children. Long walks and story-telling session are fun for Elissa (left), Colleen, and Poppa.

Mario finally got his freedom, the hard way, from MGM. Now Lanza's on the outside wondering—was it triumph

These are the only color pictures taken of Mario Lanza's family since the birth of his son, and are exclusive to MODERN SCREEN



Usually a boisterous, noisy person, Mario is always strangely subdued when wheeling Damon in his carriage. He has a very protective attitude towards his baby son.



Full of plans for free lance films, a radio and TV show, and a concert tour, Mario is now a happy man again. After a farewell hug for Colleen (above) he hands her back to Betty (below) and goes off for a conference to map out his new career.



Little Elissa and a playmate pose for our camera on the Lanza lawn. The children and their friends enjoy having Mario sing to them, and he often obliges.



or was it tragedy? • By Arthur L. Charles

Piper has many dates with casual beaus,



Dick: I like a girl who doesn't need fancy entertainment. Piper and I can have a good time just tripping through the tulips, together.



Piper: Seeing stars is fun—especially if they're tall, dark and handsome, like Dick! But my career usually interferes just at the wrong time.

AN OLD MAID AT TWENTY-ONE?

■ PIPER LAURIE: Well, I'll tell you, it's getting to be like this in the family. I'll say to my mother, "Mom, I've got something to tell you," and she'll drop everything to turn to me instantly. "Yes? Yes?" she'll urge, and her reaction is unmistakable; always the one-track mind, if you know mothers . . . mothers of daughters, that is.

She thinks I'm about to tell her that I've met someone—the one—and it looks like marriage is in the air. But all I've got to



MARRIAGE, ANYBODY?

among them attractive Dick Long (below) . . . but only dashing Carlos Thompson looks like her current serious heart interest.



Dick: You can learn a lot about people just yakking, particularly if you're working with them. Piper and I have spent hours talking about everything, especially show business.



Piper: My mother isn't pushing me to get married; it's just that she thinks I'm getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on it. She likes all my beaux equally.



Piper's romance with Carlos Thompson may last longer than her others . . . he's planning to be in Europe the same time she is, so they won't have to cut their courting short. Carlos, the first Latin in Piper's life, comes from Buenos Aires.

WHO SAYS SO? HERE, IN DIRECT QUOTES, PIPER, FAMILY AND FRIENDS SPEAK OUT ON THE SUBJECT!

tell her usually is some such piece of news as just being put into a new picture or having to leave on some trip. And when I do her face falls and she says, "Oh, *that*."

"Yes, mom, *that*."

"Oh, well," she says (meaning "you call *that* news") and, "that's nice" (meaning "hurry back and let's get down to the real business of your life").

You see, my mother would expect to know soon, very soon, after I made up my mind. We're a family kind of family, I'm a

family girl, perhaps even more so than a career girl, I suppose. I don't think I've ever gone out with a boy who hasn't been to my home and whom mother hasn't met. So she feels she would know the boy all right. All I have to do is identify him.

The thing is, if we talk boys, why, mother can take them up with me one by one. And, of course, like all mothers, she has her own point of view. Sometimes we agree about a boy, sometimes we don't. I say she judges them by the way they eat.

She says I judge them by the way they tie their necktie (if they wear one). As you can tell, so far all three of us haven't agreed—I mean mother, me *and* a boy!

It's not that mother is always pushing me. Not that at all. But I feel she thinks I'm getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on this prob . . . well, this issue. If you know what I mean. I mean *she* is concentrating.

For instance, when I told her about going to Korea (*Continued on page 89*)

ONCE A TOMBOY!

CYD CHARISSE USED TO PLAY SHORTSTOP FOR THE BOYS . . . NOW THE BOYS ARE STOPPING SHORT FOR HER!



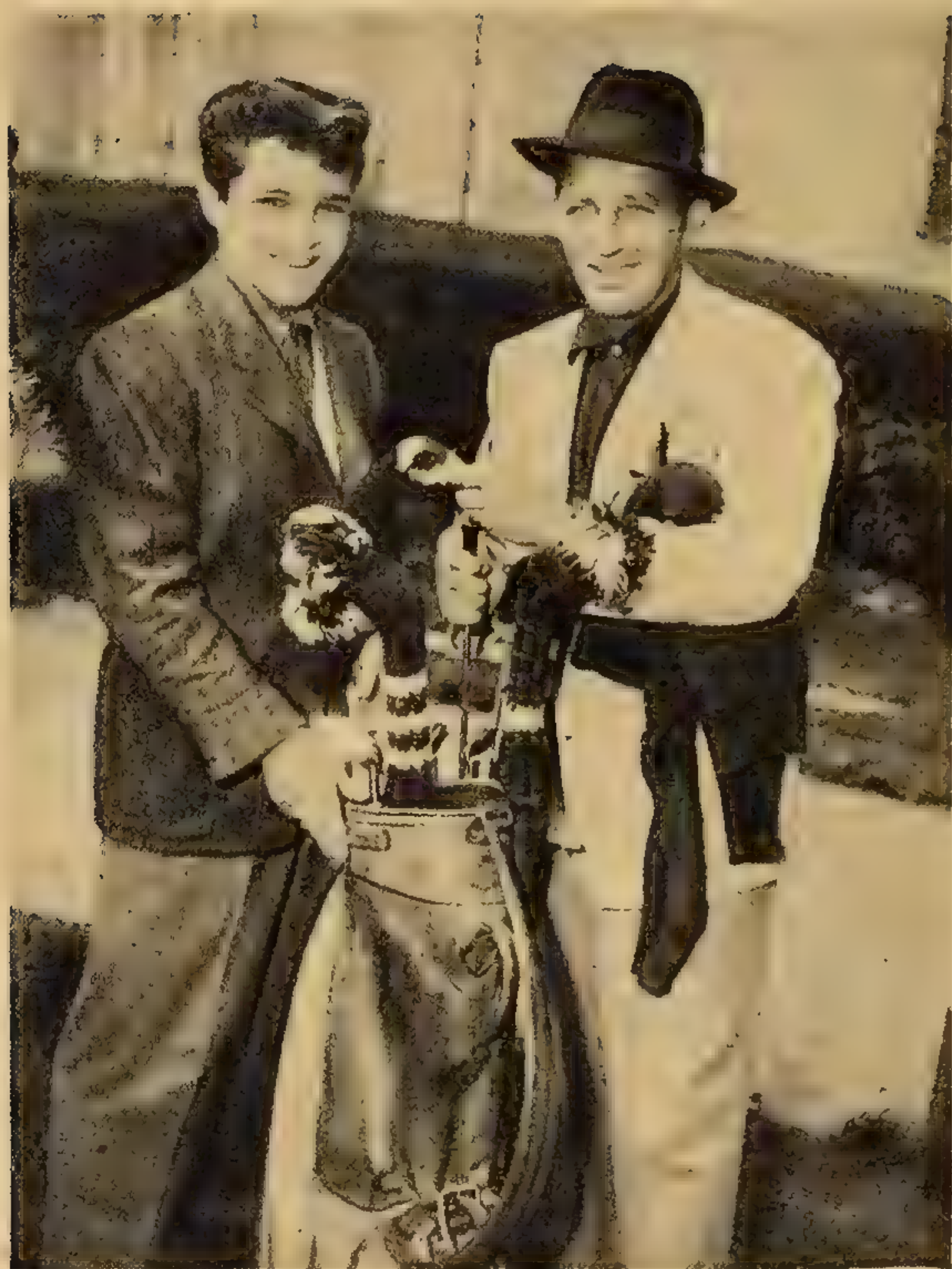
Cyd adores husband Tony Martin but rarely sees him.

■ When Cyd Charisse blew into the movies in 1944 people asked “*What* is Cyd Charisse?” It sounded more like a dessert than a name, and Cyd lives up to the analogy. Tall and willowy, she is topped off by a swirl of dark hair that suggests the color of smoke. Her brown eyes are wide set and tilting at the corners, and her teeth are perfectly rounded white gems that flash in a disarming smile. The combination adds up to a dish that anyone would consider luscious, and a bit beyond reach, too. Cyd looks expensive and her manner on first meeting seems aloof, almost haughty.

If this is true, it is possibly because she is expecting the usual opening gambit—an inquiry about her name. Cyd figures that in all her life she has met perhaps a dozen people who have not immediately inquired as to the nature of and the reason for her appellation. The answer is quite simple. The “Cyd” comes from her older brother’s abortive attempt to say “sister,” and the Charisse part of it comes from her first husband, dancing instructor Nico Charisse. (*Continued on page 88*)



CROSBY AND SON



Under Bing's guidance (here at Versailles, France), Lindsay is adapting to life without a mother. He and Bing pal around, and help each other adjust.

This trip to Europe

was the first step for a father

whose biggest purpose

in life is his devotion to

four sons . . . Lindsay, the

youngest, needed him most. . .

BY STEVE CRONIN





Bing planned the European jaunt with Lindsay because he felt the youngster's grief might be lessened by foreign travel and new interests.

■ Bing Crosby and his traveling sidekick, a sharp, polite, well-bred boy of 15 who happens to be his youngest son Lindsay, will return from Europe to Hollywood on June 25th.

This knocks into a cocked hat once and for all the rumor that Bing was planning to remain abroad in order to rendezvous in peace with beautiful Mona Freeman, his sometimes dining companion.

When Bing arrived at Cherbourg aboard the Queen Elizabeth last March, reporters descended upon him and asked first, "Is it true, Monsieur Bing, you are engaged to Mademoiselle Freeman?" and second, "Is it not true that you plan to marry Mademoiselle Mona Freeman?"

Lindsay, who loves to see his old man wriggle out of a tight spot, wisecracked with Sue Robertson, Bing's secretary, as the old groaner, momentarily perturbed, collected his wits for a denial.

"Now, look," Bing said, "I've known Mona ever since she was a kid. There's absolutely nothing to that story. Once in a while down at Palm Springs we took dinner. That's all."

And when Bing said, "That's all," he meant it, because in the three months of his European sojourn, Mona Freeman was the one subject he would not discuss.

"We just came over to play a little golf," Bing explained. "I also thought it wouldn't do Lindsay any harm to get around a little, you know, see (Continued on page 95)



Reporters on the Continent, respecting Bing's bereavement, left him alone as much as possible. During the few interviews he did grant, Bing answered all the questions they asked him except those dealing with his rumored romances.



Noodling around with some local musicians, Bing proves that one antidote for sorrow is constant activity. While in Europe, he and Lindsay steered clear of the big, fancy hotels, preferring the anonymity of lesser-known hostleries.



Natural stone and bleached mahogany combine to give the Wilding's living room walls a modern, rough-textured look. Pieces like the 16th

Liz and Mike's ranch



■ Liz Taylor's voice, softly muted by the deep pink carpet and the yards of pink chintz in her bedroom, wafted through the open glass doors to where Mike Wilding was seated on their small private patio.

"Darling," the voice cooed, "you want to know the two most delicious smells in the world?"

Mike Wilding grinned. "Tell me," he shouted.

Liz shuffled up behind her husband and ever so lightly pressed her lips against his

cheek. "Babies and bacon," she mumbled. Then she pulled back. "Let's eat some breakfast."

Each morning before she eats, Liz always runs into the nursery and supervises the splashing bath of her only child. While she does this, husband Mike relaxes on the patio, usually reading the papers and drinking in the California sun he loves. In about 15 minutes, Liz joins him with the early morning report on their heir. Sometimes it's about little Mike's eyes, sometimes it's



Century Tang horse add a rich decorative note.

house

about his funny cackling. On this particular morning the report concerned itself with their baby's clean, fresh smell.

"Tell you what," Mike, senior, suggested, "if he smells so darn good this morning, why don't you get Chanel to bottle him? We could call it Attar of Baby Porker or Chanel Number Five Months."

Liz giggled. "Why, that's a marvelous idea!" She sank her gleaming teeth into a crunchy slice of bacon just as the phone rang.

(Continued on next page)

EXCLUSIVE TO MODERN SCREEN

Home on the range was never like this! Liz Taylor's \$100,000 ranch house is in a class by itself, even in Hollywood.

BY MARVA PETERSON



The one change Liz and Mike made in the home they bought was the addition of this "lanai" or enclosed patio. The structural stone wall in the living room was extended, a bar built, and the new corner glassed in.



Liz selected the periwinkle blue couch, then decorator Jim Favour added the purple chair and black tables. The matchstick bamboo curtains are threaded with purple, green, gold and blue wool. The bust is by Epstein.



The dining area is set apart by a low stone wall, and all the furniture for both dining and living areas was custom built. The paintings by Augustus John and Benton Scott are from Liz' father's art gallery.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Liz and Mike's ranch house

continued



Liz and Mike Wilding's guest house is a separate and complete unit, joined to the main building by a covered walk. In addition to this comfortable living room, the house has its own bedroom, kitchen, bath.



The latest in modern equipment can be found in Liz' white oak-panelled main kitchen. Cabinets were designed for a specific use—narrow file for trays, a deep closet for pots, a felt-lined drawer for silverware.

Mike Wilding answered it. He spoke a few pleasantries into the mouthpiece, then handed the phone to Liz. "It's your agent, the illustrious Mr. Goldstone."

Liz shook her head and tightened her robe. "Oh, nuts!" But she got up and hurried to the phone, and in less than a minute her face was wreathed in smiles. She put down the phone and her violet eyes glistened. "They've offered me Vivien Leigh's role in *Elephant Walk*. The studio's agreed to loan me out. Aren't you surprised?"

Liz laughed and whirled herself around the white wrought-iron porch furniture, landing finally in her husband's lap and kissing him twice.

"I've never known you to be so enthusiastic about work," he said.

Mike Wilding was being truthful, because ever since he and Liz bought their mountain-top lovenest, and a baby son came along to round things out, Mrs. Michael Wilding hasn't cared a fig for screen work. She's been quite content to fill her life with pure domestic bliss, keeping house, taking care of little Mike, swimming in her pool, riding around with her husband in their low-slung Jaguar.

Compared to this paradise-like existence, no movie script seemed quite tempting enough so that in the weeks following the birth of her baby, Liz returned to MGM as unsuitable all the scripts sent to her. The studio, in turn, suspended their number-one beauty, stopping her weekly salary check of \$3,500. Not even this made Liz change her mind about returning to work. She was happy at home and at home she was determined to stay until she got the right part.

You all know what happened. Vivien Leigh suffered a nervous breakdown on the Paramount lot while doing *Elephant Walk*. Paramount had already sunk a cool million into the production. A new leading lady was a must. So as it does to all movie mothers, the moment came when Liz had to leave her idyllic laziness and incorporate the new role of mother-wife into the old familiar framework of acting, the only occupation she has ever known.

"It hasn't been too easy going back to work," she admits with resignation. "But now that Michael is working again, well, it isn't too terrible."

"She hated to think of me," Mike explains, "lounging around the house, doing absolutely nothing while she had to (Continued on page 76)



↑ This heated pool, set in the landscaped patio right outside the bedroom windows, is Liz' favorite place for relaxing with her son and husband. Now back at work she has little time for loafing.

↓ Liz had her heart set on a pink bedroom, but Mike, naturally, wasn't keen on a frilly one, so softly draped pink walls are a happy compromise for both. Liz' passion for pink even led to a pink bathroom.



Modern Screen finally



Weekend in the Alps.

At home Abroad



My Swiss Miss misses me.

■ Across the Pont Neuf, one of the smaller bridges that span the Seine in Paris, you find the Place Dauphine, a quiet, respectable, middle-class French neighborhood.

On the sixth floor of an old-fashioned apartment house, overlooking this picturesque tree-filled square, Gene Kelly lives with his talented, outspoken, beautiful young wife, Betsy Blair, and their only offspring, a charming, bright-as-a-new-penny ten-year-old girl alliteratively named Kerry.

The Kellys live in a five-room flat sub-leased from a lady who used to reside at the American Embassy, which is why when you ask around the Place Dauphine where Gene Kelly lives, the French children in the neighborhood giggle, do a little dance step for you, then point to the sixth floor and shout, "L'appartement Americain."

The three Kellys have been living in Europe for more than a year now, and while they're unusually (*Continued on page 94*)



Betsy at work in Paris!

catches up with the three galloping Kellys • by Tom Dancy



How many dollars in a Franc?



Kerry's Roman Holiday



anybody here speak Bop?



If she could only yodel.



Ski for two and two for ski

Ann Blyth's Wedding



It's here—the day all who love Ann have hoped and prayed for, the day her every dream comes true!

■ Now if you happen to be reading this on the last Saturday of this month of June it'll be the moment that Ann Blyth, wearing the wedding dress she dreamed she would, is kneeling before the marriage altar with the boy she prayed she would. At St. Charles, in the San Fernando Valley in California, Ann is becoming the bride of Dr. James V. McNulty. And if you asked her anything about anything else she'd tell you it didn't matter.

"Ann," she can only think to herself, "you are marrying in the church of your devotion to the man of your devotion." And it is true. For though this dark-haired, 24-year-old Irish girl has walked in high places she has been known always for her yearning for simple happiness. She did pray to her St.

Anne that there would be someone someday like the tall, young doctor at her side; quietly strong yet gentle like him, and with a ready smile and an understanding way. And she is not above telling you, "My prayers were answered."

To every girl belongs such a moment as is now taking place at St. Charles—and this is Ann's to remember forever; solemn with the song of the mass, festive with the flowers and further music, and then, with dear friends and relatives looking on, the fateful hush of the ceremony itself.

Yet it is a moment shared by others; not only do those who fill the church know why they have come, those who crowd the street outside for a glimpse of the bride know why they wait. They are caught by a fairy story. (*Continued on next page*)

Day





Ann, who was feted at many showers during her engagement, is a spectator here as Terry Moore congratulates Dr. James V. McNulty.

Ann Blyth's Wedding Day continued

Ann Blyth's folks had no riches when she was born. Hers was a childhood of big city nonentity, of bread and milk in the kitchen, ordinary schooling and, seemingly, limited opportunity. But she had riches to give; in beauty of form and beauty of manner as an actress. And here is the magic that touches this wedding—in this country a colleen can become a queen!

None in the church doubts it when she comes down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Pat Tobin. She seems to move in the white aura of her veil of diaphanous illusion tulle which is as long as the train of her gown of mousseline de soie over white satin. On her head is Chantilly lace, a bonnet embroidered with pearls. Those whom she passes by closely note the tight bodice of the gown, the long sleeves, and that she carries a rosary and a bouquet of lilies of the valley. If they look at her eyes they know that her soul has risen into them and shines through, luminous with tears and love.

Behind her is her court of bridesmaids and by their names you can recognize some of these, too, as princesses; not hereditary, but risen as Ann in their own personal right through democracy's processes and public (*Continued on page 96*)



St. Charles Church in North Hollywood is the place Ann chose for her late June wedding; she and Jim decided to have the ceremony at 10:00 o'clock Mass. Jane Powell was wed here, too.

Ann Blyth's wedding day marks the end of past loneliness, and the start of a glorious future!



Dennis Day, who's responsible for introducing Jim to Ann, receives his reward!



A long-time friend, Jack Benny was among the first to wish Ann good luck.



Her beloved Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat helped Ann pack her trousseau. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, who adopted Ann when her mother died, highly approve of Ann's Dr. Jim.



This is the home in which Ann and Jim will start their married life. It's a Connecticut style farmhouse at Toluca Lake. Ann describes it as "the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you."



Ann's home cooking will be the kind her husband boasts about. She's been taking lessons, so there'll be no burnt toast and fallen angel cakes in *her* kitchen! Jim's a lucky man in lots of ways.

GETTING TO KNOW

■ A basically unhappy, fear-ridden beauty, Ava Lavinia Gardner is today happier than she has ever been before. And for three reasons.

She is living in Europe. She is convinced that she and Frank Sinatra can make a go of their marriage, and she is content with her work.

This marks the first time in a decade that Ava has been satisfied with her geographical location, the condition of her love-life, the state of her finances, and the progress of her career.

In short, the belle of Grabtown, North Carolina, now has pretty nearly everything she's clamored for, everything, that is, except children, and with a little luck, they may be forthcoming in the future, especially since Frankie has been touring the Continent, flying to Ava's side at every free moment.

Ava's current peace of mind is very much in contrast to her state of misery when she left Hollywood last November. At that time, you'll recall, it was touch and go as to whether Ava and her crooner would separate or stay together.

Frankie had caught his wife and Lana Turner in his Palm Springs house "cutting him up," to use his own expression, and it looked very much as if this might be the swan song to their marriage. But fortunately, there was a reconciliation, the umpteenth reconciliation between the lovers, and Frankie eventually flew all the way to Nairobi in British East Africa, to be with Ava while she was preparing for work on *Mogambo*.

Ava says she liked working in *Mogambo*. "At least," she explains, "I understood the part. It wasn't the same old thing."

It was also good having Frankie around for moral support. When Frank flew back to the States, and Ava went out on location in Kenya, the setup wasn't perfect but Ava made the best of it.

John Ford, the crack (Continued on page 67)



Radiantly happy today, Ava finds it hard to recall the shy, bumbling girl she once was. For the first time the actress is perfectly content with her place of residence (Europe), state of marriage (ecstatic) and the progress of her career (zooming).

THE WORLD ADORED HER—BUT AVA ALWAYS FELT OUT OF PLACE. NOW SHE'S LEARNING TO UNDERSTAND

YOU



Their early married life was a trying one for the Sinatras. Friends of Nancy Sinatra blamed Ava when Frank divorced her, and there were many times when Ava (far left) and Frank (far right) despaired.



Absence *did* make the heart grow fonder in Frank and Ava's case. Frank, shown here with pal Van Heflin and his wife, found life just wasn't much fun without Ava. He couldn't wait until he joined her in Europe recently.



Ava's friendship with Lana Turner helped mess up her marriage. Frank accused the girls of "cutting him up"; once called the police to oust Lana.



The Sinatras' joyous reunion in May proved to them once and for all how much in love they are. Both feel that their marriage is on stable ground now.



Ava, with a model at a Parisian fashion show, is now as inwardly composed as she looks on the outside. She's complete mistress of herself at last.

HERSELF—AND FRANKIE • BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

MAKING UP



Newlyweds Jane and Fred chat on set of *Let's Do It Again*. She's the star, he's the musical director; they fell in love between scenes.



Jane hasn't much time these days for her favorite hobby, painting. She has to squeeze it in between making movies, keeping house, mothering her children, attending parties, and just plain having a good time!

Her career's zooming,
her love-life's blooming, and
Janie's strutting on
top of the world these days.
Everyone's wishing her
luck and saying: Keep it up!

BY RICHARD DEXTER


■ The Cadillac limousine—one that was almost as long as a bus—purred up to the door of Jane Wyman's home. Six men, all in tails and top hats, got out and stood in a single file from the doorway to the car while their leader rang the bell. When the maid arrived, she grinned a little foolishly, then excused herself and summoned her mistress. Jane appeared in a moment, elegantly strutted to the car, got in, followed by the men, and the limousine slipped into the traffic headed for downtown Hollywood.

Fifteen minutes later the car pulled up before a rather large but modest building on a side street just around the corner from Grauman's Chinese Theater. The alighting procedure was the same. The men got out, formed a line, removed their toppers and stood like wax images as Jane walked into the building. Then they followed as formally as ushers at a wedding. The door shut behind the lot of them—and a ceremony unique to Hollywood behind that closed door.

(Continued on page 91)

FOR LOST TIME





DOWN, BOY!

WHAT IS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S

by Jack Wade

■ Scott Brady, his long right leg flung over the arm of a chair, his fingers drumming an angry tempo on the edge of the table, sat quietly growling. He got up a couple of times and walked around the room, apparently in deep thought. Finally, he pointed a long finger and shook it.

"There's a lot of baloney going around about me," he growled. "You reporters, and a lot of people in this town are messing up my life. The only reason I haven't complained before is that I don't want people to think I'm crying. If you want to know the real truth about my love life—and a few other things—just shut up and listen for a few minutes." Brady stalked around the room gathering his thoughts. His trousers clung neatly to his narrow hips and were cut all right, but it seemed they should be tucked into high heeled boots, regular Tombstone pants. His tweed jacket appeared to be an excellent hiding place for guns, and his shirt was open at the throat, the way a man would wear it if he expected action.

We sat back and did as he said.

As Brady walked up and down he began to look very sorry for himself.

"How do I get this kind of a reputation?" he said. "I hear I'm fickle. Well, I'm a single man and I go out with quite a few girls. But many of the girls I date have been pals for years. I might meet a new girl, like her, and try to get her to go out with me like any other guy, but I'm not fickle when it comes to my old friends. Why, I've never even dated a girl for the publicity department—and darn few actors can make that statement. And that includes Ann Blyth. That rumor was really unfair. I like Ann very much, (Continued on page 74)

A date with a different girl every night earned Scott his reputation. But, he protests, he's not a wolf!



Sharlee Hudson rates a dinner date . . .



A sultry glance warms up Peggy Castle . . .



Bev Mitchell gets a dance with Scott . . .



Susan Ball gets some heart-to-heart talk

Lucky Anita Ekberg winds up with good-night kiss→



←But Dorothy Malone, the one girl Scott really wants, won't tumble . . .

NO. 1 PLAYBOY AND TROUBLEMAKER—AND HOW DID HE GET THAT WAY?

"Religion is something I've accepted in sure trust, without knowing its full meaning, just as I've accepted the beauty of a blue sky, my daughters' smiles, or the quiet happiness of a day with Harry."

THE QUIET HAPPINESS

by Betty Grable

My parents drove me to my first Sunday School session back in St. Louis when I was five years old. They let me out in front of a synagogue, which was just across the street from the Episcopal church to which they belonged, and told me to wait there until they parked the car. When they got back I was gone. Nor could they find me with the other children in church. They hunted around the streets and eventually my mother looked into the synagogue. There were no services that day, of course, yet there I sat, all alone in the dark, but unfearful and quite content. Spiritually I have sat thus ever since, boasting no sure knowledge, bathed in no great light, but a believer, trusting and content.

I am still an Episcopalian. My children, whose prayers I hear every night, are being brought up in confidence that there is a Guide who also gives ear (and sometimes it takes them almost an hour to squeeze in all for whom they ask His blessing). Yet I cannot say that I am one to whom religion has come with sharp, clear definition. It is something that I, like most of us, have accepted in such trust, without knowing its full meaning, as I have accepted the beauty of a blue sky, the smiles of my little girls, or the quiet happiness that can fill a household of an evening. There is more to faith than this, I suppose, but for what there is for me, I am grateful. And . . . content.

It may be that I have yet to come to serious thinking in my life—a life that without much credit to myself has brought me far more, (Cont. on opposite page)



in material success, I feel, than I deserve. When and if such thinking comes, and with it a deeper meaning of the mystery of existence, I shall welcome it. Yet it is not something that I feel can be hastened. And, of course, I cannot be dogmatic about my belief, I do not feel it has given me a special distinction, I cannot presume in such a direction in any manner.

There are some people who are extremely self-confident and this confidence often extends to every phase of their activity, even to their religion. They seem to know their way in the spiritual world as they do in the temporal one. I have seen such in my profession, moving surely and oblivious to anything which questions the correctness of their attitude. I can wonder at them, admire them, but I cannot emulate them.

I am reminded of an actress with whom I have worked who was such a person. When it was suggested after a rehearsal that she needed further study of her lines (something that would send me flying to my script) she merely replied, "That remains to be seen." And when this girl, as it happened, turned to religion, she did so intensively, even militantly, and sought to convert all whom she knew to her form of worship. Some people can move with such certainty in all they do . . . and others, like myself, must feel their way.

I don't think that in my whole life I have ever planned anything. It just hasn't been that kind of a life. Even today, when my husband starts off something he has in mind by saying, "Two weeks from today I think we ought to . . ." I always come back with, "Let's don't plan, Harry. Let's just see what happens."

I AM not an actress because I planned it—or particularly wanted it. And I was singularly devoid of ambition. I didn't care for dancing school when my mother brought me to it. It was her idea for which I'll be eternally grateful. I honestly feel that she has had more satisfaction from whatever success came my way than I have. And her instinct is still the same. "You can be a better dancer, a better singer," is a steady refrain from her lips. I know; but I am content. When my elder daughter, Vicki, wanted to take ballet I agreed. When she got over the notion, I forgot about it too. I don't consider a career essential to happiness however much happiness it has given me.

I have never pressed for anything with a desire so strong that it shut out everything else, and, I suppose, it is a form of irony that such a girl should have so much. I admit it. My own reaction, in fact, is to compensate for the good fortune by thanking God for it and refraining from swinging my weight around to the disadvantage of others. It is the least I can do . . . now. Perhaps some day a way will open up to do more.

A friend once asked why I didn't insist to the studio heads that I be given a certain part which she thought would be wonderful for me. She wouldn't believe it when I told her that not once since joining the studio have I ever done this. The closest I came was to have my agent suggest a few years ago that I liked the idea of starring in a musical which was on the market and would be pleased if they bought it. The name of it was *Annie Get Your Gun*. They didn't buy it, as you know. MGM did, and starred Betty Hutton.

Only recently there have been a lot of reports around Hollywood detailing my disappointment at not being assigned to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. My reaction to this talk has been a mixed one—and without any sense of disappointment in the mixture. First of all I cannot understand why others have (Continued on page 66)

Esther Williams starring in M-G-M's
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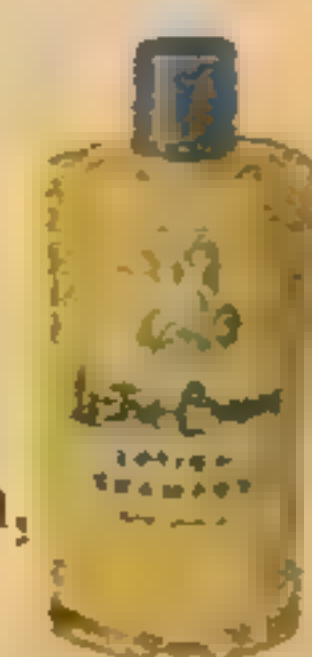


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You can have an engagement book or an engagement ring, but not both at the same time, says busy Kathryn Grayson, who refuses to love on the run.

BY SUSAN TRENT



Kathryn Grayson has no time to sing the blues. Rehearsals for her new pictures, and playing with her daughter Patty Kate, keep her much too busy.

Too busy for Romance

■ The new blonde walking around the Warner Brothers studio recently was drawing a lot of wolf whistles from the employees. Most of them figured her to be a new starlet, well worth the whistles, and they were completely surprised when on closer inspection she turned out to be Kathryn Grayson. Katie has joined the ranks of those actresses who offer up the natural color of their hair on the sacrificial altar of their career, and that's just about the way she feels about it. Told that the new silver blonde topping for the role of Grace Moore is extremely becoming, she smiles her thanks and then shrugs.

"I'll put up with it until the picture's finished," she says, "and then back it goes to its natural shade. I can't be bothered with keeping it this way. There isn't enough time."

That statement is the key to Kathryn Grayson's life today. There isn't enough time. Each day is filled to the hilt with activity, both in her professional and personal life. This daily

bustle is partly responsible for the fact that her name is seldom seen in gossip columns as having been seen here or there with this oil man or that business tycoon. There are too many other things in her life, things she feels are important, to devote precious hours merely to being seen at the "right" places with the "right" people. Katie had never gone in for the Hollywood social whirl, and actually couldn't care less about it. Home is too much fun. Work is too important.

Katie bought the house where she lives with Patty Kate, her four-year-old daughter, and her parents, long ago, before her first marriage, to John Shelton, and hasn't the slightest intention of moving into another one. It now consists of 16 rooms, a play-room having recently been added, and is large enough to contain the hum of activity that goes on every day. The entire family, including 15 nieces and nephews, is musical—"They can't help it," laughingly explains Katie. "You see they all have

voices"—and if recorded symphonic music isn't soaring through the house someone is singing or playing the piano or tuning a violin.

Katie thrives in a household like this. Music has always been the greatest love of her life and it is a blessing to share her home with people who also share her enthusiasm for pizzicato, pianos and pear-shaped tones. The one slight drawback is the fact that almost every night, when she gets home and seeks out an album she'd like to hear, that particular album has been misplaced by a relative who has been playing his own favorites. "Where's the Brahms piano concerto?" Katie howls. And her father's voice booms down from somewhere upstairs. "It's under the coffee table—under that pile of Flagstad records!"

A friend once asked Katie if the hubbub and bustle of the house didn't get on her nerves. "Get on my nerves!" she said. "I'd blow my top if it was ever quiet for more than ten minutes."

ACTUALLY, she has her own rooms on the second floor—a sort of a suite—a bedroom, dressing room and bath, and Patty Kate's room is next to her own. There is also a room that has been turned into an office, and from here Katie runs the household. She is a rarity in Hollywood in that she has no business manager and feels quite capable of taking care of her own financial affairs, which necessarily are many and complicated. With a flair for organization she works on a budget, makes her own decisions regarding investments, and turns out correspondence which equals that of a small business firm. The paying of bills and salaries alone amounts to a great deal of work, and in addition Katie does all the meal planning and marketing herself.

The "office" is the hub and center of the entire house, as is Katie herself, and she manages things so well that when she is away from home everything runs with the precision of the Greenwich clock.

She is not often at home. Despite the fact she has been averaging little more than one picture a year, her time is absorbed by the myriad chores that go hand in hand with a movie career. The long hours at the studio attending conferences, doing publicity, rehearsing, posing for pictures, taking singing lessons, and the personal appearance tours and benefit performances. When she finished *Lovely To Look At* for MGM she went to South America on a goodwill tour for the State Department, a trip that was intended also to publicize the film, *Showboat*. It was not, as might be supposed, a vacation. There was a perpetual and compulsory round of teas, luncheons and soirees, and while Katie dutifully threw herself into the itinerary with her usual verve, her thoughts were always with the big house in Santa Monica, California.

When she came back she went to work in *The Desert Song* and shortly afterward was handed the plum title role of the Grace Moore film. Before that picture was begun Katie was committed to follow it with *Mademoiselle Modiste* and then a return engagement at MGM to make *Kiss Me, Kate*.

In between her business and her home she sandwiches a large amount of charity work, notably with the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. Three years ago when Patty Kate was hospitalized there with a broken leg Kathryn noted the need for new facilities, and while charity workers around town are hoping for a new wing, Katie is plugging for a whole new hospital. Her heart is always with any project concerning children, not only because she loves them without reservation but because she feels deeply that the world we give them today is not a particularly happy one and that the least we can do is to assure them good health and a fine education. This



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philosophy is clear in Kathryn's professional life.

The ambitious drive and urgency for fame common to so many Hollywood stars is not shared by Kathryn. She never asked for a movie career; she wanted only to sing, because she loved music. She was no more than a child when, 13 years ago, an MGM executive heard her sing and plucked her out of the Manual Arts High School to give her a contract with his studio.

In the following years she studied all the arts allied with acting—diction, dancing and dramatics—and before she was old enough to decide what she wanted to do with her life she was a full-fledged movie star. This was a career handed to Katie on a silver platter; it was planned, written, produced and directed for her, and she had nothing more to do than be a good girl and cooperate to the best of her ability. It can truthfully be said that Kathryn Grayson has not done one thing that was not absolutely necessary to further her career, and even today it is improbable that she would walk across the street to ask for a role. She does not say it in so many words, but she gives the impression that being a movie star, to her, is just a job. She is tremendously grateful for the advantages given her, for the fame and fortune that came to her through the organization of MGM. When she is working she is intensely interested and devotes herself to it with unending energy. Yet the moment a picture is finished Miss Grayson retires into her private life and doesn't give movies a second thought until she is once more on call to be in makeup at 7 A.M.

LAST August she left MGM. In a way it was like leaving her home, for she had spent almost half her life there. The split was an amicable one; she left no enemies nor bitter words behind her. It was simply a matter of her wanting more freedom to direct her life as she chose. She wanted the right to appear on television should such an opportunity be offered her. This was the bid that stuck in the craw of the studio executives. She had had for years the right to appear at concerts, yet her studio association was so confining that almost every time she agreed to do a concert it had to be canceled because of forthcoming movie work. There was only one answer, figured Katie, and that was to leave when her contract expired.

She had already done one picture outside the walls of MGM and that was *The Desert Song* for Warners. When the brothers Warner heard that Miss Grayson was free they snapped her up to a contract for one picture a year and immediately began making plans for *So This Is Love*. This gives Katie the security she needs, as breadwinner for herself and daughter Patty Kate, and also the opportunity to sing for her supper wherever and whenever she chooses.

Careerwise, she feels there is a whole new life ahead of her now. Metro producers had known her since her adolescence and as a result had difficulty seeing her as anything but a child. When recently one of them saw her with the blonde hair a worried little frown went across his forehead. "But this is not our little girl," he said.

Kathryn Grayson is now 29, has two marriages behind her and is the mother of a four-year-old daughter. She is no longer a child, a fact which is quickly recognized by producers meeting her for the first time. Each has a different reaction, wants to star her in a different type of role, and to Katie the whole future outlook has become one that is exciting because of the variations offered.

While her career seems to have taken wings, it does not make for complete happiness, for Katie is the natural product of a large and warm-hearted family. She had

hoped, like most girls, for a happy and lasting marriage blessed by a parcel of children. But having been twice burned she is extremely cautious about a new venture. She dates, of course. There is a mile-long list of men about town who dial Miss Grayson's telephone number quite frequently. They run the gamut from actors to zoologists, but few of them are fortunate enough to tie up Katie for an evening. She is too busy, she says, to take time away from home.

Columnists have rumored a romance here and there, and one was foolish enough to report that Kathryn had been gifted with some fabulous jewels. Miss Grayson promptly denied the statement. She was not in love, she said, she had accepted jewelry from no one, and furthermore she would like it understood that she did not own one thing that she had not bought with her own earnings.

SOME of the men she dates could be classified as playboys. That is, they are sufficiently wealthy not to have to devote a great deal of their time to work. Katie may date playboys, but it is doubtful if she will ever marry one. She has worked so long and conscientiously herself that she cannot conceive of a man who marries and doesn't put his nose to the grindstone forthwith. If and when Katie marries again it will be to a man who, wealthy or not, will be well established in a business or profession which he enjoys and to which he devotes regular hours. If she ever falls in love with such a man she will be perfectly willing to give up her movie career the minute her existing contracts have been fulfilled.

Van Johnson's thumbnail description of June Allyson: "That million-dollar laryngitis!"

The sooner Katie falls in love the better. She very much wants to have more children, not only for herself but for Patty Kate, whose four years already would put quite a breach between herself and any babies yet to come. It was brought home to Katie quite poignantly last December when she asked her small daughter what she would like for Christmas. Patty Kate didn't hesitate a second. "I want a baby," she said.

In the interim, Patty Kate lives in a big house that is overrun with people, including children. Kathryn's parents live with her, as well as a couple of nieces and the child of the couple who take care of the house. The three children are 9, 11 and 13, respectively, and while Patty Kate appreciates the fact that all of them share her world of childhood, she is quite adamant about the necessity of having babies around the house. Her association with the older children has resulted in an outlook far beyond her years. "I think," says Kathryn, "that she would have been that way regardless. She seems so wise for her years that sometimes I feel she knows more than I do."

Patty Kate has had an advantage not offered to many children of Hollywood film stars. She has never had a nurse to care for her but instead has grown up in the bosom of a large and devoted family. Kathryn's sister and two brothers have produced among them 15 children, all of whom live within a short distance of her home, and it is a rare week that at least a half-dozen of this selection does not show up for dinner or the weekend.

Patty Kate doesn't suffer at all from the fact that her mother is a career woman. On the contrary, it all rolls off Patty Kate like water off the proverbial duck's back. Quite some time ago the child watched her mother on the set, singing "Smoke Gets In

Your Eyes." The script called for Katie to cry a bit as she sang, and inasmuch as it happened to be about the time of her divorce from Johnston, the entire cast and crew seemed to feel it was an occasion for everybody to weep. They all stood around with tears in their eyes and as soon as the director called "Cut!" Katie put her hands on her hips and looked at the woe-ful faces. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she laughed. "Everybody come off it!" And then she noticed that Patty Kate, then little more than three years old, was also crying. She knelt and put her arms around her daughter. "Look, darling, Mommy's only making believe." She squeezed a few tears from between her lashes. "See? It's a joke. I can cry whenever I want to. Isn't that funny? Now you watch. I'm going to do the whole thing again for the cameras."

The lights were turned on once more and Katie went into her song. This was the perfect rendition and the director was obviously pleased. And then, right in the middle of the scene and the song, Patty Kate let go with a king-sized giggle which registered quite clearly on the sound track.

Part of Patty Kate's charm is the fact that she is so unpredictable. When the studio suggested that she portray Grace Moore as a child in the movie, Kathryn was quite willing that her daughter be tested for the part. Patty Kate, said her mother, was a small hambone, and it might be a good way to get some of it out of her system. A time was set for the test and a scene chosen. Patty Kate, star of the day, couldn't have been more pleasant. She was obediently respectful of all suggestions offered and when the cameras started rolling, went through her paces beautifully. Director Gordon Douglas was charmed, but in the manner of all directors, asked that the scene be done again. Patty Kate looked at him as though he had just sprouted bats in his belfry. "That's silly," she said. "I just showed you I could do it." Boredom set in almost immediately and nothing could coax further performances out of the child.

"That's all," said Kathryn. "I couldn't go through this every day."

So Patty Kate stayed at home while the picture was made, and Kathryn was just as well satisfied with the outcome. She herself loves show business. She likes the people in it and understands their troubles, their foibles and their happiness in their work. She feels it is a good life and has no objection to Patty Kate making a career for herself some day. "It's unavoidable," says Kathryn. "She has a singing voice."

SHE says this with a mixture of pride and resignation and you wonder whether Katie, in spite of touting show business, wouldn't just as soon stay at home and forget the whole thing. You wonder how she finds time to run a house, be a mother, read the books she wants to read and sing as much as she wants to sing—and have a career on top of it all.

We asked if she sometimes didn't feel that life was slipping away from her, if this daily round of a dozen things to do wasn't so compelling that she was losing a chance for quiet happiness. She smiled. "How could I feel that way when my life is so full and happy?"

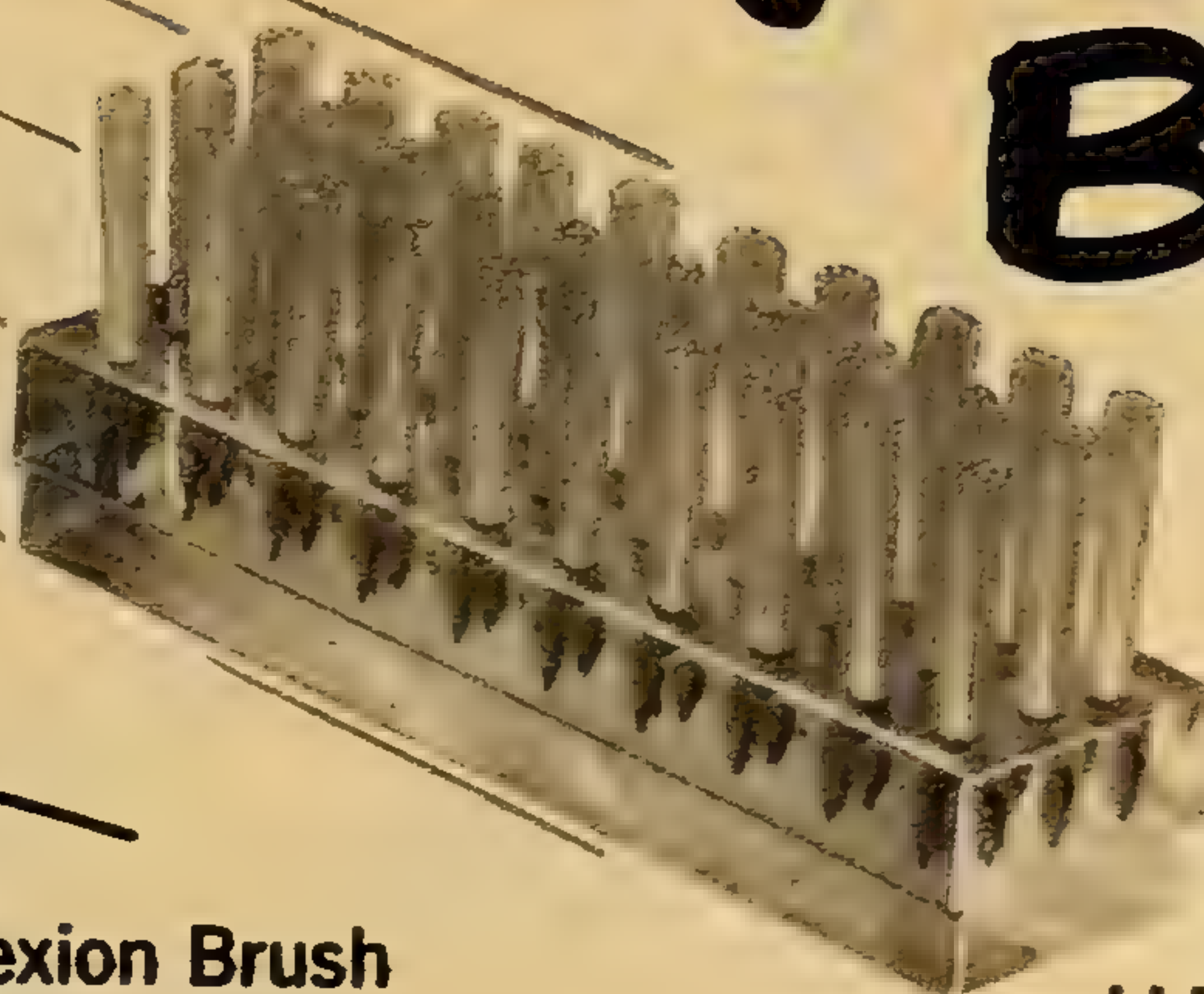
So that is the answer. Katie, with her boundless zest for life, finds lasting pleasure and enthusiasm in whatever comes her way. She neither seeks nor shuns love, but it is safe to say that when love does come, when a man finally appears on her horizon who meets her rather rigid specifications, Katie will at long last take time out for love. **END**

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the quiet happiness

(Continued from page 61) been able to worry so much more than I have about the matter. Secondly I cannot get over an impression that those who sympathized with me did so because they unconsciously put themselves in my place. They would have felt terrible had they been eligible for the part and lost it, therefore I must. It is a human way to reason, I suppose, but only if you are the sort with drive behind you.

THE world needs such people, undoubtedly; progress apparently depends on it. An actress who has had tremendous ambition and who has driven herself steadily until she has risen to the top, probably gets a tremendous amount of satisfaction out of any achievement . . . and a sense of shock out of failure. But I am not such a one. My career made steady headway and it seems as if I just went along for the ride. It is impossible for me to take myself too seriously as an artist, and certainly not as an important person. When I do, something brings me right down to a realistic evaluation again. I remember five years ago, driving home in a new car and getting for a moment, as girls sometimes will, a sort of Queen-of-all-I-survey feeling. I was listening to the radio when an announcer came on with some news flashes. The very first one proved to be a dilly. "It has just been reported," he declared quite calmly, "that Betty Grable has been killed in an auto accident while on her way home from the races."

When I could get over my amazement, which came only after I was able to convince myself that it wasn't so, and that I was alive, not dead, I gripped the wheel as hard as I could and drove the rest of the way very carefully. It was just a wild rumor turned into a wilder news bulletin . . . but it sure had a punch in it for me.

Or, just the other evening I took my little girls, Vicki and Jessica, to see *Call Me Mister*. After a few minutes of watching me on the screen, Jessica, who is five and has seen her movies mostly on TV, started to twist in her seat restlessly. "Mommy," she asked, "could we tune this out and get another program?"

No . . . whatever happens to me, professionally, personally, whatever my spiritual future, I think I will know who I actually am and not be confused by what I am painted to be in billboards or newsprint. When you read that I have turned down a picture (as I have sometimes been known to do!) it is not always because I felt the picture was not good enough for me. Some time ago I refused an opportunity to star in a new film (*Pickup On South Street*) because I thought the part was too good for me. I couldn't see myself doing it justice. Lack of self-confidence? Maybe. I like to think that it was a case of having a sense of responsibility to the public. But perhaps I am just making excuses for myself. People do that, and Betty Grable, as I have tried to point out, can never pretend to be anything but people.

People are happiest, everyone agrees, when they are doing that which gives them the most satisfaction. Perhaps this is why I sometimes think I was as happy working in the chorus as I have been in pictures. I knew back then, that I was the best dancer in the line. That was something. Now . . . well, I won't discuss how far I might be from being the best actress in my profession.

I CAN remember vividly my stage fright the first time I ever played a straight part in a picture, instead of just dancing and singing my way through the production. The name of the film was *A Yank In*

The RAF and the star was Tyrone Power whom I had met but never worked with before. I don't think I could have gone through with it had it not been for the understanding of the director, Henry King, and his clever way of handling me.

For the first two days of shooting there wasn't a scene in which I would be needed but King didn't tell me that, and made sure no one else did. Instead he had me report in costume with full makeup as if I was about to go on any moment. He kept me around like this, thinking any moment I was going to go in front of the camera, and finally my nervousness turned to boredom and even resentment. That was what he wanted. When my first scene did come up it was a relief to work instead of a strain!

There were others who helped me forget myself. Don Ameche with his dead pan kidding turning my scare into a laugh, or Walter Lang sitting in his director's chair and crying big tears until I, too, finally started sobbing . . . as called for by the scene he was shooting, and despite my conviction that I would never be able to weep on order.

Perhaps the reason I don't cry easily (and the reason, it might be, why I do not spend much time thinking of the metaphysical) is that my life has not only gone along smoothly, but there have been no great emotional depths or peaks; no one close to me has ever died, no tragedies or near-tragedies have ever happened; none in my family has ever been seriously ill; I can recall no special heights of joy. I think the happiest moment of my recent years was when my horse, Big Noise, won the Del Mar Futurity a few years ago. But there was more than just winning of another race involved. Big Noise was born on our breeding farm, a stilt-legged little colt who for several days could barely stumble around. It was that little colt I was

seeing, not the magnificent animal the crowd watched, when he showed his heels to the other horses.

The night before the race someone asked me if I was going to pray that he won. Of course I did not. Whatever my relationship to religion I know that one does not pray for the trivial, and this, and anything involving self advancement or aggrandizement in any way is trivial. If I did this and the time came to pray for a life I would feel that I had used up whatever spiritual good will I had with my Maker. It reminds me, too, of some of the kind of praying you hear about at the track. There are thousands of people there every day who would be very happy to praise God if by so doing they could also pray a winner in whenever they wanted one. I don't imagine He goes in for bargaining.

LIFE rarely turns out the way you expect it will, not in large ways or in small. My mother's great ambition to be a singer was never fulfilled. I was indifferent about a career yet I got one . . . thrust upon me practically. On the other hand, some minor little dreams I had were never attained. Some of these, I admit, were inconsequential, like my idea of what life as the wife of an orchestra leader would be like, or his as the husband of a dancer. I expect we both thought our home would be filled with music and terpsichore. The truth is that in the whole nine years of our marriage he has never tooted a note in the house—and I have never danced a step! There isn't even a trumpet in the house, except one which has been turned into a lamp-base. And I can assure you no cherished ballet slippers, reminiscent of some great triumphant performance, hang on my boudoir wall. Ours was the marriage of two people, and stayed that way; it never yet has become a marriage of a musician and a dancer.

It may seem odd but in a way I am grateful. There is no temperament to worry about, no attitudes that might be expressed as, "I am a special person—I'm a dancer!" or "You have to make allowances for me—I'm a musician!" If either of us ever tried that on the other we'd both have to burst out laughing.

We had other things to learn about ourselves; the sort of life we like to lead, for instance. Soon after our marriage we bought the big house we are in now. It's immense, a marvelous place to entertain. But, in time we realized that we never entertained. With Harry away on tours so much and me busy for long stretches at the studio those periods when we were both home came too seldom to be dissipated in the clamor and fuss of parties. We wanted to enjoy our home, quietly, as husband and wife, father and mother, much more than we cared about enjoying it festively, as host and hostess.

All this we had to learn, and for what we learned I have a word—honesty. I think all people, even the misguided, instinctively know that the solid happiness, the peace-of-mind happiness, has to be built on a foundation of honesty, with one's self and in one's relationships.

I have friends who tell me the reason I have gone so far with my career is not just luck. "You must have been *thinking* right," they say, giving the word a spiritual significance. Well, it would be very easy to believe them. But who would I be kidding? How would this solve the big mystery I've known about for so long—the mystery of why such good fortune doesn't come to others who for right thinking have me beat a mile? No, it was luck or fate, call it what you will. . . . I haven't found out yet. My job is not to forget this, to know that there is a Someone to Whom I should be thankful and should pay devotion. I am and I do.

END

getting to know you

(Continued from page 54) director of *Mogambo* is a man who wears brass knuckles on his tongue. He gets good performances from stars by treating them as equals, no deference, the commands are curt and sharp. Occasionally, he waxes bitter and sarcastic.

In one particular scene in which Ava was working with Clark Gable, Ford didn't like the actress' performance and told her so in no uncertain terms.

In the old days when this happened to Ava, she would cower, retreat, and break into tears. This time she spoke up. "Look," she said to Ford, "if you speak that way to me, you'll get nothing out of me at all. I'll clam up, and we'll louse this picture good."

From that point on, Ford handled Ava gently, and she performed superbly. The director, however, had half a dozen baseball caps with long visors—the kind pilots wear—flown into Africa for the members of his selected team, Clark Gable, Grace Kelly, Bob Surtees, the cameraman, Wingate Smith, his brother-in-law, and a few other choice friends. Significantly enough, Ava was not gifted with one of these caps. But she didn't care.

Location work over, she flew back to London. Frank cancelled a television date in New York, thereby sacrificing \$5,000, and flew to her once again.

SINATRA has an ace talent agent in London, a fellow by the name of Jimmy Harding. Jimmy saw to it that Ava had every convenience. An apartment formerly

occupied by John Lewis, a one-time member of the British Parliament, was subleased for Mrs. Sinatra.

It's a large apartment with three bedrooms. It's well located in Regent Park. It's tastefully decorated, and Ava makes it her European headquarters. This is where Frank joins her whenever he gets into London.

Jimmy Richards also hired for Ava a beautiful, blonde, tactful secretary named Eileen Thomas. Eileen acts as a buffer between Ava and the world of newspapermen who are always trying to get through to her.

Ava doesn't particularly like to live alone because she gets lonely very quickly, and so when Frank is not with her, Eileen Thomas is. These two became such fast friends that when *Mogambo* was finished in London, Ava insisted upon taking Eileen with her to Madrid. Ava loves to vacation in Spain and not because of Mario Cabre, either. She has a dear friend, Noreen Grant, an Englishwoman, who lives there, and every chance she gets, Ava takes off for Madrid or Seville, phoning Frank long distance to try to meet her there.

In Spain, Ava is never bothered by movie fans or reporters. Her private life is respected, and this is what she likes. She hates reporters who pry into the status of her love-life or who ask embarrassing questions about her old-time fights with Frankie.

When cornered, however, Ava gives reporters the impression that she is being frank, honest, and down-to-earth. "Look," she recently told one in London, "I've never knocked myself out studying dramatics or screaming about my career. I consider myself darn lucky being a movie star.

If I get a good part I give it everything I've got. I think I know something about emotions, something about the way women feel under different sets of circumstances. That's what I try to put on the screen.

"When I get a nothing part, I just ride with it. There's nothing else to do. You just hope that the next picture will be better . . . As for my marriage, it's just fine. Frank tries to spend as much time with me as possible. I think we've developed a good scheme of things. He's arranged to spend several months working in Europe. That'll cut out all those transatlantic hops."

It was Jimmy Harding, Frank's agent, who set up the singer's Continental tour. By the time this article appears in print, Frank should have sung all through Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and Great Britain.

Frank is determined once and for all to allay Ava's fears. And her greatest one is that he doesn't really love her, which, of course, is nonsense—but Ava still has her doubts. She knows Frank like she knows the palm of her right hand. She knows what a charmer he is, how adaptive he can be, how really irresistible.

MANY people don't know it, but Sinatra has more confidence in himself than practically any other entertainer alive. He once said, "If I were going to be a painter, I know darn well I'd be a great one. Once I set my mind to doing something, I really can do it."

There is hardly a girl in the world today that Frank can't enrapture if he sets his mind on the target. Sinatra is a charm boy. He knows the score. He's been around. He's as sharp as a blade. He has known, it is safe to suppose, as many women as any

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crooner of his age. And this is what has worried Ava sick from time to time.

A friend who once discussed Frankie with Ava reports that the second Mrs. Sinatra cocked her head to one side after the discussion and said, "I know it, all right. Frank has been around."

When Ava married Sinatra she was not expecting a model celibate. She merely hoped that Frank had reached the stage in life where he was tired of sowing wild oats, where one woman was capable of giving him all the love and companionship he required.

Ava is now fairly well convinced that Frank has arrived at that point. Certainly, Frank has proven it to her. In Hollywood while preparing for *Eternity*, he dined occasionally with Marilyn Maxwell, a flame of yesteryear, but usually he was seen as one of a threesome. Many times he went to dinner with Judy Garland and Sid Luft.

Before he finished *Eternity* and winged to Europe to join his Ava, Frank was always afraid that someone might carry a ridiculous bit of gossip about him back to London. This would upset his brunette Carolina beauty, and when he arrived, there would be a battle royal.

It hasn't come to pass. The European meetings between Ava and Frank have been warm, rapturous, even tempestuous. Frank stays away just long enough for Ava to miss him terribly and vice versa, so that when at last these two catch up with each other—well, the homecoming is memorable.

There has been talk in Spain to the effect that Frank may remain in Europe with Ava until her 18 months are up, early in 1954.

If Frank is able to satisfy the Internal Revenue people in Washington, and they okay his passport, this may very well come to be. In fact, Frank's agent in London has been looking around for a country home that these lovebirds might rent. Not that Ava doesn't like her Regent's Park apartment. "It's just that a house would be so much better, so much nicer."

Other than for Sinatra's estate in Palm Springs, Ava has no home she can call her own.

Most of the Hollywood stars who are working abroad are motivated in part by the advantageous tax laws. Ava would work abroad regardless of the tax laws, because she prefers living in Europe.

SHE feels that the movie colony atmosphere is not too conducive to a happy family life. She knows this from experience. She knows that movieland is beset with temptation. She knows what life was like in California with Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. But as a friend recently pointed out, "Ava has grown enough intellectually to realize that geography does not motivate the sex life so much as a man's basic character. If a husband is going to play around, he'll be just as faithless in New York or Glasgow as in Hollywood or Santa Monica.

"It is my own particular analysis," this friend continues, "that the reason Ava doesn't like Hollywood, that she prefers Europe is because Hollywood arouses a guilt complex in her.

"We might as well face facts, and the number-one fact is that there are many people in the motion industry who feel that the first Mrs. Sinatra, Nancy, got a raw deal. They're wrong, of course, but they blame Ava for the divorce. They point out that if she hadn't been around, Frank would've returned to his wife and three kids. They don't realize that Sinatra might have pushed for a divorce in any case. They point out that Frank had left home before and that after his flings, he'd always returned. This time the temptation of Ava was too great, the pull of (Continued on page 71)

modern screen fashion

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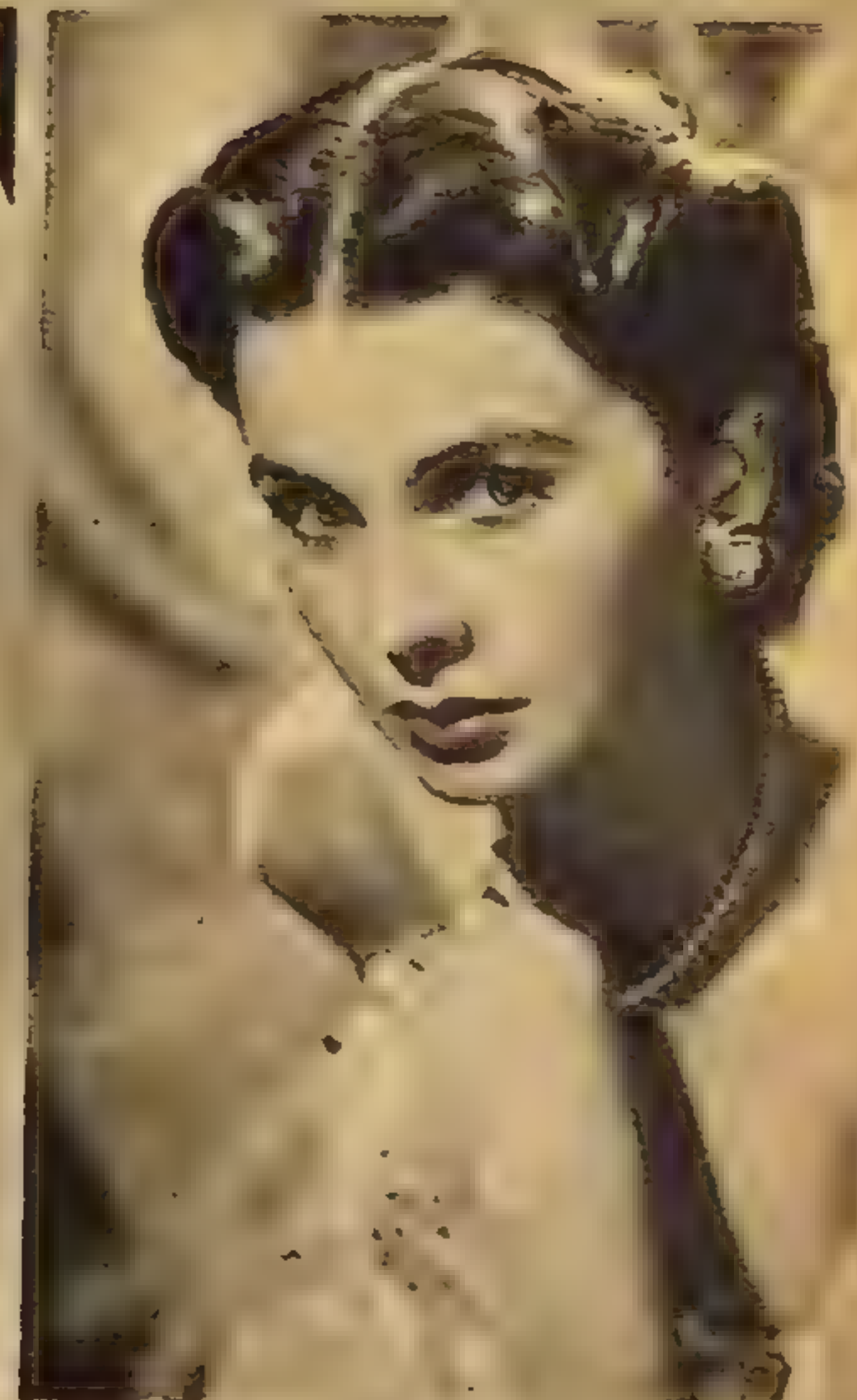
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shoulder
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modern screen fashions

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Left: You'll get a "double take" when you wear Seamprufe's beautiful lace trimmed acetate and nylon (*Ny-ron*) slip that features a lace trim front and back (perfect cover-up over bras—looks lovely under sheer blouses).

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Top 1: Hollywood-Maxwell's new low-cut *V-ette Whirlpool* bra of all nylon sheer. Dainty pink and blue blossom trim—separate elastic front piece for flexibility. White only. About \$3.50. *Top 2:* Peter Pan's *Merry-Go-Round*—a plunge bra that features a rib-band that is designed to prevent curling. Broadcloth (shown), about \$3; nylon taffeta, about \$3.50.

getting to know you

(Continued from page 68) passion was too strong, and he succumbed. Ava Gardner, therefore in the eyes of a large segment of the population, particularly those of Sinatra's religious faith, is regarded as a *femme fatale*.

"Ava is a perceptive girl. She knows all this. She knows that Nancy Sinatra has many friends in Hollywood. These people are also Frankie's friends. When they visit Frank, I'm sure Ava wonders what sort of stories they will carry back to Nancy. Ava has always been unsure of herself, especially in Hollywood where so many people remember her as a silly, sexy, drawling girl from North Carolina who was used as a plaything by Mickey Rooney. Hollywood remembers Ava with Howard Duff, Artie Shaw and others. These aren't pleasant memories.

"In Europe, Ava is treated as a famous international movie star. There is nobody in Europe who knew her when she was married to Mickey Rooney, when she acted fatuously and talked foolishly. Abroad, she is a woman of stature who conducts herself with decorum."

In many ways, this analysis rings true. In London, by way of illustration, Ava never makes headlines nor does she cavort around the nightspots. When she is not working on her latest film, in this case, *Knights Of The Round Table*, she drives out to Richmond, a suburb, and spends the weekend with her friends Richard Attenborough and his actress wife Sheilah Sim who are currently starring in an English play, *The Mousetrap*.

ANYWAY, overseas Ava is infinitely happier than she is in Hollywood. As for Frank, his major forte is adaptiveness, and he can get along anywhere. If the Nevada State Gambling Commission approves of his application for buying into the gambling casino of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, he may very well be assured of a large income for life, in which event he and Ava would undoubtedly spend many years away from the rumors, gossip, innuendo and temptations of the movie colony.

In addition to children, all Ava Gardner has ever asked of life is peace of mind. Of late, she's gotten some. After 30 years in this world, it's just about time. **END**

gable and a girl named kelly

(Continued from page 24) with blonde, young, beautiful Grace Kelly is purely professional. Except that a few years ago when he was going with Lady Sylvia Ashley and was asked if he contemplated matrimony, he told reporters, "Now, look, boys, she's a very fine woman and I enjoy her company. But insofar as anything serious is concerned, that's out."

Even when he was paying his second wife, Maria Langham close to half a million so that he could be free to marry Carole Lombard, Gable was still shy about admitting his love.

"Carole and I are good friends," he said at the time, "but I'm in no position to discuss marriage or love or anything like that. Say we're just good friends and leave it at that."

On the basis of his established record, it is safe to say that when Gable insists his relationship with an attractive female is casual, it usually is not. For The King, as Spencer Tracy refers to him, has always been a one-woman man—that is, a one-woman-at-a-time man.

When he courts a girl, he concentrates

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Above: Refreshing to see, to wear. Crisp flowerets that button on or off. The skirt has a neat flare for flattery. Dan River's checked gingham gives wrinkles the cold shoulder. Black/white, grey/white, navy/white. 14½-22½.

Right: Airy-light as a soda bubble. Shirley Fabrics' hand washable Saravan—a rayon acetate with the delightful silky sheen—scaloped for an extra treat. The seven gore skirt streamlines the figure as slick as a breeze. Ice blue, navy. 14½-22½.

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on her. He gives her all his ardor, all his non-working time. No diversification for this gentleman. He makes a girl feel as if he is living for her, only for her.

IN the case of Grace Kelly, members of the *Mogambo* crew insist that during the preparation and making of this film, "Gable had big eyes for Grace."

In Nairobi and all through Kenya, at Thika, Ramuruti, and Lake Naivasha, all through Tanganyika and Uganda, it was Gable and Kelly who paired up, Gable doing everything he possibly could to make things easier for the lovely blonde from Philadelphia who was playing her second large role in motion pictures. Her first was as Gary Cooper's wife in *High Noon*.

When the location-shooting was finished in Africa, Gable and Grace flew back to Europe. When the picture was resumed in London, reporters and columnists, catching the twosome together at theaters and social functions, also spread the word that The King had found himself a new girl.

During the entire shooting of *Mogambo*, Grace Kelly was mentioned as the woman who had stolen Gable's heart.

As a matter of fact, she was Clark's constant date. There was no hiding that. In London when they attended Her Majesty's Theater to take in *Paint Your Wagon* they were surrounded by so many fans who kept talking about "Clark Gable and his new sweetheart" that the manager of the theater had to extend the intermission 30 minutes while Gable and Grace signed programs for eager autograph collectors.

A few nights later when I ran into them at the New Theater where they'd gone to see *Dear Charles*, Gable was irritated when photographers insisted upon shooting him and his young lady. He scowled, bent his head down, and escaped through the crowd.

In London Clark Gable usually lives at the Savoy Hotel. Since Grace Kelly stayed at the same place and the gossip linking these two became so strong, Gable moved into the Connaught, a conservative hotel several miles away. A week or so later Grace's mother arrived from Philadelphia.

When Grace Kelly was asked if she were in love with Gable or he with her, she said, "I'm afraid not. That's just a rumor and there's nothing to it. Mr. Gable is a very fine gentleman, and he's gone out of his way to help me in this picture. Because of that and because of working with a great director like John Ford and a talented actress like Ava Gardner, this has been a wonderful experience for me.

"Yes, Mr. Gable and I have been out together, to a few plays, things like that, and we spent a lot of time in each other's company in Africa, but actually, it's been very hard work on this film, and there hasn't been much occasion for relaxing.

"I don't go out with Mr. Gable regularly, and he doesn't go out with me steadily. He's just a close friend, but the rumors have magnified everything into a tremendous love affair. I'm afraid it's not.

"When this picture is over I'll be in New York, and Mr. Gable will probably be touring the Continent. I can tell you that we're not engaged, just close friends."

SUPPOSEDLY, the actor's next picture, following *Mogambo*, is *Green Fire*, this one to be shot in South America so that Gable can stay out of the United States for 18 months and earn a few tax-free dollars; and somehow it would surprise no one if the 52-year-old star requested this tall, stately, well-bred blonde, not even half his age, to play opposite him; for romance or no romance, Grace Kelly is one of today's finest young actresses.

Moreover, she is an intelligent, worldly, sophisticated young woman of excellent background, and that's the type of girl

Gable specializes in, albeit he has picked them much older in the past.

Grace Kelly is the daughter of the John Kellys of Philadelphia. Her father is one of the best-known building contractors in that city, and her brother Jack is an Olympic oarsman who twice won the Henley regatta in London, once in 1947 and again in 1949.

Her uncle is George Kelly, the veteran Broadway playwright who wrote such hits as *Craig's Wife*, which won a Pulitzer Prize, and *The Showoff*.

She did her first stage-acting as a child of 11 and in 1947 left Philadelphia for New York where she attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years.

Grace was a very apt pupil and after reading for Raymond Massey who was directing a Broadway play, *The Father*, she won the role of his daughter. Massey at the time, said, "In my opinion Grace Kelly is going places as an actress."

His prediction proved correct. The tall, blue-eyed natural blonde was spotted by a 20th Century-Fox talent scout one night and tested for a part in *14 Hours*, a film starring Paul Douglas. Grace got the part easily. Business was slow, however, and there were no further movie roles, but since she is not a poor girl, Grace had the necessary funds for further dramatic study. She played Bucks County and then went west where she acted in Denver's Ellitch Gardens which is known as the graduate school of summer stock.

Gene Autry's *Mule Train*, made in 1950, was the first musical Western to go into the archives of the Museum of Modern Art.

Fortunately for Grace, Hollywood producer Stanley Kramer was looking around for a young actress who was young, pretty, and talented but would take relatively little in the way of salary. He had a western ready to go entitled *High Noon*. The star of the picture was Gary Cooper whose financial demands are always astronomical. Cooper had agreed to star in the film for \$50,000 and 20% of the profits, a deal which will probably net him a half million.

Because Grace hadn't had very much film experience, her salary hovered about the \$250-a-week mark.

Kramer, who is always willing to take a chance on youngsters, signed Grace for the femme lead. She was nothing but sensational. When *High Noon* was finished, Cooper said, "This girl has as much potential as any actress I've played opposite—a great talent."

Now all you need in Hollywood is one big fat hit, and your agent can start making demands and mulling over the various offers that begin to cataract. Grace went back to New York, picked up some fast dough on television, and the high pressure boys from MCA began scouting around for her in Hollywood.

The Music Corporation of America represents dozens of actors, one of the most valuable being William Clark Gable. When Gable was assigned to *Mogambo*, the story of a triangle in which a white hunter fools around with a lady and a fast girl, and decides in the end that the red hot baby is for him, MCA asked for the identity of the two women who were to play opposite him.

Twenty years ago Gable had made this story under the title of *Red Dust*. At that time Jean Harlow had played the vamp and Mary Astor the married lady.

MGM told Gable's agent that Ava Gardner was scheduled to play the Jean Harlow part, but that they had no one for the Mary Astor role. In fact, they said, the British

Government wanted them to use British actors and actresses wherever possible.

MCA asked Gable if he had any objections to Grace Kelly. Gable said, "No, she's great." Whereupon Miss Kelly was offered to John Ford, one of the few really great motion picture directors in Hollywood. After seeing some of Grace's work, Ford nodded, "She's good enough for me."

Grace Kelly was flown to Europe, thence to Nairobi in British East Africa, and then 750 land miles out into the bush country. It was in this location that she and Gable became "fast friends."

Ava and Grace were the only two white female stars on the trek, and at night Ava used to hang a lantern outside her tent to scare off the lions, and in this sort of potentially dangerous environment, Gable took on the halo of the protector.

Africa or no Africa, The King is a pretty romantic guy anyway you look at him, and in the span of five weeks' time, Grace Kelly was looking at him plenty.

By the time they hit London, the rumors coupling these two in a torrid romance were in full force. They were so prevalent that Gable became annoyed at them and refused to answer questions concerning his love life.

Reporters are adroit by profession, however, and would start their questioning along this line. "Are you really happy without a wife?" Gable's answer to that one was a fast yes.

"How do you feel about marriage generally? That is, you've been burned a few times."

"I've always believed in marriage as the best state for man and woman, and I believe in it now. If the right girl came along and I fell in love with her and she with me, I certainly would marry again."

MINDFUL of the fact that each of his four wives had had money in her own right, one reporter asked the actor how he felt about a wife who had an independent income.

"If a marriage is right," Gable answered, "a husband will maintain his authority regardless of his wife's income or wealth."

"What qualities are you looking for in a wife, Mr. Gable?"

"I'm looking for a woman who has brains, beauty, breeding and a good sense of humor. I'd like her to know her way around both in and out of the home. I myself don't go in for much entertaining but if entertaining makes her happy she can do all of it she has a hankering for."

"After you finish *Mogambo* what are your plans?"

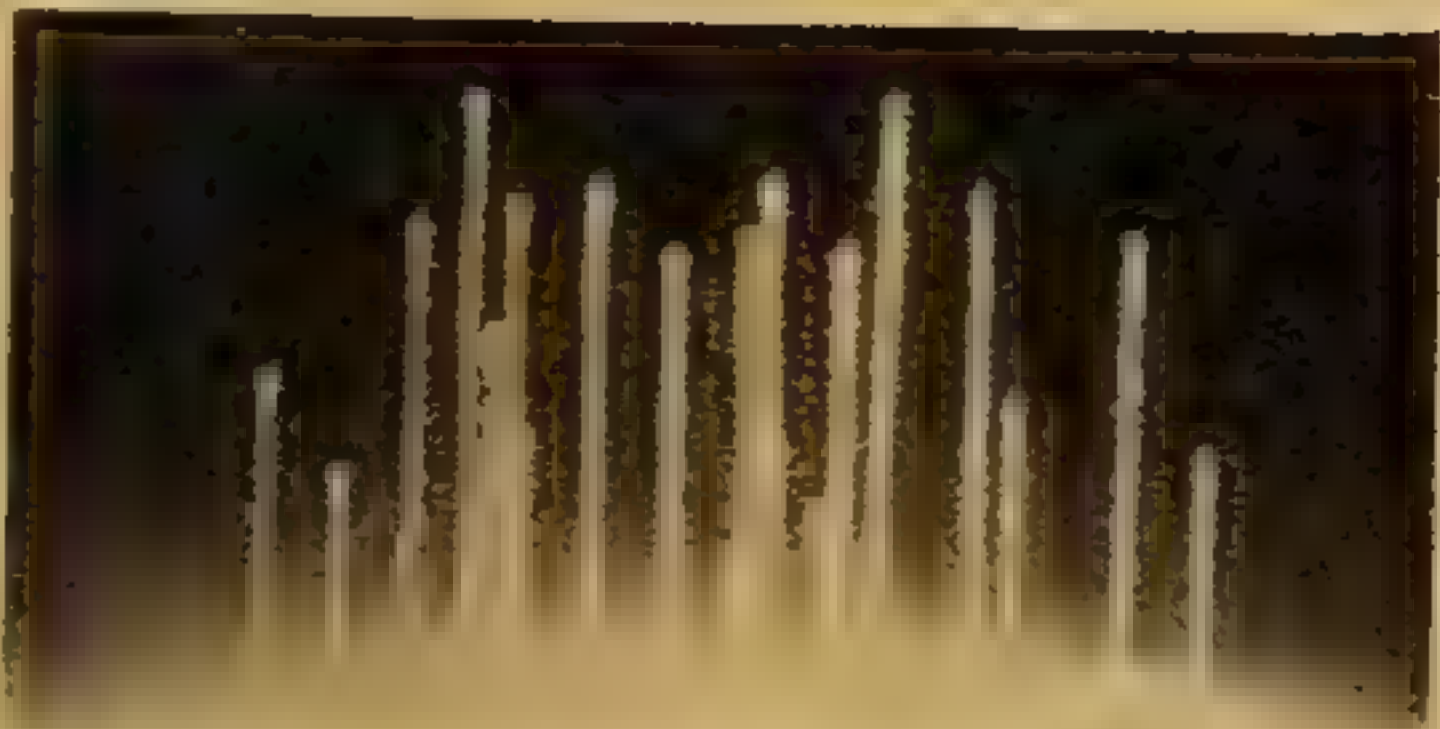
"I left my car back in Rome. I'm going to pick it up, drive through Spain and then settle down in a little house I've rented in Majorca. Did I mind the discomfort in Africa? Heck no. A lot of people were bellyaching about conditions, but I loved the whole setup, sleeping on a cot, the mosquito netting, washing in a canvas basin, even hunting. I shot a crocodile and a python, and a few other animals, but I'm really more of a fisherman than a hunter. Basically, I'm a lazy man, and I guess all lazy men love to fish."

"Just one more question, Mr. Gable. Is there any truth to the rumor that while you and Grace Kelly were on location you fell in love with her and that she is currently your girl?"

The King's eyes flashed, his teeth came together, and he shook his head. "That's absurd," he said a moment later. "Right now I've got no girl."

People in Hollywood who know Gable best, however, and there are surprisingly few who know him relatively well, insist that Gable always has a girl, that a womanless life for him is as likely as a wifeless one is for Tommy Manville. **END**

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New Fresh keeps you
Lovely to Love Always

down boy!

(Continued from page 59) but it got so we didn't dare be seen together, because the columnists jumped down our throats for trying to fool people by going out just to make an appearance for the studio."

We suggested that maybe he was contending, then, that he was very fond of all of the girls he'd been linked with in the past couple of years. Real fond.

"That's silly," he snorted. "But how can you tell unless you check? In Hollywood there are more single men than single women actually, but the movie people stick together, maybe because we're all in the same line of work. And the single actresses do outnumber the single actors. That means we're what you might call overworked. So if I seem to go out with a lot of women it's just that I'm trying to do my bit—and, incidentally, not overlook any bets. But I can say that I've never gone out with the same girl twice unless I really liked her."

BRADY kicked a little lint off the carpet and made an expression like Bishop Sheen starting a lecture.

"Do you know what the result of all this kind of talk about me and other actors is going to be?" he asked. "The fans who come to Hollywood to see the stars are going to be able to get a look at more of them in Kansas City. They're all going to be in hiding. They'll be afraid

to go out, for fear of being lynched. The sightseeing buses will all go out of business. The drivers will be pointing out Mocambo and such places as former night clubs. And the press agents for those night clubs, who plant all the hot stories on guys like me, will be selling apples.

"Maybe it is the press agents who should be blamed, anyway. One week when I had the flu I counted the items in the columns serviced by those press agents and I was listed as being in 45 spots with about 45 different dames. My agent was going crazy. He kept calling me up, raising the devil. 'I'm telling the studio you're sick in bed,' he screamed, 'and every time I pick up a paper I see you've been out dancing. What are you trying to do to your career?' And the girl I was going with—and whom I didn't want to see because I didn't want to give her my flu—call every hour and told me to die that day. And all the time I hadn't lifted my aching head from a pillow."

We began to feel very unhappy about Brady. Maybe the man was misunderstood.

"Put this down," he demanded suddenly, "if you're going to write anything about all this, tell the truth. I'm a simple man trying to make a living and doing my best to learn my business so I can work at it until I'm an old man. I am not a troublemaker. I am not fickle. I never give a producer any trouble. I have to stand up for a few rights—and I have to make my own decisions about my career. But a man has to do that in any business.

"And put down particularly that I will never be a long-hair." (In Hollywood par-

lance it is said of an actor that whenever he kicks over the traces and gets into a fight with his boss, that he has gone "long-hair.") "I don't want to play Hamlet or be another Charlie Chaplin. I will play any part a studio asks me to if I think I can do it and it won't take me backward instead of forward. I would like to spend the rest of my life doing domestic comedies, light little guys who work in factories and have to hurry to work every morning, just like the people who go to the movies. Once in a while I'd like an action movie—a western or something like that. But I'll leave the acting parts to the big actors, the guys who like that sort of stuff and know how to do it. I don't."

WE meekly interrupted to suggest that from current reports Scott Brady had set some sort of a record for kicking over the traces. Within a matter of days, a few months ago, he ran afoul of both 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International, and made the final payment on a contract he bought out of at Eagle-Lion. For a few days it had looked as though Scott were trying to be a one-man revolution, and the word had got around that Scott Brady was at last a long-hair, a bad boy, a man who wanted his way or else.

Scott narrowed his ice-blue eyes at us. He ran a strong hand through his already uncombed hair. And he began talking at his usual machine-gun rate.

"If you want to know the real truth about my dealings with Fox and Universal, you've got to know what preceded all this," he said finally. "You see, both the Fox and Universal deals came as a result of the mess I got into with Eagle-Lion. Now that was all my fault. When I got out of the service I came to Hollywood because my brother (Larry Tierney) was here, and the rest of the family was planning to move to California. I had no job—and nothing in mind—so I just took it easy around town for awhile, a few months.

"One day I was in a restaurant and a fellow walked up to me and asked me if I was an actor. I told him to get lost, but he insisted on talking to me, and the next thing I knew I was on my way over to Eagle-Lion studio. We went into a little office and a man sat at a desk behind a big cigar and just looked at me. He didn't say a word for ten minutes. Eventually, he seemed to make up his mind, and he turned to the fellow with me—who was an agent—and said he'd like to talk over a deal.

"I found out right then that actors aren't supposed to have any sense, because they asked me to step outside while they figured out what they were going to do with me. That sounds kind of crazy, but that's the way they do things.

"Well, to make it short, they 'made a deal,' and the following morning I was an actor, maybe a star, at Eagle-Lion. It was as easy as that."

Brady plucked a cigar from a pocket and bit the end off and lit a match. And then his entire manner changed. He didn't look menacing anymore. His face wrinkled into a wide grin and he sunk into a chair chuckling like a small boy. He played with the cigar as though he wasn't used to cigars.

"Boy what they did to me at Eagle-Lion," he said. "I'm not complaining, mind you, because if they hadn't given me a chance I might be installing your telephone here today or picking up your laundry. But I became an actor fast over there. The first picture I was a prize fighter—and I was terrible. But everybody kept telling me I was great. I guess if they hadn't I'd have left town in the middle of the night. Then I was a T-man. Pretty soon I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be I was

easy money!

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad (M.S. wire service)
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Gable And A Girl Named Kelly (Clark Gable)
- ☐ The Gay Divorcée (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Dangerous Crossroad (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Joan and Marilyn Talk To Louella Parsons (Crawford and Monroe)
- ☐ Temptress (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ On His Own (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Marriage, Anyone? (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ Once A Tomboy (Cyd Charisse)
- ☐ Crosby And Son (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ Liz And Mike's Ranch House (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ At Home Abroad (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ Ann Blyth's Wedding Day
- ☐ Getting To Know You (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Making Up For Lost Time (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Down Boy! (Scott Brady)
- ☐ The Quiet Happiness (Betty Grable)
- ☐ Too Busy For Romance (Kathryn Grayson)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Ann Sheridan)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Dennis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....
My address is.....
City..... State.....
Occupation..... I am.... yrs. old

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working so fast and in so many movies. About this time I began to get wise to some facts about Hollywood. I learned, from just looking around me, that an actor in the movies has to conserve his activities. They say you only last about seven years and I could see myself using up the whole seven years in about two. Sure I was getting experience, but it was killing me off. I was making pictures so fast that I wasn't making any sense in them. And I wasn't making any money. So I decided to make a change."

Brady wagged the cigar as though it was a big stick.

FROM that time on," he said, "people thought I was a trouble-maker. I got myself two new contracts, one at Universal and one at 20th Century-Fox. I've worked hard at both places. Recently both contracts were called off—and the stories around town about how it happened would curl your hair. I hear that out at Universal I got into such an argument with Bill Goetz that he threw a book at me and chased me out of his office. They tell me he said I was a bad boy who got too big for his britches, and that I wanted to play roles I wasn't able to. The fact is that Bill Goetz and I separated on the friendliest of possible terms—and never had a harsh word then or ever.

"At 20th Century-Fox they had a clause in my contract that I couldn't do television. I wanted to do TV and I did. That broke the contract. I'm sure I'll work there again some day, because I have a lot of friends out there."

Brady flung his cigar, well chewed now, into the fireplace, and stomped up and down to keep his dander going.

"But that isn't the worst of it—being called a 'long-hair.' They have me nuts now about my private life. Take for instance the stories that were in the papers recently about me and Anita Ekberg. The way it went was that she and I went to Mocambo, I criticized the way she was dressed, we had a knock down-dragout fight and she stormed out of the place in a huff, leaving me alone. How about that?"

"What actually happened was that we went to the Bar of Music, not Mocambo, she had been in a hurry to dress and wore a nice suit. We found out it was an opening night after we got there and that everyone was in evening clothes. We sat down, laughed like the devil for about ten minutes, and then left for some less fancy place together. And we had a wonderful evening.

"But the papers made me look like a real jerk. Look, if I like a girl I don't care if she goes out with me wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt, as long as she looks good. I certainly wouldn't start a beef with a pretty girl in a public place—although the word is around now that I'll slug a woman anywhere. Jimmie Fidler wrote me an open letter in his column that made me hate myself even though I knew all the things I'd been charged with were not true."

UP to this point Brady had been tensed up like a panther on the prowl, and had looked about as dangerous. But at this moment he pulled one of those abrupt about-faces that make him so darned fascinating and likeable. He grinned his wide Irish grin and came straight over to us.

"Maybe you're the guy to set the record straight. Maybe you're the guy to write the truth about me—and my reputation. Just tell them what I've been saying, about my job, about my girls, about my wild, wild ways.

"And another thing. Tell them that I'll be my own man. If I do crazy things, that's me doing them. Not an actor trying to at-

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tract attention. I won't try to establish any off-screen character that is not me. I will not assume any eccentricities. If guys like you tell the truth about me, people will know what I'm really like and I won't be in so much trouble."

Brady came over and looked at us closely. He gave us a pat on the head that could almost have been interpreted as a blow.

"Now, don't louse me up," he said. "I've got to go. I've got to get another cigar."

And he went, like a T-man who'd just spotted a smuggler.

WE gathered the notes we'd scribbled and looked them over very carefully. They seemed to make sense—and the man certainly seemed to be telling the truth—at least the truth the way he saw it. But all in all he still seemed to come out something of a character.

Let's see. Scott Brady does date more women than any three bachelor actors in town. He walks ahead of them generally, but they don't seem to mind. He opens the car door from his side, not from the sidewalk. We've seen him grab a girl by the scruff of the neck and lead her through a night club door—with a smile on his face, all right, and generally a smile on hers. Maybe that's his kind of affection. Maybe he is a bit of a roughneck with

women. But they seem to like it and want to come back for more.

We've seen him walk into a conference room and say exactly what was on his mind, and pound a desk a little. He hasn't always won, so maybe he is considered something of a trouble-maker by some producers. He certainly knows what he wants and means to do—and he does it. Possibly his idea of a simple discussion is another man's idea of a knock-down-drag-out fight. Anyway, he's no sissy.

He may not care what a woman wears, but Scott Brady's date is generally as well decked out as any doll in the room, so maybe he's a little more particular about appearance than he thinks he is. Who's to argue, though, about that?

We believe Scott Brady, though, about not being a long-hair, or ever wanting to be one. We know he's a business man about acting and likes to do the right things. He'll never try for the Old Vic in London, for sure.

Now about being fickle. The man's not that. If you'll listen to him he'll tell you his heart has really belonged to a girl named Dorothy Malone for a long time, and will continue to be hers until she's entirely sure she doesn't want it. The other girls are pals, nothing more. But that's his problem, not ours. It's probably the only problem the poor guy's got. **END**

liz and mike's ranchhouse

(Continued from page 46) get up at seven in the morning."

"Why shouldn't I be jealous?" Liz asks. "Imagine his having this whole beautiful house all to himself, and playing with the baby, too. But seriously, now that we're both working, we spend all our free time right here at home. We rarely go to parties. The Academy Awards night was the first evening affair for us in months. We hardly ever dine in restaurants, and only a little while ago when Michael suggested that a weekend in San Francisco might be a good change for us, we both forgot the idea before it even developed. It may sound stuffy, but honestly, we're completely stuck on the Wilding brand of homelife."

The Wilding lovenest is every bit as attractive as the lady of the house.

Elizabeth Taylor, because she's worked for the past decade, is one of the few fortunate young actresses who can afford a \$100,000 house.

Luckily, she also has the taste, breeding, and background to furnish it with care and discrimination. The house is as fine an example of contemporary design and decorating as can be found anywhere in the country today.

Of course, a good many experts helped Liz make her house what it is today, but it was Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding who started the ball rolling, and in every furnishing detail it was she who made the final decision.

Expert number one was her efficient, golf-playing secretary, Peggy Rutledge. After her marriage to Mike Wilding in London, Liz wrote Peg and said, "Please start looking around for a house you think Michael and I would go for." She then explained that what she had in mind was a small place, two bedrooms and maybe a swimming pool, but something away from neighbors, something with clean modern lines, and a house with a view.

Really good houses are not easy to buy. They have to be built according to plans and specifications. You need a good architect and intelligent owners, everyone working in close cooperation. The Wildings were excessively lucky. They had Peg

to do the spadework. She eliminated dozens of modern monstrosities offered by the local real estate agents.

Finally last August, Liz and Mike decided upon a rambling modern California ranch house. It is really three separate units joined together by a covered walk.

THE first section consists of the service wing including the parking area, a three-car garage, the laundry, the maid's room, machinery for heating the house and the swimming pool, storage for the freezer, and living space for the Wildings' four dogs and four cats. (Liz Taylor has always been pet-wacky).

The second unit comprises a complete guest apartment with kitchen, living room, bedroom and bath. At the moment these quarters are being occupied by Liz' brother, Howard, and his wife, Mara.

The best part of the house, however, is where Liz and Michael spend most of their time. This is the third unit and boasts two bedrooms, one for the baby, of course, an over-sized living and dining room area, two baths, and a large airy kitchen. Surrounded by a diachondra lawn, flowering shrubs, and a well-planned rock garden, this butter-yellow house perches on the brow of a hill overlooking Beverly Hills, the Pacific Ocean, and practically all of Los Angeles.

Originally the owner of this house was a Mr. Ted McClellan. Ted is a successful California contractor, and when he erected the house for himself he made certain to use the latest and best building materials. For example, all the wooden finish in the house is solid mahogany including the paneling in the living room, the wardrobe closets in the bedroom, and even the bathroom cabinets.

The fireplace wall and the rock wall, the structural center of the living room, is made of especially selected fieldstone. The enormous window walls in each room consist of expensive plate glass, while the kitchen is basically a housekeeper's dream, a harmonizing blend of white oak, formica, and stainless steel, all functional and efficient.

Lottie, the cook and housekeeper, loves to point out to visitors how every drawer in the kitchen operates on ball bearings. Each kitchen cabinet was designed for a

specific use—a narrow file for trays, a deep closet for pots, a felt-lined drawer for silverware, and a series of narrow shelves for spices. Lottie says, "I've worked in many kitchens, but never in one so functional. And what a view you get from the kitchen. Honest, it's like being in heaven."

Even though they had all these architectural advantages to begin with, the Wildings made a few improvements of their own. Liz, for example, who has a good sense of design and a perceptive appreciation of art—after all, it's only natural since she's an art dealer's daughter—thought that the living room as it was when they first bought the house had an uninteresting shape and too little seating space.

She and Mike discussed the problem, gave it some of their thinking, and then decided to extend the structural stone wall and add a glassed-in lanai thereby turning the room into an L-shape.

They also bleached the mahogany paneling a lighter shade and converted a small bar into a music cabinet and record-player. Liz also stood watch over the house painters until they had changed the earthy brown exterior to the color she wanted, a cool yellow.

WHEN it came to furnishing their lovenest, Liz and Mike looked around for an interior decorator with considerable talent and a reasonable money sense. They decided on Jim Favour. Jim had done homes for a few of their friends, Stanley Donen, one of Liz' ex-boy friends, was one of these, and his work is widely admired. Unlike some Hollywood decorators whose bills would frighten even the Aga Khan, Jim's fees are fair, and he insists upon giving his clients a voice in their décor.

Favour says, "The Wildings were helpful and easy to please, a pretty rare com-

bination. They had two requests to start with. Liz told me she wanted a pink bedroom and the dominant note in the living room to be perrywinkle blue.

"We dyed a 20-by-30 carpet a delicate pink. Then we covered a chaise in pink mohair, and painted all the wooden surfaces in the master bedroom a darker shade of pink. Even now we're changing the bathroom fixtures to pink.

"In the living room we decided to cover a contoured couch in Liz' blue. With this color we've used contrasting and blending shades of purple, green, and gold on the chairs and pillows. The matchstick shades, which are the only curtains in the place, are held together by bands of blue, purple, green, and gold wool. The total effect is one of cleanliness, modernity, and comfort."

When Jim Favour says "We," he means of course, Liz, Mike, and himself. "The Wildings," he explains, "played the major role in selecting things. My office merely made up floor plans and furniture sketches, but Liz and Mike did all the choosing."

Except for the dining room chairs and the bleached cork coffee table, all the furniture pieces in the house were made to order. The teakwood dining table, the tall breakfront, the ingenious bar with built-in television, all of these are the handiwork of a California craftsman named Dave Edberg.

As you well know, without paintings, books, and art objects all homes lack personality. Liz' lovenest figuratively reeks with it. This is understandable. Her father, Francis Taylor, is an eminent art dealer, a close friend of such great British artists as Augustus John and Jacob Epstein. Her uncle Howard owns the Young Art Galleries in New York. Her kid brother is a student artist on the G.I. Bill, and her husband Michael once made his

living as a painter.

With that sort of background, you simply know that the Wilding house is going to offer the tops in art.

Liz' parents, for example, gave the newlyweds the colorful Masson painting that hangs over the living room couch as well as the Benton Scott clowns in the dining room. Her father also helped them select the Augustus John oils and the Epstein bronze of an Hawaiian girl which they keep on the stone ledge by the fireplace. It was Liz herself, however, who fell in love with and bought the sixth century Tang horse that occupies such a vital location between the living and dining areas. Then for the light artistic touch the Wildings have a comic impression of Liz as a mother-to-be. It was painted and gifted to them by director Jean Negulesco. It bears the inscription, "There's never enough of Liz."

The Wilding house with furnishings is worth a minimum of \$150,000, but this fact does not prevent Liz from giving all her pets free run of the place. What the dogs and cats do to the rugs may drive some of the help crazy, but Liz doesn't care. "A house," she says, "is meant to be lived in, not to be shown."

Mary, the Scotch nana who looks after little Michael, agrees with the mistress of the house but insists that a line has to be drawn somewhere. Liz likes to plunk her baby down in the middle of her tremendous bed for a romp with her four cats.

"I don't think the cats will hurt the baby," Mary says, "but you should see what they do to the bedspread. Shockin' it tis. Real shockin'."

END

(Liz Taylor's latest MGM film is Rhapsody. Mike Wilding is in The Scarlet Coat.)

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by ANN SHERIDAN, star columnist for July



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Feeding time for five canines is hectic



Ann's never too pooped for a smile

"You can live only on the surface . . . or you can live way down deep, to the utmost." That's the philosophy Ann Sheridan shares with you in this, the sixteenth in MODERN SCREEN's personality series written by Hollywood's top name stars.

REAL ESTATE PRICES MUST BE GOING UP all over or is there another reason why dining places seem to be getting smaller, with room only for tiny tables? If you want to eat distractedly just order a full dinner in the average restaurant; the dishes so overflow the table, they have to be pyramided up on each other. Touch at your food with your fork and the plates start sliding apart, including always one or two which fall right off on the floor. When I make a driving trip I always come home with a feeling that the brighter the neon sign over a restaurant the duller the food and the smaller the table. The only safe thing to do is to order a hamburger—well done—and hold it in your hand.

I like to drive because it helps purge all my spleen. I talk to the drivers I pass if they don't do what I think they should. They can't hear me, of course. I'm really talking to myself. But I give full vent to my feelings and when I get home I feel sweet and clean inside, and strangely content.

I TALK TO MYSELF WHEN I DRIVE, as I say, but I never get into a long conversation with anyone else in my car as women are apt to do. I think this habit, more than any other, is the reason women are considered bad drivers. It is when they are chattering away, very often indulging in a gossip tid-bit, that they run afoul of nature's old law about two bodies of matter being unable to occupy the same point in space at the same time. Crash!

In driving through the United States one comes to repose each evening on the hotel or motel bed, and, as far as I am concerned, this over-advertised and generally spring-sprung couch is vastly over-rated. Oh, they are soft, all right, but herein lies their functional failure. Every orthopedist I know (and a cow pony falling on me resulted in my back becoming an interesting case for a lot of them) has advised that for proper rest a firm bed is far better than a soft one.

FOR YEARS I HAVE SLEPT on a bed that has a wooden board separating the mattress from the box springs underneath. Some people I know insist on a much harder bed; they use hair mattresses on a wooden support and the devil with any springs. Today, when I have to sleep in the average, soft hotel bed, it feels mushy and terribly uncomfortable. Generally I know I am in for an uncomfortable night. The theory about the inadequacy of a soft bed is a simple one. When you lie on it the heavier parts of your anatomy, the head, shoulders, hips, calves, heels, dig holes for themselves. Since one keeps moving while sleeping, the body spends a good



deal of the night climbing out of these depressions. By morning you practically have scaled a mountain. On a hard bed it is possible to roll from side to side easily.

That horse which fell on me was a mare, by the way, and, strange to say, I always remember her gratefully. Horses are not supposed to have any sense but this one showed great consideration, I feel. The fall came because I accidentally pulled her the wrong way while we were riding along a hill. In her almost mechanical obedience to the signal on the rein she was thrown off balance. She landed partly on me on the uphill side, but even in that instant I felt her fighting to roll off. She could easily have rolled over me down hill and badly crushed me . . . but, as if instinctively sensing this, she went the other way and scrambled off on the uphill side. That was back in 1935. When I pull a horse's reins today I check and double-check to make sure that what I want the horse to do agrees with the law of gravity!

IT'S PROBABLY A WILD IDEA but I can't help wondering whether part of the passport examination of any American should be a quiz on his manners. I'd certainly vote for it.

When Diana Lynn talked about the conduct of Americans abroad in this column several months ago she said something which I endorse completely. I came back from Mexico not long ago and during my stay there I like Diana, was not proud of being American. There were too many other Americans there representing their country on a very low level; they were intolerant, loud to the point of raucousness and all-demanding. Their efforts to appreciate the beauty that exists in Mexico, even if it is often framed against a background of poverty, was nil. Their eagerness to point out the deficiencies of Mexican life was, on the other hand, offensively obvious.

I don't know what hits too many Americans when they get to Mexico; they think and act as if they were members of a musical comedy cast. Entirely oblivious of the fact that they are being watched by the citizens of the country they are insulting, they are seized with the impulse to don a sombrero, throw a serape over their shoulders, and caper around with exaggerated Latin gestures for the entertainment of their friends. What the Mexicans must think as they watch the behavior of these "Touristas" I don't know, but I imagine



time toned me down to dull brownette...

robbed me of my birthright blondness...



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that they are puzzled by the contrast between such inherent bad taste and the greatness of our country.

MEXICO IS A LAND OF FLOWERS, and so is Southern California—when you water it well. I have all varieties of flowers around my home in the San Fernando Valley but my favorites, lilacs, disappoint me because with all their beauty there is none of the fragrance of eastern lilacs. I am now considering a drastic treatment advised by a nurseryman. He tells me to dig a deep trench around the roots of the bush, fill it with solid ice, and cover it up. As the roots freeze there is brought on the necessary state of dormancy which, curiously enough, later results in stimulation of the lilac's natural sweet smell. Isn't it funny . . . you have to darn near kill the plant to awaken it to its fullest life!

Still curiously . . . I should go to such trouble to make a lilac smell like a lilac when I don't even bother to glamorize myself in this manner! I mean, I rarely use perfume. I have perfume, love to have it around, but keep forgetting to wear any. It just doesn't seem to mean enough to me. I do like scented soaps, but this I regard as a pleasant feature of the department of cleaning up.

IT'S FUNNY, WHEN I WAS 17 and probably needed nothing in the way of beauty aids my life was quite complicated with them. In time, as you see, the whole process of looking glamorous has simplified itself down to one important ingredient—soap. (Outside of ordinary make-up of course.) There's a moral in this somewhere. Maybe it is that once you have cleansed the surface and permitted the inner quality to shine through . . . you can do no more (provided you work on that inner quality!).

You change. At 17, when I first came to Hollywood, life was something you lived gaily. This was a lovely attitude which I didn't keep too long. Responsibilities cropped up and I settled down to the serious business of living. Various happenings influenced the change. There was a period of a year and a half when my education along this line was most intense—I was out of work the whole period. There's nothing gay about facing the future with \$1.38 in the bank. I think I got started on the simple and uncluttered life about this time. I developed a great respect for such necessities as eating and sleeping, and a corresponding indifference for fancy fripperies. In time I couldn't help but apply this criterion to people; in a friend I seek heart more than brilliance, beauty, or position . . . only the heart is dependable.

ALL I KNEW WHEN I CAME TO HOLLYWOOD is that which a 17-year-old girl learns in a small southern town—what to do till the minister comes. My mother made her girls (we were four) study our cooking, do kitchen stints, she gave us sewing, quilting, crocheting and etiquette lessons, she lectured us on young ladyship generally, and she would not permit us to smoke or drink. We accepted all the facts she gave us but not all of her theories. We cooked and cleaned and sewed her way but we talked to boys our way. We also, all four of us, smoked, but in secret. She found out, of course, about our attitude to boys as

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well as our smoking, but on the whole she must have figured she was hitting a pretty good average in bringing us up properly.

When we grew up we weren't made to her order, yet, I felt, she was pretty satisfied with us. Our father, who wasn't half as aware as mother about our minor sins, was proud of us. When I made him a pecan pie he acted as if I was just about the best cook in the world; mother, knowing the dozens of things I couldn't prepare, couldn't be so all-out in her admiration. I guess this is just about the way it should be. I needed my father's pride in me to give me confidence and I needed my mother's more accurate appraisal to forestall my having any illusions about myself.

WHEN I SEE A WOMAN WHO IS UNREALISTIC ABOUT HERSELF (say one who wears slacks even though they make her look like a stuffed laundry bag with legs) I am very grateful not only for having had a mother who pointed out truths to us, but also for being one of four sisters who always pointed out anything mother overlooked. So there was little danger that I would grow up to be a girl who leans to baby talk, or sticks to her curls, or waves her hands about helplessly in the hope that men will recognize that she is just a clinging doll who needs their strong, male protection. It was just as well—it's hard to run into fellows who will keep on thinking you're a doll from 17 to 70. Inevitably they wake up to the truth . . . and this is very tough on dolls.

Before I get too far away from the mention of slacks, hitherto made, I might say I am not against slacks per se, as the lawyers put it, or informal wear generally. Yet I do think a woman should dress up more when the opportunity presents itself, and that even a shopping trip downtown should be counted such an opportunity. There are certain smart women in Hollywood who have awakened to the fact that the careless habits of the local femininity give them an unusual advantage and they have seized upon it. They are not loath about putting on a tailored dress, hat, and even gloves when they go out, and the result is that they stand out from the other, less carefully outfitted girls.

IN A SENSE, A SMART, WELL GROOMED GIRL is a compliment to every man who sees her and the men appreciate it; a carelessly dressed girl is making light of both herself and them. And they know that, too. This, incidentally, is one theory of my mother's which I fluffed off when I was younger, but to which I have returned with the conviction that she was so right.

FEMININITY IS A GIFT as life is a gift; being alive you can either just live, or live to the utmost; being a woman you can be either dully conscious of it or make it a worthwhile experience. Can there possibly be a choice?

Reading over all this advice makes me wish that once again I was just a "lil ole Texas gal," just starting out on her career. I do believe I might take some of this advice to heart!

Ann Sheridan

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the gay divorcée

(Continued from page 29) Rojas. Both Robertson and Ray have vehemently denied any romance with Rita. Aldo is engaged to marry Jeff Donnell when her divorce becomes final this fall, and such rumors are therefore undesirable, to say the least. They began when a female columnist printed news to the effect that the Aldo Ray-Jeff Donnell romance had blown sky high, and all because of a girl whose initials were R. H. Inasmuch as Rita was then co-starring with Aldo in *Miss Sadie Thompson*, the busier brains in town jumped to conclusions. The studio also jumped, and the next day the columnist added, "And I don't mean Rita Hayworth." People remembered that Aldo had hung around the set of *Affair In Trinidad*, Rita's first picture after she left Aly Khan, and that he had said he would like to make a picture with her. He was a novice at the time and people thought him presumptuous to make such a statement. It turned out however, with *Miss Sadie Thompson*, that Aldo got his wish, and during the picture's filming he and Rita naturally lunched together. The rumor boiled, the studio dampened it with denials, and although it simmered down to the opinion that the name-linking was all a publicity stunt, Hollywood still kept its tongue in its cheek.

DALE Robertson was even angrier than Aldo. No one knows where it started, but the talk around town was that Dale and Rita had found each other. It was printed that they attended a private party together, and inasmuch as Dale at the time was reconciling with his wife following their separation, he blew his stack. He told Hedda Hopper that he wished the columnists would leave him alone, and he denied that he had ever met Rita. The best Hollywood could do was take his word for it.

This leaves Manuel Rojas and Dick Haymes, concerning whom there are no denials. Last spring when Rita and Dick were both in New York, they were seen together everywhere and returned within one week of each other to Hollywood, where they resumed their alliance. Haymes is still married to Nora Eddington Flynn, but reportedly they have once more agreed to disagree. It is rumored that Nora is seeing Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, and the romantic flings of each don't seem to annoy the other. It may be a situation where they temporarily are going their separate ways, during which time they will decide if it is wise, or at least

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inevitable, to suffer through a formal divorce.

Rita and Dick have been seen at Holiday House and Fracati's, both famous restaurants, and also at Santa Ynez Inn, a pleasant place situated near the Pacific where one may wine, dine, swim or spend a weekend. It is one of Rita's favorite haunts, and one which has romantic memories for her. About five years ago, somewhere between the divorce from Orson Welles and her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita's romance was an Australian actor, and they spent a few idyllic days together at the inn. He had a room in one wing and she a suite in the other, and each morning they met for breakfast and spun out long, lazy days together. It was a quiet sojourn that went almost unnoticed, and those who do know about it say that it ended with a broken heart for the Australian. Evidently he was given to understand quite suddenly that it was all over, and was so disturbed that he left the inn immediately, without his luggage, for the nearest airport. It was only through neat detective work that his plane and destination were learned, and his luggage delivered to him before the takeoff. This was an experience typical of Rita's almost mythical affect on men, and of her sudden changes of heart.

Manuel Rojas reportedly is slated for the same fate. Rojas, to the best of anyone's information, is 26 years old and comes from a highly placed and well-moneyed Chilean family. He came to California last summer, playing polo with an Argentinian team part of the time, and also dabbling in work for the Chilean embassy. According to rumor, the rest of his time was taken up in the pursuit of lovely ladies. Rocky Cooper was among the first, and town talk had it that this was building into a big romance when Manuel met Rita at the Cooper house and suddenly switched allegiance. Not long after he found himself out in the cold when Rita took off to Europe once more to try for a reconciliation with Aly Khan. Rojas became engaged to an American oil heiress, which lasted only until Rita returned to America, and Manuel was her escort at the party she gave the night before leaving for Reno to pick up her divorce. The oil heiress sent back her ring to Rojas, who was still so much in Rita's favor that he met her when she returned in March from publicizing *Salome* in New York. As this is being written Rita is seen almost exclusively with Dick Haymes, and Hollywood expects that Rojas will soon get his walking papers. It is said that Rita feels he is a social climber, yet on the other hand it is understood that his family in Chile is highly 81

displeased by his wanderings with women. It is strange that such a highly educated young man should be considered to be social climbing in Hollywood, yet Hollywood has a ladder all its own.

It may be that Manuel will get no notice, as happened in the case of Victor Mature. That was back in the days during the war when Mature, in the uniform of the United States Coast Guard, had taken off into the North Atlantic, along with a few thousand other new sailors. He wasn't sure of his destination or of his chances of returning alive, but he was sure that Rita loved him. About this time Rita announced her engagement to Orson Welles, and Mature, in the middle of the big briny, caught the rumor as it spread from ship to ship, then had to wait until he reached land to put in a phone call for confirmation. He wasn't at home to settle the matter, but a pal of his who was appearing in the same show that billed Rita being sawed in half by Orson in his magic act, did the honors for Vic. Mr. Welles was punched squarely in the nose.

Orson was perhaps the most battered of Rita's romances, but to atone for it, he was also one of the probable two great loves of her life. Theirs was a stormy romance and even stormier marriage. For a long time Welles had made a point of seeing every Hayworth movie; he thought her face was the most beautiful he had ever seen. When she joined his magic act Rita fell madly in love with him, and the story goes that she felt life wasn't worth living unless he married her. They were married in September, 1943, four months after Rita's divorce from her first husband, Edward Judson, had become final. She and Welles squabbled continuously, making all kinds of headlines including funny ones, such as the time when Rita had refused to see Orson and he retaliated by waddling up a ladder to her apartment window. There was a definite split and then a reconciliation during which they went to Mexico to "start over again." They honestly tried to make a go of it, but Rita finally surrendered to the inevitable and made her only statement to date regarding a divorce—"I can't stay married to a genius."

During the four years of their marriage, Welles wrought one great change in Rita. She became accustomed to an intelligent man, and found such to her liking. This was undoubtedly responsible for the attraction felt by her for Aly Khan, and the reason that between Welles and Aly, she did not choose to go back to any of her previous suitors. There had been a fling with Tony Martin soon after her divorce from Judson and when following her divorce from Welles someone mentioned Martin, Rita is reported to have said that she was no longer interested. She had become more selective, and inasmuch as there isn't an Orson Welles to be met every day in the week, Rita went through a period of depression in general, and was depressed about men in particular.

The man who lifted her out of these doldrums was a publicity-shy producer, who squired her around Hollywood and Palm Springs, but the healing of her heart didn't last long. The affair broke up after a few short months, this time leaving Rita disillusioned and really ill. She took off on her first trip to Europe, and in Paris went into a hospital for surgery. Her producer is said to have telephoned her often and to have worried enough to contact leading French doctors with admonitions to take good care of Miss Hayworth, but Rita, tired and dispirited, told herself that this was just one more romance that was finished, kaput.

Rita chose the south of France to recuperate and it was here she met Aly Khan. There are some who say Rita has

never given herself time enough to get over her respective romances, but this case was not one of rebound. Aly Khan was Rita's second great love, and it is unfortunate that while he filled the bill concerning charm and intelligence, he did not fulfill the standards set by an American girl for a husband. The commotion of their courtship and the violence of their marriage made headlines the world over. They were married in Vallauris, France, in the spring of 1949, and just two years later Rita walked out on him, bringing her children back to the United States. Columbia Studio had *Affair In Trinidad* waiting for her, and Hollywood had a batch of bachelors doing the same thing.

Peter Lawford has always had a nose for publicity, and few of his ladyloves have escaped the glare of the spotlight when he escorted them to a shindig. In the instance of Rita Hayworth, however, Pete went about it in comparative quiet. It is said that he was the first man Rita phoned on her return to Hollywood, and he continued to date her in an interwoven fashion between all the others who followed. When Rita first returned to town she lived in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and although she insisted she was interested only in her career and her children, her

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dates included, in addition to Lawford, Cy Howard, Jackson Leichter, Benny Holtzman and Charles Feldman. Feldman is a well-known, well-heeled agent around town who has known Rita for many years. During their marriage, she and Orson used to spend many evenings in the company of Feldman and his wife, but at the time Rita returned from Europe Mr. and Mrs. Feldman were separated. As her agent, he necessarily spent a good deal of time with Rita, but nevertheless it was rumored to be pleasure as well as business.

IN THE spring of 1952 Rita moved from the hotel to a home in Beverly Hills, a house that saw a lot of Feldman and also of Gilbert Roland. Roland also had known Rita for a long time and their friendship is easily resumed at any time. She invited him to dinner several nights and eventually it was rumored they were engaged, a supposition which Roland promptly denied. He told a friend, "I'm very fond of Rita. We have mutual backgrounds, both being Spanish. We love Mexico and the bull fights and all that, and I am a staunch admirer, but we have never discussed marriage." It was Roland who defended Rita when the press attacked her for coming back from Europe with a British accent. In point of fact, he telephoned columnists, "She's an actress—if she wants to have an accent, let her."

By July of that same summer, Rita was dating Kirk Douglas. It was a short whirl, the first two dates promising Hollywood another big romance, but something hap-

pened on the third date that precluded a fourth. Rita seemed not to care, and three days before Aly Khan arrived in Hollywood to talk things over, Rita had a date with Richard Greene.

Aly's return put a damper on the merry-go-round. During his visit here in August, the only question was would she or would she not divorce him. She had established residence in Reno the preceding summer and could pick up the papers whenever she wished. The upshot of it, of course, was that Rita went back with Aly to try once more. As the world knows, it didn't work out and one day she abruptly left him in Paris and went to Spain. The minute this news hit Hollywood several hearts thumped a little faster, and one Bob Savage even took off in a plane for Europe to seek out Rita, although nothing ever came of it. In Spain she was met at the airport by Spanish Count José Maria Villa Padierna, and for the next two months was seen all over Madrid with him. Tongues wagged that this was a new romance, and again denials were scattered by both parties. Back in New York in December, Rita was reported waiting to welcome the Count to America, and in the interim dining with producer Ramon Hakim. And Hollywood began to bounce happily once more—Rita was obviously getting back in her old form and could once more be depended upon for headlines—this time at home.

SINCE then she has been living up to expectations, keeping the town guessing about her current dates. Since then she has also been disappointed in her attempt to get a trust fund set up by Aly for their daughter Yasmin. She picked up her divorce in January, and in April the Reno court ruled that Aly must pay an annual sum of \$48,000 for Yasmin's support. This has little effect as Aly must be in the state of Nevada in order for the ruling to have any validity. However, it was been alleged that Rita's balding ex-husband has settled \$1,000,000 on his daughter. True or not, dearth of money will never be one of Rita's worries as her career has zoomed rather than suffered from her recent screen absences. She has bought a new home in Brentwood and settled her two daughters there while she continues to pursue her career.

At this writing Rita has left for Honolulu, where the finish of *Miss Sadie Thompson* will be filmed. Her leading man in the picture is Aldo Ray, a young man of the earthy type sometimes preferred by Rita, but people are wondering, if reports are true that this coupling is merely a publicity gimmick, who will be Rita's romance during the island sojourn. *From Here To Eternity* is also being filmed in Hawaii, and gossips have run their fingers down the list of men in the cast of this movie. They shake their heads at Burt Lancaster and again at Montgomery Clift, but they stop when they come to the name of José Ferrer. There, they say, is a likely prospect. A brain, and charm, and Cuban to boot, and they wonder if Rosemary Clooney has thought of the same thing.

Sirens may come and sirens may go, but they have to go far to outdo Rita, who at 35, and 18 years after her first film still can turn on the type of glamor that enchants man. She proves that it takes more than beauty to be a real charmer, for there are many in Hollywood who are perhaps as beautiful, but can't hold a candle to Hayworth. They can talk all they want to about other beauties, but a lot of them spend a lot of lonely evenings at home. Not Miss Hayworth, unless of course she wants to, and that, Hollywood says in high good humor, would be a very rare evening indeed.

END

on his own

(Continued from page 37) and walked through the living room, an enormous rectangle 30 feet wide and 50 feet long, to answer the knocking on the front door.

Lanza pulled the door back and there standing in front of him, his face ashen white, was Bob Kopp, Mario's lawyer. "I guess you've read the papers," he said.

In that one moment Mario realized that what his mother-in-law had told him was true. Unbeknown to him, the studio had released the news that it no longer wanted his services.

Mario's first reaction was one of impotent rage. He raved and ranted. For a week he had given a lengthy legal disposition to Loeb & Loeb, the MGM lawyers. For a month his own lawyers and his own agent, MCA, had been negotiating in great friendliness with the studio. Mario, in fact, had previously signed a letter which said in part, "I shall report at the time specified and I shall perform all duties required of me. . . ."

In writing he had given his word that the studio would have no more difficulty with him. All he wanted to do was to complete *The Student Prince*. After all hadn't he spoken to Eddie Mannix, the studio's general manager? Hadn't Mannix taken his hand, clasped it firmly and said, "Let's let bygones be bygones?"

If the studio hadn't wanted him for the part, why all these involved, prolonged negotiations? Mario couldn't understand it. He still can't. If you have it in your mind to fire an employee, why discuss with him his return to your employment?

MARIO's lawyers insisted upon phoning long distance to Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew's, Inc., in New York, the corporation which controls MGM.

In essence they told Schenck this: That Mario Lanza had stated in writing his willingness to complete *The Student Prince* under any conditions at any time.

Schenck said that Dore Schary was running the studio from Hollywood, that he could not intervene, that he could not disrupt his organization by countermanding an order, that if Schary wanted to fire Lanza he probably had just and sufficient cause, and that was all there was to it. Lanza hadn't been an angel. He had cost the studio thousands of dollars. He had been edgy and temperamental. He had loused up work schedules. He had antagonized fellow employees. True, he had earned some \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 for Loew's, but Schary was in charge of production, and if he wanted to make *The Student Prince* with Vic Damone and Jane Powell instead of with Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth, if he wanted to get Lanza out of his hair once and for all, he, Nick Schenck, would have to go along with him.

By last August MGM was pretty well fed up with the Lanza antics. Mario had carried on in the most astounding manner. To astound Hollywood a star really has to be unique, because over the years, its population has numbered some pretty wacky characters—but never in the history of motion pictures has there been anyone to equal Lanza.

For example, he once hobbled into Dore Schary's office, broke a cane over Schary's desk, and threatened to throw the executive out of the window. Schary, who is the kindest, most thoughtful and the most reasonable of all the executives in Hollywood thought for a minute that Mario was joking. But Mario wasn't. He was deadly earnest. He had been bawled out because of his personal habits on the sound stage and he was furious. In language unrivaled since the dawn of time,

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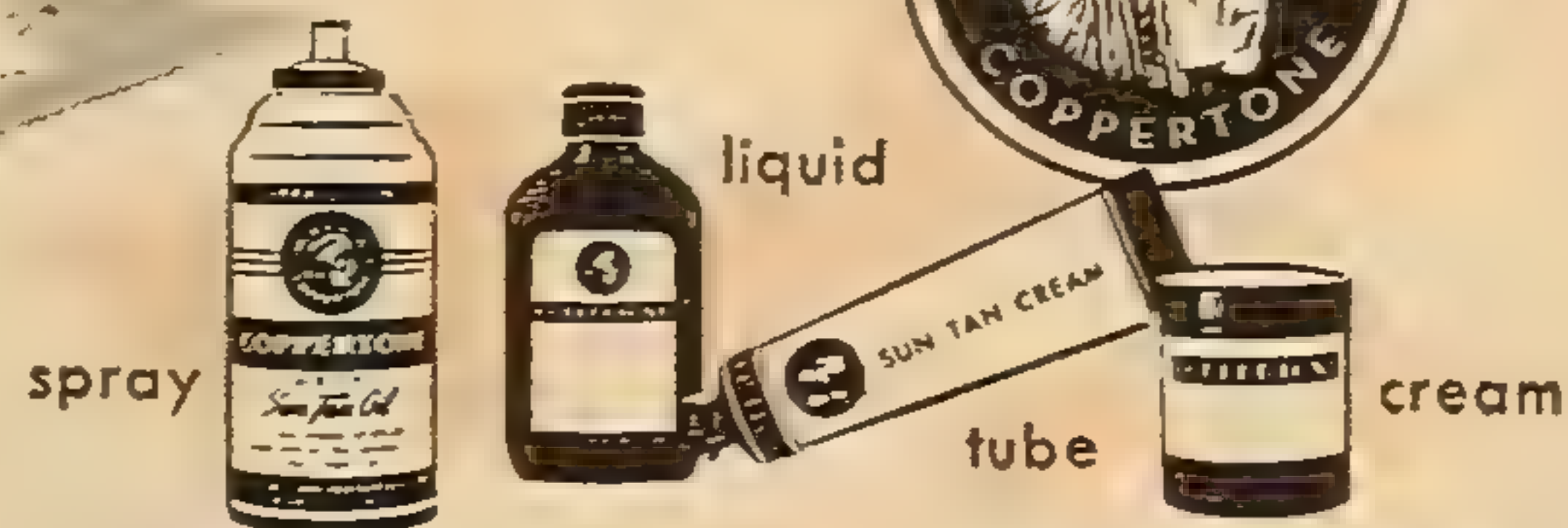
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■ How much adjustment does it take to be the mother of a movie star?

Tyrone Power's mother can give you her answer: She advises without interfering and never barges into his privacy unexpectedly. Consequently, she's always welcome. She's unruffled by gossip and knows that, "If it's anything important he'll tell me about it."

Experience has taught her to be eternally prepared for the unexpected. "When Tyrone was a boy," says Patia, "I could always be sure of finding him where I didn't expect him to be."

Typical was her experience of being ushered to a seat in a movie theater one night by Tyrone when she had been sure he was at home in bed. Without a flicker of recognition he seated her and, with a Sir Walter Raleigh flourish, said, "I trust these seats will be satisfactory, madam."

"Polite boy," remarked the woman with her.

"Yes, very," Patia replied, biting her lip.

Patia is as quick to criticize as she is to applaud Tyrone's performance in a picture or play for she herself was an actress and Tyrone's first teacher. But she doesn't pry into his private life without invitation.

Tyrone, on his part, showers his mother with gifts and attention. No matter where he is . . . and he is an inveterate globe trotter . . . he always remembers dates that are important to her like birthdays, Easter and family anniversaries. He's generous with telephone calls and cables. When he remonstrated with her recently about being overactive and independent for a woman of her years, she merely smiled at him. When she chides him about something he smiles at her. They face the fact that neither of them is going to be completely pleased all the time.

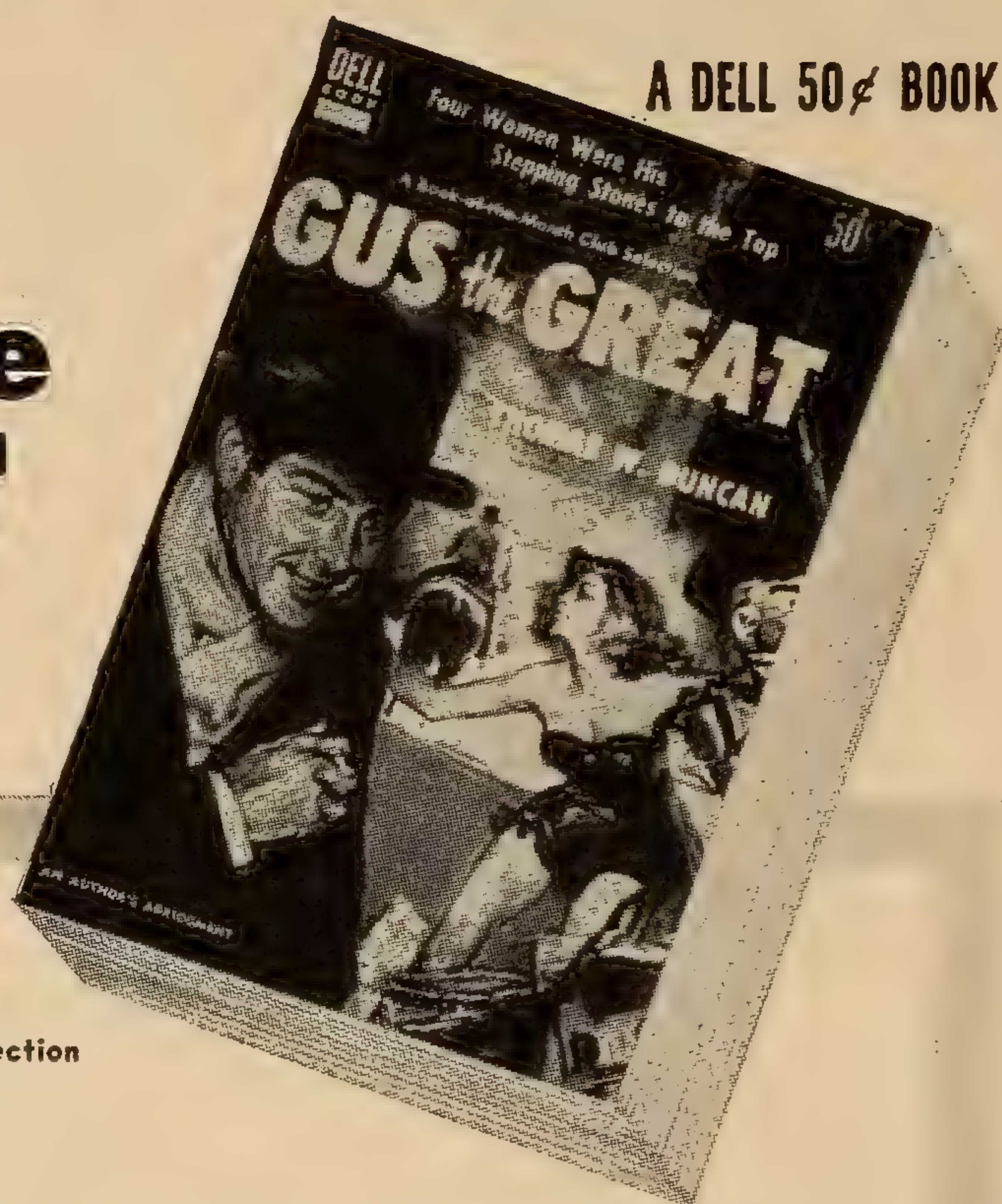
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Mario proceeded to tell Schary off at which point the vice president in charge of production came to the conclusion that Lanza wasn't a very rational man. He came to other unprintable conclusions, too. But Schary maintained his dignity.

Lanza did a great deal of boxing when he was a very young man, and potentially in a fight, he is extremely dangerous. One good right by Lanza and anybody can go to sleep for a long time.

MARIO'S greatness lies in the freedom of his spirit and the freedom of his actions. At Metro, he used to amaze people by singing out the window, by shouting across the sound stage, by carrying on in a lusty, humorous, sometime boisterous fashion. Mario has an actor's sense of humor which many people don't understand. For example, at the studio he would be walking along one of the corridors of the Thalberg Building. He would run into his producer, Joe Pasternak. Suddenly, the smile on Lanza's face would disappear, and he would clench his teeth in simulated anger. He would grab Joe by the collar and say: "I'm going to kill you, you dirty rat. You hear that? Kill you. Murder you. Because you're a spy, a no good, dirty rotten filthy spy for the Hungarian White Sox."

After a while Pasternak got accustomed to these exhibitions and realized they were jokes, but in the beginning of his relationship with Mario he thought the tenor was serious.

Another time, after he had quarreled with the studio, Mario went to talk with Nick Schenck, the Loew's executive who likes to be called "General."

"You can tell those guys at Metro," Lanza raged, putting on his act, "that I'm a tiger. Do you hear me, General? I'm a tiger and I'll rip 'em all to pieces."

Mr. Schenck quietly told "the Tiger" to sit down and talk things over.

Executives put up with such things from Mario because his pictures made a tremendous amount of money. They gave him such directors as Al Hall and Norman Taurog, such scripts as *Toast Of New Orleans* and *Because You're Mine*, and the pictures always made millions.

Despite all the trouble, Mr. Lanza and the studio made up their differences and might have gone immediately into production—except, according to insiders, for the star's desire to have the last word. Right or wrong, it is reported that just as Lanza was to report for work, he was told the name of the man who was to direct *The Student Prince*. It serves no purpose to mention the director's name, except to say that he has directed many great hits. That he has never directed a top-notch musical is another fact. This, Mario is said to have objected to, declaring, according to informants, that he would work for any director except this one man. To Mario this was a reasonable stand; to the studio it was an indication that even before work started the actor was already beginning to be difficult. Who is to say who was right?

As one executive put it, "These are not times in which we can afford to gamble a second time. After all, we here in the studio are but representatives of the public. We have an obligation to thousands of stockholders. Perhaps Mario Lanza would be satisfied with another director. Perhaps not. It seems to us that if he were sincere, he would not object to placing this picture in the hands of the one man the best brains of the studio have concluded is the man for the job. To put it bluntly, we feel that he should act and sing and leave executive decisions to executives. He cannot seem to realize that we are as anxious to have a hit picture as he is—more anxious perhaps if that is possible."

So, at last reporting, the matter stood deadlocked. The studio issued another statement saying that this time Mario Lanza was fired for good. Lanza is said to have taken the news with much more calm than anticipated. He was so calm that some people suspected he was secretly delighted despite a lawsuit hanging over his head.

"Just think," he exulted, "I am a free agent at last. I can make independent pictures. I can go out on concert tours, work on television, have my own radio show again."

This perhaps is so, but there are many in Hollywood who insist that Mario is whistling in the dark—that so-called Big Money is going to be very careful about investing in so temperamental a man. They say that it is more than probable that Mario will repeat, in some way or other, his past performances—that there is no way of curing his acute distrust of people and the neurotic belief he has that he has been robbed, tricked, abused, and deceived beyond all endurance.

Mario, meantime, is singing a milder tune.

"Long ago," he says, "I came to the conclusion that I could bring a little joy into the world by singing. That's my position in life, and I'm happiest when I'm singing, especially when I'm free."

"I'm sorry that my departure from Metro wasn't an amicable one, but I tried; I honestly did. I was willing to complete the picture anywhere, anytime, under any director assigned to me. The studio might have told me that they didn't want me under any circumstances, that they'd had enough. It would have saved an awful lot of time and money."

"Anyway, that's all done with. We've got to look ahead. I've got my freedom. What am I going to do with it? My voice is better than it's ever been. I'm in great physical and mental shape. I've had several offers to go with other studios or to enter independent film production. My agent is considering them."

"There's also radio. I want very much to get my radio show going again. The Coca-Cola people who sponsored my program, that was before the studio refused to let me broadcast, have always been wonderful to me. They're people of stature and understanding, and I'd like to work for them."

"Also on tap is the possibility of going to London and singing during Coronation Week. That's some time in June."

Ever since he and Metro parted, Mario has had more time to spend with his children and to enjoy them. He reads to his daughters, takes them on long drives, spins incredible stories punctuated by operatic arias.

With Damon, however, six months old in June and his only son, Mario is strangely quiet. He wheels the little guy around in his carriage, hums him to sleep, and then sits down beside the perambulator, watching the boy, hoping somehow to protect him from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but knowing in his heart that he cannot.

"One of the sad things about growing up," Mario says, "is that once in a while people hurt you."

How true that is. All that is left now for Mario to understand is that if he has been hurt he has also hurt others—and for the sake of those who have known and loved him there must come an end to all this. Otherwise, regardless of who has been right or wrong, there will be triumph for no one—only tragedy. He must also understand that this can end only where it began—in the amazing, sometimes delightful and almost always deep and disturbed, mind and heart of Mario Lanza himself.

END



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quickie interview with loretta young



■ *Quote: I am a motion picture actress. I love going to stage plays, but my fascination with the footlights is only as an out-front member of the audience. I've had offers to go on Broadway but I have turned them down. I'm content with Hollywood, which has given me a wonderful life. . . . Should mothers be afraid to send their daughters to Hollywood? I don't think that it's what's so wrong with Hollywood that causes girls to wind up with something so wrong with them. It may be what's wrong with the girls in the first place. . . . Why am I usually carefully dressed? It's because people pay money to see an actress because they like her. I want to look equally well in person for these same people. If they like me well-dressed on the screen, I don't think I should short-change my friends by looking careless in private life. Besides, I don't go for slacks and hair blowing in the breeze. I'm not the type. . . . Are there no homebodies in Hollywood? There are a lot of us. For instance, my husband and I once tried to tear ourselves away from home for "a change." We went to Palm Springs, which is a beautiful place, but it wasn't beautiful enough for us. I was restless when the sun went down. I wanted to be in my own home. Everyone to everyone's own tastes, but I can't see myself spending two or three nights a week in a night club. If I did, I'd figure that there was something seriously wrong with me that I didn't want to stay home, instead. . . . How do I stay slim? Just born that way, I guess. I have a weight problem. Not to lose weight, but maintain it. I eat about six times a day—little snack meals consisting of milk and sandwiches or milk and fresh fruit, with a big dinner in the evening. . . . How can people be happier? Well, I'm not the world's greatest authority, but if you are discontented, try to develop a love for your work. Say to yourself every day, "No matter what happens I'm going to enjoy what I do today." The first thing you know, you actually will start to enjoy each day, and should be a lot happier for it! End quote.*

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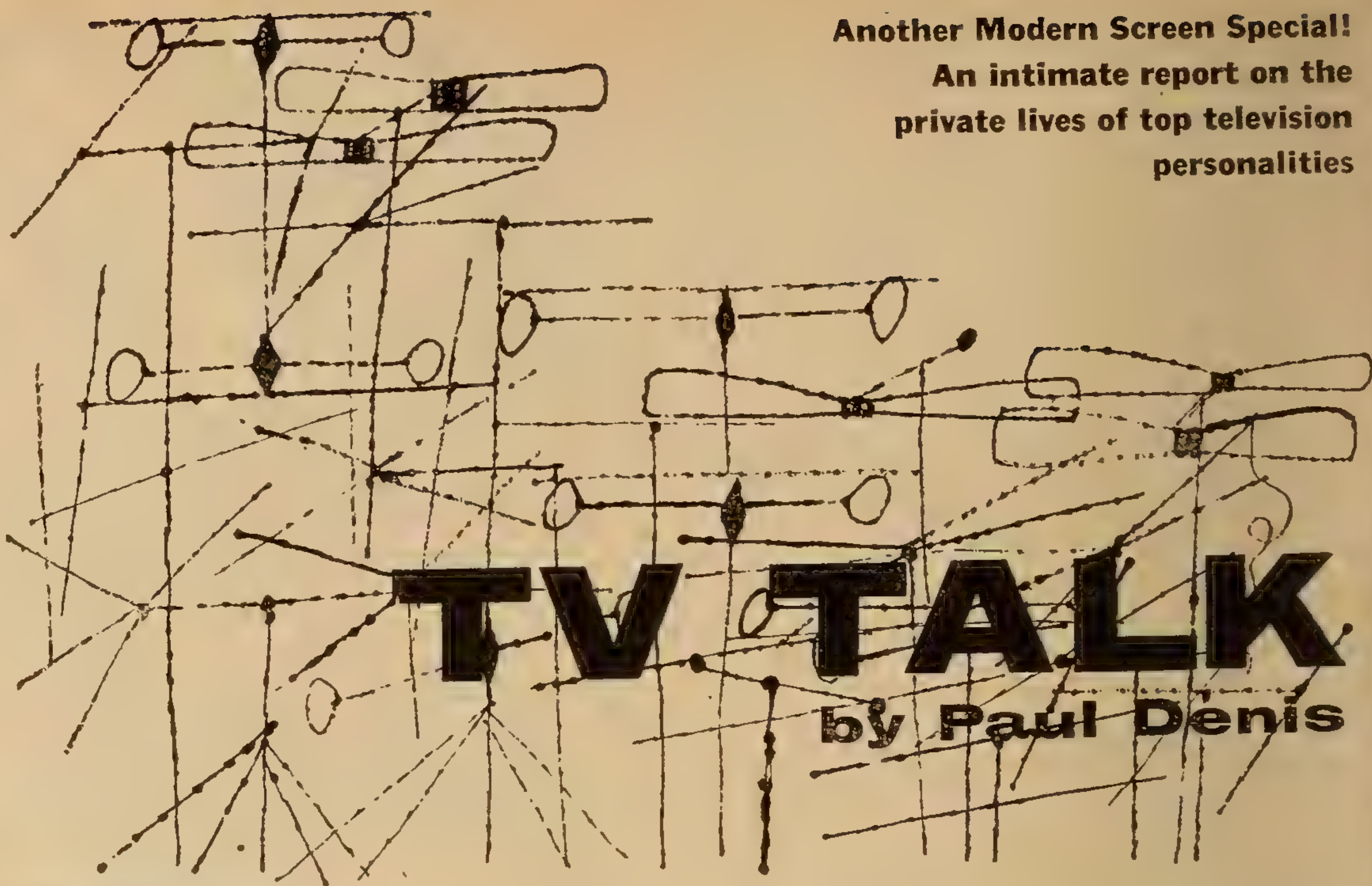
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An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities



EDDIE FISHER'S PALS: When Eddie Fisher was about to come out of the U.S. Army, the Paramount Theater, New York, booked him—to open the morning he became a civilian. Eddie told the theater, "I've got a friend, Joey Forman. He's a comedian and I want him on the bill with me." The theater, amazed, answered, "We've never heard of Forman, and, besides we've got all the star comedians we want." But Eddie insisted "If you don't take Forman you can't have me." P.S.—Forman, 23, and an unknown, got a feature spot on the bill. . . . Behind this story is a tale of true friendship. When Eddie was a Philadelphia high school student he and Forman and Bernie Rich (an actor) promised each other they would try their luck in New York together—and that, whoever became successful first, would help the other two. Eddie, the oldest, made it, and now that he's got Forman started, he's opening doors for Rich.

JOHN DALY, LOVEY: John Daly hates to admit it, but his wife calls him Lovey. It's an old Southern expression she picked up when she went to school in Virginia. Daly retaliates by calling her *The Duchess*, in private. When others are around, he calls her Maw or Kit, although her name, actually, is Margaret. . . . Daly, incidentally, is looking forward to his next meeting with Basil Rathbone, having just discovered that Rathbone was also born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Although they're friends, they never realized that the other came from the same home town.



GODFREY'S FAVORITE THOUGHTS: Arthur Godfrey has clamped down on interviews, claiming he's too busy and too worried about his leg operation. But the many mottoes and inspirational sayings hanging on the walls of his office do much to reveal his thinking:

"Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there."

"The fellow who waits for something to turn up may find that his toes do first."

"We haven't got so far to go as we had, regardless of what we are doing."

"The great thing is to get your work done, and see and hear and learn and understand."—Ernest Hemingway.

"If you don't like it, get out. But while you're there, defend it."

"Individual freedom alone can make a man voluntarily surrender himself completely to the service of society. If it is wrested from him, he becomes an automaton and society is ruined. No society can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom. It is contrary to the very nature of man, and just as a man will not grow horns or a tail, so he will never exist as a man if he has no mind of his own. In reality, even those who do not believe in the liberty of the individual believe in their own."—Mahatma Ghandi.



THE HAL BLOCK FIRING: The replacement, by Steve Allen, of Hal "Dimples" Block on "What's My Line?" caused a rumpus because Hal had become enormously popular. His fan clubs howled, as a hush settled over the mystery firing. Now here's the true story: Block had become too prankish and had developed the habit of leaping up to kiss pretty girl contestants. He also talked out of turn, and drowned the lines of Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen and Bennett Cerf. The program's producers warned him to correct his ways, but Hal, a wealthy former gagwriter, kept forgetting.

Hal didn't need the salary he got on that show, but his ego was immensely gratified. The show was Hal's first contact with fame—and he loved it like a true ham.

JERRY AND DEAN'S PRANK: Sponsors have been complaining of the high TV costs, much of it due to poorly organized rehearsals. Yet the zany Martin and Lewis recently saw a prop bed on a TV set and climbed in, to catch up on missing sleep. The director didn't have the nerve to wake them up. Result: lost time and money.

ARLENE FRANCIS INHIBITED: Arlene Francis starred on a recent Hollywood Screen Test, and in one scene, she had to throw a pie into the face of an actor. She refused, and confessed to director Alton Alexander that she simply didn't have the nerve to do such a thing. Alexander solved the problem by having the actor trip and fall on the pie as she held it. . . . Arlene, incidentally, has bought a \$73,000 New York town house and is giving up her Park Ave. apartment.

FRED ALLEN STOPPED: The acidulous Fred Allen was stopped on the street by a gushing lady, who grabbed him by the arms and gurgled: "You're Fred Allen! Oh yes, you are! Just think! Little ole me, a nobody from a small town, talking to the famous Fred Allen! Isn't that just wonderful? Doesn't that prove we're living in a great democracy?" Fred said, dryly: "Not until I answer yes." . . . Incidentally, Fred is feeling much better and will probably have a half-hour comedy quiz on TV this fall.

A MATTER OF DIGNITY: Dagmar posed for a picture, at a Runyon Fund show, with Walter Winchell and Christine Jorgenson. Miss (or is it Mister?) Jorgenson later called over the photographer (Seymour Zee of the Journal American) and said she didn't want to be in the same photo with Dagmar, because, "it's not dignified." The photographer promised to destroy the photo—but it ran in the paper the next day anyway. Weeks later, Miss-Mr. Jorgenson saw the same photographer at another affair and refused to pose for him. . . . How Dagmar feels about this, we don't know yet.

LUCILLE TONES DOWN: Lucille Ball has tinted her flashy red hair to golden red. You won't notice the difference on TV, but Lucille did it for her children. "I didn't want my children to think of me as 'brassy' when they grow old enough to notice," she says. . . . Jinx Falkenburg, who has two children, has taken an opposite course: she's just dyed her dark hair blonde. Flashy blonde, too!

ARTHUR MURRAY DOESN'T DANCE: Kathryn Murray, who's become quite a TV star, enjoys dancing with the instructors at the Arthur Murray Dance Studios. But she doesn't dance with her own famous husband. And the reason is that Murray has the same trouble most husbands have: he can't dance with his own wife.

BOB'S SMOKING EARS: On his "My Hero" show, Bob Cummings gets laughs when he kisses his beautiful office secretary (Julie Bishop) and smoke comes funneling out of his ears. Fans are always asking Bob how he does it, and he explains, "It's simple. Just kiss Julie Bishop. It happens to everybody!"

JACK WEBB AND THE COPS: Jack Webb who flew to New York to meet the press, tells how pleasant it is to be greeted by policemen everywhere and recognized as TV's famous Sgt. Friday. "But in Los Angeles, my home

town," he says, "when a cop gave me a ticket, he stopped and exclaimed, 'Why, you're Sgt. Friday!' and then somehow it was too late to tear up the ticket." Oddly enough, Jack is not an honorary member of the Los Angeles police force he glorifies on TV.

ODDS AND ENDS: Peggy Lee is thrilled the way her daughter Nikki, 9, has accepted her new daddy, Brad Dexter. Right after the wedding ceremony Nikki whispered to her mother, "Mommy, make this one do, please." Virgilia Peterson, the erudite moderator of Author Meets the Critics, lives in a plush New York apartment that has everything. Well, almost everything. It doesn't have a TV set. She says she doesn't feel a TV set is worth buying! . . . Tallulah Bankhead slipped quietly into Doctor's Hospital, New York, to have her face lifted. She wants to look nice for her \$25,000-a-week cafe debut in Las Vegas. . . . Peter Donald is knee-deep in legal maneuvers, following separation from his wife, Jo, former radio actress. . . . Former kid movie actor Freddie Bartholomew has split with his wife after six years of married life. It's the first marriage for Freddie, now a New York TV director, and the fourth for Mrs. Bartholomew, a publicist. . . . Don Hastings, who's the Ranger on Capt. Video, is 1A and may be called into the army this summer. He's been dating Joyce Hahn, of Newark, N. J., but says he won't marry until after he finishes with the Army. Now 19, he plans to try Hollywood after his Army stint. Wants to be a cowboy actor.

DIANA LYNN SHIFTING: Diana Lynn, who's no longer wearing her wedding ring but who refuses to talk divorce, says she intends to split the next two years between New York and Hollywood. She intends to do more TV work, and maybe another play on Broadway. She did quite a bit of dating while in New York, and Bill Dozier, Joan Fontaine's ex, was a favorite.

EAST AND WEST: Sally Forrest, who's now settled in New York to be with her husband, CBS executive Milo Frank, is making TV her career. . . . CBS has been trying to get Jackie Gleason to move his show to Hollywood, thinking the Coast may be a pacifying influence on Jackie's restlessness. But Jackie, who tried Hollywood several years ago and didn't like it, prefers the excitement of the Toots Shor's crowd. He just rented a huge mansion at swanky Sands Point, Long Island, and plans to live it up this summer. . . . Meredith and Rini Willson will again summer in Hollywood, where they own a modern house on the side of a hill.

PAUL WINCHELL BACK: After a six weeks' illness, Paul Winchell is all right and back in New York to await the birth of his second child. . . . Margaret O'Brien joined the Easter Parade in a demure and frilly getup: large white straw bonnet, white blouse, and full blue silk skirt. Margaret is doing more TV and apparently not hurrying back to Hollywood. Momma is constantly with her, and they dine quietly at places like the Stork and the Colony. There doesn't seem any evidence that Margaret's ever had a date without Momma around. . . . Gerald Farley, Belleville, N. J., asks about Davis Bruce (Donny, on the Beulah show). Bruce, former movie actor, seems to be off the show and Stuffie Singer has the role. . . . Send me your queries about your favorites, and I will try to give you the right answers.

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once a tomboy

(Continued from page 40) She is one of the few to enter Hollywood's golden circle of contract signers without undergoing a change of title. Cyd Charisse, thought MGM, was as high flying, as fancy and as distinctive as a name could get, and even their experts couldn't dream up anything better.

Few people know it, but Cyd's original monicker was even more breathtaking. She was born Tula Ellice Finklea, in Amarillo, Texas. The Tula stemmed from an aunt, the Ellice was borrowed from an uncle, and the Finklea is of Welsh derivation. The fact she began life in Texas astounds most people because Cyd's exotic appearance plus her interesting name give the impression that she has floated to these parts on an alabaster slab, cushioned with carpets from Baghdad and fanned by Nubian slaves. Amarillo comes as somewhat of a shock.

As a matter of fact, wherever Cyd goes she is taken for a native. Her bloodline includes not only Welsh, but French, English, Scotch, and a bit of American Indian. When she is in Paris they remark that she looks so French, when in England she is taken for an upper class Limey, in Italy they accept her as another Latin, and although to date Cyd hasn't set foot on an Indian reservation, she knows what to expect in the way of comment on her first visit.

If she looks expensive, it comes naturally. Her father was a jeweler, and one of Cyd's favorite playthings as a child was the scale on which the diamonds were weighed. The scale was allowed but the diamonds were not, and happily enough the hands-off policy where gems were concerned left Cyd with no frustrations. She can take or leave valuable jewels, and is just as content with a costume bauble as she would be with a diamond that would have fractured her father's scale.

HERE is where the illusion of Cyd's aura of splendor begins to fall apart. It takes a while to probe it, for she has a natural reserve that doesn't lend itself to easy conversation concerning herself, but when her personality begins to come out in the wash of an interview it is even more surprising than the bit about Amarillo. Cyd Charisse, by all counts, should mother little girls and put them in dresses drowning in ruffles. She should sit in a beautifully appointed drawing room and look more like a formal portrait than a human being. But she does not. Cyd has two sons, both of whom are long gone on the happy fact that they are boys, and they do little to quash the evidence. The house is normally quaking with noise and activity, and more often than not Cyd is contributing herself. Nicky, now ten, is teaching her how to blast the seams out of a punching bag, and from all reports she has done the impossible, having garnered grudging respect from her elder son for her athletic ability. Nicky is not old enough to realize or to grasp the unbelievable fact that his graceful mother, who seems always to float through the house, was once one of Amarillo's best-known tomboys.

"It was unavoidable," says Cyd. "I had an older brother." His name was Earnest E., the namesake of his father, and to avoid confusion the family referred to him as "E. E.", which Cyd admits sounds like a captured mouse. E. E. was a year older than his kid sister, and in the absence of a brother he latched on to Cyd and taught her how to kick footballs, scale fences, knock a Texas Leaguer and, most of all, to climb trees. The two kids built a tree house all their own and disappeared into its heights so often and so long that their mother was frantic and their father re-

read The Theory of Evolution by Darwin.

The art of handling a punching bag requires two attributes—timing and muscles—and Cyd has both. They are two of the reasons why she has enjoyed spectacular success as a dancer. The other is that she loves to dance. Last winter she achieved one of the goals of all ballerinas: she danced in a picture with Fred Astaire. There is little use trying to explode the myth about Mr. Astaire and the thousands of his would-be dancing partners. If there is such a thing as magic feet, Fred has them. Asked about her reaction to dancing with him, Cyd sighed, "Of course I wanted to dance with him! Every dancer wants to. I can't imagine anyone saying no to such an opportunity. The man is fabulous. Nobody can walk like him, no one has his endurance. He can pick up a cane and ad lib a dance that is breathtaking. I don't believe there'll ever be another Fred Astaire!"

The tribute came from her two days after she had finished work with him in *The Bandwagon*, a time that gave an acid test to reactions, for it is well known that Mr. Astaire is a perfectionist and works so hard that others working with him automatically strive for the same results. Other dancers have been known to retire with curled toes and refuse to take a step for months afterward, but Cyd came out of it still filled with awe and respect.

For part of her reading Marilyn Monroe picked "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran. She was so much under its spell she didn't like my kidding question: "Do you think it will make a picture?"

I asked her why she wanted me to read "The Prophet." She said, "It is very inspiring. It is more or less a pattern for everyday living."

Robert F. Slatzer,
The N.Y. Journal-American

Her dancing career was begun, unwittingly, by a doctor who recommended lessons as exercise. As a child Cyd was too thin, and Amarillo's rugged winters kept its children indoors for a good part of the year. So she began to study with a local teacher who had been a pupil of the famous Theodore Kosloff. She was eight years old then, and by the time she was 13 her parents decided to send her to live with friends in California where she could further her studies. It ended for Cyd the life she had always known, the summer vacations in New Mexico or Colorado, the pillow fights and daydreaming hours with her brother, the close association she had enjoyed with her father. But it was what she wanted, for she was happiest when she was dancing and her parents, particularly her father, loved dancing.

For two years she studied in California, attending the school of Nico Charisse, and when she was 15 she auditioned for Colonel de Basil of the Ballet Russe. Her father was immediately telephoned back in Texas and asked that his daughter be permitted to join the troupe. Mr. and Mrs. Finklea were not the kind of parents to stand in the way of a talented child, and despite Cyd's youth they let her go. Her father worried about it considerably but her mother was so calm that to this day Cyd laughs about it. "She seemed so trusting that everything would be all right—didn't so much as turn a hair. Maybe it's because I was tall for my age and had always seemed older, but at any rate if she was worried I never knew it. But her grandchildren—they're different! The boys can't stumble over a doorstep that Mother doesn't have hysterics."

For a year she toured the United States with the ballet, during which time her

father saw her debut as a soloist. It was providential that he did—he was so proud of her—for it was not much later, at a time when Cyd was en route to Europe with the troupe, that Mr. Finklea died. Cyd returned to be with the family for a while, then re-signed and went to Europe. There was no time to be a tourist; it was a matter of work and more work, and it went on until she was 16. At that time a vacation was announced for the company and Nico Charisse went to Europe to see her. Not many weeks later, in 1941, he and Cyd were married.

This time Cyd's mother was considerably roused—"A little upset," says Cyd and smiles softly. "She wrote that she thought it best if I came home."

The newlyweds returned to California at the outbreak of the war and their son Nicky was born in 1942. Soon after his birth Cyd was introduced to Gregory Ratoff, and the meeting resulted in her dance specialty in the director's picture, *Something To Shout About*. There was another brief bit of dancing in *Mission To Moscow*, and then in 1945 she waltzed into a solid Hollywood career with her portrayal of the ballerina in *Ziegfeld Follies*. In that picture she was introduced in her role by Fred Astaire, and although Cyd was already an established star of the dance world, she was only 20 and at the beginning of her movie career, and it is doubtful if she even dreamed then that one day she would star opposite Astaire.

SHE was featured but not starred in four films the following year, and the year after that, 1947, saw her divorce from Nico Charisse, who just recently has remarried. Following the divorce Cyd lived quietly with her mother and son, and her career followed the same quiet level. MGM put her in two more pictures, neither of them giving her much opportunity to display herself as anything but a dancer. This suited Cyd because dancing was closest to her heart, but it did little to further her career, as audiences saw her purely as a terpsichorean and had no opportunity to catch her personality.

In 1948 her luck and her life began to change. At a party given by her agent Nat Goldstone she met Tony Martin, another of Goldstone's clients. Accustomed to meeting tall, dark and handsome men who were also celebrities, Cyd was not particularly impressed and later refused his first invitation to dinner. When she finally did go out with him he took her to a Hollywood nightclub and proceeded to table hop all during the evening. She was even less impressed until she reminded herself, in all fairness, that Tony was only just released from the Army and so deliriously happy to be home again that he couldn't resist saying hello to all his friends.

They were married in May of that year, and if Cyd had been bewildered by Tony Martin as a table-hopping date, she was even more nonplussed by the discovery that she had a country-hopping husband. In his profession as a singer Tony is constantly traveling to theaters in New York, and nightclubs in Miami, and their marriage, the first year in particular, was a series of forced separations. It has got to the point where Cyd is happiest when Tony is busy at a studio from 8 A.M. until 6 P.M., for although he may not be at home, he is at least in the same city. This is assuming, of course, that Tony makes the picture in Hollywood. His last film, *Easy To Love* with Esther Williams, took him off to Florida for two months, and Cyd worked overtime to finish her role in *The Bandwagon* so that she could go with him. Cyd herself is sometimes guilty, such as the month spent in Mexico for the filming of *Sombrero*. Tony went with her for that

one, but within a week had to leave for a singing engagement elsewhere. That was about the time that, out of a period of three months, they were together only two weeks. By now the divergent demands of their respective careers have become a family gag, and it is always remarked upon in high glee when they manage to have dinner together.

CONSIDERING the erratic circumstances their marriage has worked out extremely well. And they prove the point that opposites attract, for while Cyd is reserved and not overly fond of crowds, Tony is an extrovert who loves people—all kinds of people. Their friends include youngsters and oldsters, show people and non-professionals. When Cyd is working in a movie she prefers entertaining at home, and their house is seldom without guests, some staying for a sandwich, some for a two-week visit. It is a house that lends itself well to entertaining—big and rambling, with four fireplaces and a swimming pool, and surrounded by stretches of green lawn.

It is a paradise for Cyd, not only because it shelters her family, which now includes Nicky Charisse and three-year-old Tony Martin, Jr., but because she is basically a home-loving person. Despite this she goes along with Perpetual Motion Martin, who cannot sit still for more than two minutes. He may come home dead tired from a series of one-night stands, but after two or three days she notices the symptoms. He sits at the breakfast table sipping his coffee and reading the morning newspaper, but he can't seem to concentrate. He keeps putting the paper down and staring out the windows. Finally he gets to the point. "Honey, let's go somewhere."

And Cyd smiles, "All right. Where?"

"Anywhere!" whoops Tony. "Come on, let's pack!"

As she understands his penchant for activity, so he understands her love of dancing. He is in perfect accord with her career, knowing it makes her happy, and together they have ironed out the wrinkles caused by the combination of their interests.

The Martins love to sleep late and the boys, whose rooms are at another end of the house, cooperate like gentlemen until they hear the first indications that their parents are up and around. Bedlam follows. Tony Jr. pleads for a trip to the playground, Nicky drags Cyd to the punching bag and Tony calls up Leo Durocher to come over for lunch. There follows an hour of discussion, naturally about baseball, and Cyd sits in the midst of the males, doing her darndest to keep up with the finer points of the game. Her tomboy childhood helps her share Tony's enthusiasm for all sports, but while she seemingly

thrives in the world of men, she has a secret yearning for a daughter. "I like children and want more, but I'd have another immediately if I could be sure it would be a girl."

It comes out, after all, that while Cyd might seem content in her rough and ready household, she would like to have just one other female around—a little character she could dress in ruffles. Men are fine up to a point, but a girl needs companionship. Tony, for instance, cannot comprehend Cyd's craze for shoes. She keeps them, dozens of them, in a specially built case, and while he only murmurs at the purchase of a new pair of street shoes, he goes into a snit when she brings home what she likes to call "a crazy pair." Shoes are her Waterloo, and the more distinctive the better. Once, when ankle straps were the new rage, she brought home a pair of strapped sandals and the next morning found them in the garden, well chewed by the French poodle.

Shortly after their rescue, Tony was confronted by an irate wife, a soggy sandal in each hand.

"Well?" said Cyd.

He assumed a puzzled expression. "Well?" he said.

"You might not like them," said Cyd, "but did you have to go to such lengths?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, but when he came home that evening he brought her flowers.

THERE is music in their house every waking hour, running the gamut from popular to classical, and if Tony isn't humming a tune, Cyd is working to the rhythm on her practice bars. Tony Jr. has absolutely no interest in dancing and Nicky's surrender has come only recently, with the advent of ballroom dancing shared by students of his school with the girls of Westlake School. Nevertheless, they both prefer hearing Pop sing to watching Mom dance.

They may not appreciate her talent, but some day they will, for Cyd's lithesome grace and twinkling toes are well on their way to becoming world famous. Her torrid hilltop dance as a Mexican girl in *Sombrero* is calling for air-conditioning of theaters, and her spectacular dances in *The Bandwagon* have at last convinced her MGM bosses that Cyd is worthy of a big star buildup. Accordingly, they plan starring her in their production of *Kismet* and are currently considering her for the lead when they make the screen version of *Brigadoon*.

Right now Cyd Charisse is known as the 11th dancing partner of Fred Astaire in pictures, but it is within the realm of possibility that some day male dancers will be hankering for a chance to play consort to Cyd Charisse, Queen of the Dance. **END**

marriage, anybody?

(Continued from page 39) again to entertain the GI's she dropped her head on her hand and closed her eyes like she does when she is doing a lot of thinking. I knew just what was going through her head: "Piper is 21 now, here she is off on another trip, when she gets back she'll be busy on another picture, and all this time will be time she won't be able to meet anyone new." So I wasn't surprised when she raised her head and said something that, at first, didn't seem to have anything to do with what we were talking about.

"You know, I've been thinking I'd like you to go see the doctor," she said. "You haven't been looking too good lately."

She can't fool me. Being a modern mother she has learned not to take a

direct stand on anything like forbidding me to do this or that. Yet, she would rather I didn't go to Korea this time, and maybe, if I see the doctor, he might say I should stick around. You see, Mother not only wants me to concentrate, she wants me to be where the concentrating can do some good. (P.S. I saw the doctor. He always finds something, but not enough to stop the trip.)

MRS. CHARLOTTE JACOBS (Piper's mother): Piper likes to kid about the family putting pressure on her to get married. It's not so really, of course. I know Piper has to find her own happiness in her own way. Naturally, as a mother, I think about it a lot. But I hardly ever say anything, honestly. Once in a while, maybe, like a mother will, I might forget myself and Piper might get the idea I'm

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hinting. Nothing serious. Sometimes I just happen to say, "You know what I'd like to do, Piper? I'd like to go to a wedding."

PIPER: It's not as if it were my fault. I mean, it might be my fault but there are other things to consider. Every time I meet someone who, well, might mean something, I'm off on the road again, or else retakes have to be shot and I'm busy on the set all day and rehearsing most of the night. Somehow it always seems to get worse right after I get to know a man whom I'd like to go on knowing. But it stops right there. My friends think it's quite a joke. Every time they see me they ask, "Well, Piper, whom are you leaving now?"

Just lately I met a young man and we've been dating quite a few times. I might as well identify him partially, as an actor, but since we're not going to be able to see each other for a long time, for reasons which I will give below, there is no point to my naming him. He is very handsome, unusually intelligent and I enjoyed myself very much when we were out. He is not only a fine performer but quite literate and a conversation with him is not just a time-passing exercise but a rewarding experience.

I've been spending most of my time these past few weeks with him, but it's all over now . . . for a while anyway. Soon I'll leave for Korea. When I get back he is due to go to Europe for a picture. Just about the time he returns I'll be taking off for South Africa. So nice to have met you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of course we can't talk for Piper but we can supply some facts for the benefit of any readers who might be wondering about the identity of the actor mentioned here. Following the premiere of *Call Me Madam* Piper attended a party at Romanoff's and was introduced to Carlos Thompson the Argentinian importation. Both were members of different groups, neither had a partner, and almost immediately they paired off. They sat and danced together for the rest of the evening. When Piper went to the Academy Awards she was escorted by Carlos. He also took her to the big party at Chasens afterwards. They were seen together again not long afterwards attending an amateur performance of *Iolanthe* at the Westlake School in Bel-Air, and they topped off that night by dining and dancing at the Macayo in Santa Monica. Carlos, though from Buenos Aires, speaks perfect English. He is sharply handsome, and he is certainly "literate" since he is the author of a book printed in Argentina entitled, "All Is God." And, just to tie things in a little closer, it happens that he is leaving soon for Europe on a picture, and he is reported to have used rich, romantic words in describing Piper. Yes, the man could very well be Carlos. And if it is he will be the first Latin in her life.

PIPER: My sister Sherrye, who is two years older than I, was married at 17. This doesn't make me a lady of very much distinction around the house socially. Sherrye has made her mark as a woman while I'm still aiming.

Until last year Sherrye used to talk to me a lot about boys and how to convert boys generally into the boy specifically which, she implies, is the main business of girlhood. She made a big effort to sort of give me the proper viewpoint about this process. And I think she was satisfied with my progress last year because she told me confidently, "Well, by this time next year you are sure to be married."

Well . . . here we are . . . this year . . . and Piper is still unattached. And Sherrye has nothing more to say to me. She just sits kind of baffled and studies me till I think she is seeing me 20 years from now

. . . a squeaky old maid, dry and withered.

MRS. SHERRYE WADE (Piper's sister): Of course all this talk about worrying over marriage is silly as far as Piper is concerned. She's just 21. The thing is that as a little girl she, like a lot of youngsters, thought she would surely fall in love at 16. A girl of 21 seemed then to her like an elderly adult. And some of this kind of thinking still hangs on to Piper. But as far as that goes she could be married now if she wanted to drop her standards . . . which I'm quite sure she won't. Young girls think of marriage like poets do; it's something to sing about and you can't sing until the music starts. You just have to keep listening for it.

PIPER: Any girl my age gets the "whens" . . . you know, *when* do I meet him, *when* will he say the word, *when* will we wed? (And if he doesn't hurry up I'll be so annoyed he'll have a bitter girl on his hands!)

So I keep thinking of it all right. And when I don't think of it things happen which bring it to mind. I have a cousin Joan, in Detroit, who is only 18. Somehow, in my mind, she is just a baby; in fact I used to baby her and give her advice like Sherrye gave me (I think sometimes I passed it on word for word, with a very wise look in my eyes). Well, Joan has just let the family know . . . she is being married in June!

A smart girl is one who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—and dumb.

Marilyn Monroe

As if this wasn't enough, consider what happens with my old high school crowd. There were 25 of us who stayed pretty close; anything that happened to one was supposed to be passed on to the other 24. Well, eventually, after high school, marriage began happening, of course. The first one got married, then another, then soon there was a half-dozen who could say, "Call me Mrs." But it didn't stop there. In the past year and a half there has been a grand rush and the score is now 23 married, two single.

Not that it made me frantic or anything; after all I had my career, I was busy, I had little time to get around . . . I kept telling myself. And all the time I had one tiny consolation; I had company, I wasn't the last, the 25th . . . yet. It was the idea of it, the thought of the other 24 girls saying, "Poor Piper! Can you imagine? Still single!" All that sympathy . . . a girl could drown in it.

Two days ago, two days before I wrote this, I dropped into Wil Wright's for some ice cream and ran into a man I knew—the brother-in-law of the other remaining single girl. He came up to me and I saw that he was breaking into a faceful of news that he just had to tell me. "No! Not that!" I said to myself. But it was. *She*, Karlyn Glasser, the last girl between me and utter (if temporary, I hope!) ignominy, was engaged. She'll be married this summer. This summer . . . when I'll probably be on a train, or a plane, or very likely trying to fall asleep in a tent on the African veldt by counting antelopes or gnus or whatever they use out there for sheep.

"Isn't that great news?" asked Karlyn's brother-in-law.

"Wonderful!" I cried, but I didn't blame him for looking at me in surprise. My voice did sound funny. I tried to tell myself I wasn't upset, and I knew that deep within me I was happy for Karlyn's sake. But what did it make me? When the ice cream came I took three spoonfulls and couldn't

taste a thing, so I just left it there.

VIVIAN LEWIS (waitress at Wil Wright's): I remember the night Piper came in. She always finished her ice cream. It was quite a blow to have her leave her dish practically untouched. We thought it was us.

BETTY MITCHELL (Studio publicist): Pooh! Don't let Piper kid you. She's young, beautiful and famous. Also happy.

ROSE DONOHUE (Betty's assistant): Yes, but she wants to be young, beautiful, famous and in love. And she knows only that will bring a real happiness.

PIPER: Of course, there is my father who never talks much and has to be really drawn out on the subject of romance. I wonder how he feels and I am beginning to get a pretty good idea. When I was 16 or 17 and went out with a boy as much as twice he'd be sure to ask, sooner or later, "Say, isn't this getting to be serious?" Nowadays? Well, now I can go out a half dozen or more times with the same boy and he doesn't say a word! He only looks as if he might be quite willing to listen to some announcement.

MR. ALFRED JACOBS (Piper's father): H'm'm.

PIPER: If he has changed, if he is taking another view of things, like it's time I made a move, well . . . I can only point out that mother was 22 before she married him.

MR. JACOBS: H'm'm'm.

MRS. JACOBS: We've been married 26 years and we are very happy. Piper will be too. From what I hear she has gotten a lot of proposals but she says the boys are kidding.

ROCK HUDSON: I proposed to Piper while we were doing retakes on *The Golden Blade*. I said, "Piper, after this picture is over let's go to Mexico. Of course, we'll have to be married." I guess that wasn't the way to frame a proposal properly. But anyway she said, "Thank you. And now let's get back to work." So we went back to work.

DICK LONG (currently in *All American* at Universal): Of course Piper and I have discussed marriage . . . theoretically. Since we first worked together in Universal's dramatic school three years ago I guess we've yakked about everything under the sun at one time or another.

You learn a lot about people just yakking . . . especially when you're working with them. Piper's a good sport . . . concentrating on her career . . . (the hours we've spent talking show business) . . . but interested in other things and other people and their problems. Her mother and father are like that, too . . . warm, friendly and comfortable to be with.

A date with Piper is always fun—and sometimes unusual. For instance Christmas 1951. I was in the service then . . . enroute to Korea. Three days after I landed in Japan who should show up but Piper. There to do camp and hospital shows. Was I glad to see her!

PIPER: Everybody kids a girl about marrying. My Aunt Dorothy was visiting us and asked me if I was thinking of marriage. I said, "Sure." She said, "Wonderful! I'd love to be able to attend the ceremonies while I'm still here."

The grips on the set always ask me when I'm going to get married. The cameramen have a whole conspiracy. They keep pretending to be worried about a haunting look creeping into my expression. They say I really must do something about it . . . like going to my own wedding.

Marriage, anybody?

END

making up for lost time

(Continued from page 57) The building into which Jane Wyman walked that night was the famous Hollywood Masquers' Club—and Jane was one of the few women ever to enter its portals. Definitely she was the only lady movie star to be asked into the building. The occasion was as unique as the incident appeared. For that night the Masquers were giving Jane Wyman an honorary dinner, something they have reserved for only the most renowned male actors—and a feast and tribute no Masquer ever thought would be accorded a female.

The Masquers who were there that night will tell you there has never been a happier evening in the club, nor were more enthusiastic speeches ever aimed at a celebrity. Two hundred men sat about the room, the dais was jammed with stars, executives and officers of the club, and in the very center sat Jane, the lone woman. Speakers arose and, as they do at such banquets, told of the qualities of the guest of honor and of the laurels she had won.

There was Vince Barnett, the comedian, who spoke of the early days in Jane's career and told how she had never changed with success. "But he didn't tell," Jane said, "about how he used to feed me when I was hungry." There were the casting men who had given her a helping hand, the actors who had spoken to directors about her when she needed the jobs and the boosts; and the directors themselves who bragged now that they had been lucky to get her. And then Jack Warner, the head of Warner Brothers, who modestly said: "Jane has been working for me for nearly 15 years now—and just for that she ought to be given a banquet."

Then Jane was called upon to speak. She had prepared something in her mind, an outline expressing thanks for the honor of the night. But as she stood up to talk it all went out of her head, and she just looked down at the table cloth, so they wouldn't see the mist in her eyes, and spoke extemporaneously. She started with the man at the foot of the table and she told how good a friend he had been—and then she went the length of the board and all about the room, and she picked familiar faces from the crowd and gave credit for her success to all of them one by one. Afterwards they all drifted about the club house and talked and sang songs together. When the doors closed finally in the small hours of the morning, the caretaker shuffled off to his quarters muttering happily that it had been the grandest Masquers banquet of them all.

Thus, it would seem that in 1953 the star of Jane Wyman has risen to its zenith. That with almost 20 years of screen acting behind her she has reached the promise of her career. She has received just about every recognition Hollywood gives its own, as well as accolades from the public and press of almost every nation. She has an Academy Award. She has been known as the sexiest of the leggy young contract girls—and she lasted to get an Oscar for a believable portrait of a mute drab. She has been married, has had children, has been divorced and married again. And today she stands as proof that in Hollywood anything can happen if a girl has talent and fortitude. And luck.

WHAT is Jane Wyman's life like today? Well, those who have known her since she first came to Hollywood as a blonde young dancer say that the years have been more than kind to her. She has embellished the face and figure that even as a kid stopped traffic on the studio lots. She has all the vigor she started with, and certainly the health. Time has brought her

riches, too—and she lives a bit differently than the early days—in a fine home, with the ice box and deep freezer well filled.

With her husband of a few months, Fred Karger, Jane has a household of five—her children, Mike and Maureen, and Fred's 11-year-old daughter Terry. They live a rather simple life, built around the activities of the kids when they're not working. But in the evenings, except for the few occasions when they dine out or go to small parties, Jane and Fred make it a family affair around the TV set or a cornpopper in the fireplace.

"What I really want out of life now," Jane said, pert as a teen-ager impersonating a grown-up, "is the relaxation that is supposed to come after a long stretch at the factory. I want to take it easy between pictures now, and maybe between assignments get a chance to travel to Europe and see the sights of the world I've been too busy to look at before."

Actually, it is a little difficult trying to think of Jane Wyman taking things easy. An average day in her life consists of rising at 6:30 A.M. for an early studio call, keeping the make-up staff in stitches as she gets ready for the day, coming on to the set like Gangbusters and chattering like a Minah bird until lunch, doing a publicity interview from 12:00 to 1:00 and then back on to the set with the same enthusiasm until the 6:00 whistle blows. After that she's ready for a hearty dinner, a party, fun with the kids, or a quiet session with a novel before turning out the light for a few hours' sleep. This routine is not pressed upon her. She demands it.

A few weeks ago Jane threw a party. Most of the people attending were from the movie she was making or they were working on other films. About 11:00 the fearsome early risers began to drift, and at midnight Jane and Fred saw the last of them to the door. Fred looked a bit sleepy, but Jane was wide awake. As she started up for the shut-eye that was to last her until six or so the next morning, she frowned. "I guess they didn't have a very good time," she said. "Nobody wanted to stay."

"Yes, dear," her husband said, not troubling to remind her that other people weren't made of iron.

Maybe Jane Wyman has been saving up for the lusty life she manages to cram into every 24 hours now. For the past five years, ever since she has been divorced from Ronald Reagan, she has been a bachelor girl, with most of the spare time on her hands that the average bachelor girl falls heir to. Although she has been linked with men a few times during that five years, the times between were long and the romances few. She had interests, all right, but none of the purpose a girl can find with a man of her own. Now she is catching up.

FRED Karger, Jane's husband, is a perfect mate for her. He is not at all the Hollywood type of man, not the playboy sort who haunts the parties and dates a different doll every night. Fred comes from a rather well-to-do family, but he has always worked for a living. For a few years he has been the leader of an orchestra that played for most of the society parties given in Los Angeles and Pasadena, and a few Hollywood parties. During the day he is composer, arranger and the supervising musical director of Columbia Studio. As a matter of fact, although they have known each other casually for years, it wasn't until Jane began making *Let's Do It Again* at Columbia that they first became more than casually attracted to each other.

Music is a kindred interest with Jane and her husband. Fred is a fine pianist and accompanist, and there is nothing that pleases Jane more than to have someone



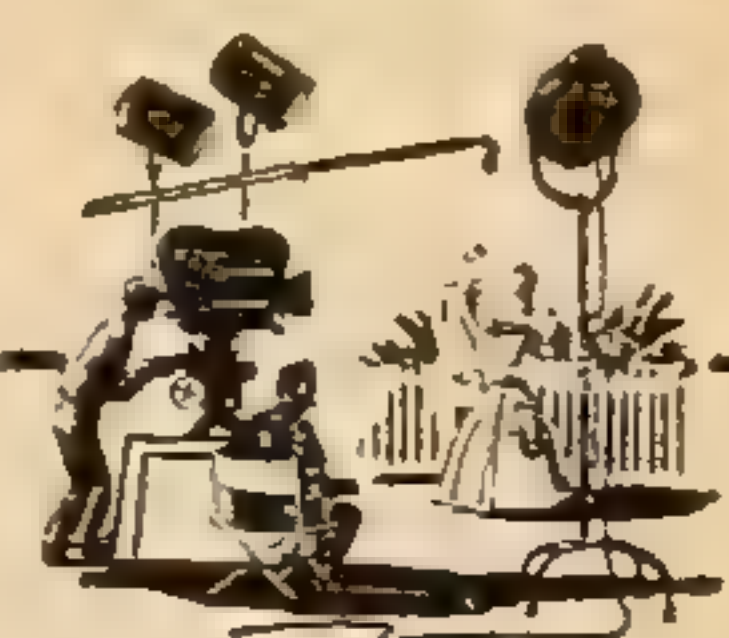
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Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

suggest she sing. If you've heard any of the records she has made or seen her with Bing Crosby in their Paramount pictures, you know she's not bad. With music for a starter they began discovering other comparable likes and now they are practically as one on every subject. This is quite a feat with a girl as singularly positive as Jane Wyman Karger.

"I don't know how anybody stands me sometimes," she said. "I get an idea about something and that's it. Maybe sometimes I'm wrong, but while I think I'm right I can't be fooled with. It must be a kind providence that brought Fred and me together. He not only thinks the way I do—I find myself agreeing with him as soon as we begin discussing something."

It is a very difficult thing in Hollywood generally for a movie star to find a husband she can also work with. In the case of an actress and actor being married you'd think it would be a cinch, but it isn't. Directors married to stars seldom get a chance to make movies together. But it looks as though Jane and Fred will be able to overcome this problem. Jane is definitely interested in making musical pictures, as well as records, and Fred can be the musical advisor around the house. Even if a film isn't a musical there is always a score. This makes it possible for them to go abroad if they want to and still not have to give up part of the career of one of them.

Professionally, Jane Wyman has never been in better shape. Not even right after she won the Oscar for *Johnny Belinda*. She has a couple of unreleased musicals in the can and as this is being written she is getting ready to begin one of the most demanding roles of her career in *So Big*.

"The thing that bothers me about this picture," Jane said, "is that I have to look 18. Then I go to about 60. That's a big jump."

Well, Warner Brothers aren't too concerned. She can play 18 without make-up, and a bit of old grey hair and a swab or two of pallid make-up, a nest of wrinkles and she's 60. But the studio does feel that *So Big* is one of its most important films in years, they plan it on a grand scale, so Jane can be sure that next fall when it is released she will have another important dramatic offering to offer the critics and award-givers.

ONE of the early maddening ambitions of Jane Wyman's life was to be a dramatic actress. And it was at Warner Brothers, where she has made her biggest hits in the past few years, that she developed her most awful frustrations. Casting a picture in those days of box-office magic, when, as the saying goes, all a theater manager had to do was open the door and stand out of the way to let the customers charge in, was done according to a casting book. If a producer had to make a picture

in which an actress was to lose her baby to a rich husband, all he had to do was get an actress who could cry. If he wanted a comedy, he got an actress who could tell a joke or hit the leading man in the face with a ripe tomato.

Jane Wyman, in the casting books, was a cute little buffoon who could dance. Period. She spent several weary years trying to tell the men in the front office that she could also cry—and would like to get a chance to make an audience cry, too. One day a part came up that Bette Davis was being considered for, but Bette for some reason or other couldn't make the starting gate. Jane, who usually walked around the lot in slacks and sweaters, decided to make an impression as a sad one, and for a week or two she wore what were practically widow's weeds to the studio. Nothing happened. She'd trot about like a saddened woman in search of a tombstone, but no one paid any attention, except to say, "Hi Janie," just as always.

She tried throwing a sombre note into lunch in the commissary, dropping in attired as Mother Hubbard, or close to it. Nothing happened. Then one day she saw a producer eyeing her carefully. She put on the sour puss and waited. Sure enough he came over to her table and gave her a closer inspection. Finally he spoke.

"Do you think," he said, "that you could play a burlesque dancer? I've been watching you—and you seem to me to be just the type."

"Out of my way," Jane cried and dashed from the commissary.

The way she got *Johnny Belinda* is that producer Jerry Wald saw her dressed like a cutie one day and, being a great believer in off-beat casting, decided she was just the type to play a deaf mute.

It is a strange thing that today, after topping all the laurels she needs as a dramatic actress, Jane Wyman likes nothing better than to have her agent call up and say that somebody wants her for a crazy musical.

Time has been kind to Jane Wyman—and the Jane Wyman of today will be the first to tell you that. Along with the progress of her career, her emotional life has been fruitful. While she was married to Ronald Reagan she was very much the housewife and early mother. They were serenely happy together until their different interests broke them up. When the separation did come it was not one of the ugly messes that are so common in Hollywood, but a grown-up facing of a mutual problem. And even after the divorce, when most movie couples are victims of sniping tongues and speculations, Jane managed to keep a dignity in her position of grass widow.

The only other romances of consequence she has ever had were the ones with Greg Bautzer, which she herself will admit was just fun, and the short-lived engagement to Travis Kleefeld. There has never been

a nicer young man to invade the stars' domain than Travis, so there was no finger of defamation pointed at her in that matter either. In between, Jane has kept her lady-like character and was still able to keep her reputation as a fun girl and, incidentally, a great wit.

THIS year is a new beginning of the road for Jane Wyman. What has happened to her in her life before this year has been wonderful, but it has not been fulfilling enough to satisfy her. She began 1953 with a rainbow shining across the hill from her bedroom window on New Year's Day, and she vowed, she says, on that morning to start to find all the happiness and good things that are promised folks who find the end of that rainbow. During the early part of the year she fell in love and her home was filled as fully as her heart. She is at an age now where she appreciates the comforts that can come from children, and where she can look long at the trophies of her craft that fill her den and feel a warmth from them.

She wants to build a dream that will come true.

"I guess I haven't knocked around much," she said, "but somehow I feel as though I have and I want the fruits of the hard work I have done to be about me from now on. I've loved my home and my family before, but never as much as now. This is my year to move."

There will be another ceremony at the Masquers Club in Hollywood one of these nights soon. One that Jane is not aware of at the moment. It is called The Spelvin Award. It has been given to very few actors and, again, no actresses. It is named after the legendary actor who has appeared on many playbills but has never existed, George Spelvin. George Spelvin is the name used in the theater when an actor plays two roles—and does not desire to be billed in one of them. It is actually a tribute to a performer of great versatility.

One night soon the long limousine from the Masquers will again pull up before Jane Wyman's home. The six men in the top hats will alight again and escort her to the club. She will once again be the only woman in the place, a girl and 200 men. The usual speeches will be made. And Jane will be called upon again to make an address, to talk to and about the fellows she has known all of her professional life. And then the Spelvin Award will be in her hands. It is a statue of a man in a tall silk hat, a bit battered but still doing a show. That's Jane Wyman, a woman, but the only one in her line of work to get this recognition.

And when she gets home, she'll put it in the breakfront along with the rest of her prizes, and she'll treasure it always. But it won't mean the cap on a career for Jane. No, sir, she's looking ahead. She's just going to get going in 1953. **END**

joan and marilyn talk

(Continued from page 33) talk so openly!"

There was so much honesty in what Joan said and so much distress in her voice that I reached over and patted her hand.

We were sitting in a quiet corner, away from the other guests at a small dinner party at my home. Dinner was over—and I knew Joan wanted to talk to me. And you can bet I wanted to talk to her!

When the others started talking or gathered around the piano to sing, I motioned for Joan to join me away from the group. (I think most of them would have given anything to have heard what we were saying for the Crawford vs. Monroe feud was still the talk of the town.)

Joan and I have been friends for many years now and I feel I understand her very well.

I sincerely believe she would give anything in the world if she had never said those things about Marilyn. But, once the damage was done, you've got to admire her spunk for saying she was not misquoted!

She was in the firing line—but she was standing there taking it—and saying she was sorry! You've got to admire a girl like that.

Joan leaned toward me and said softly, "There's still room in this town for both of us. I feel if I were to meet Marilyn face to face I'd say, 'Hi, there,'—and we'd shake hands."

"The fight seems to be more with her studio (20th) and the press against me

rather than the fans although I have had a few letters of criticism.

"One was from a sergeant who is great Marilyn Monroe fan. He enclosed an awful picture of me in a bathing suit with my hair all fizzy. The caption was to the effect that I was skyrocketing like the Fourth of July. The sergeant wrote: 'This is exactly how Miss Monroe dresses today, only you haven't her good points!'"

It was typical of Joan to tell this on herself.

She went on, "I wrote to the sergeant and told him that the blatant picture most certainly was me. But I explained that I had since learned that flaunting your sex in clothes, photographs or in action is not good for an actress."

"Perhaps I subconsciously felt I could

help Marilyn because I had worked so hard to overcome the many things wrong with me and I am still grateful to more experienced actresses who gave me advice—and criticism—along the way.”

It was almost time for us to rejoin my guests unless I was going to be a rude hostess and I said so to Joan. She nodded. Then, as we rose, she said quickly:

“Louella, just one more thing. I do want Marilyn to know how bitterly sorry I am that this interview was ever printed. But for this thing to go on and on, as though someone had been murdered, is ridiculous.”

We now lap-dissolve (as they say in movie scripts) back to a conversation I had with Marilyn the day after Joan’s blistering interview hit the press.

She had been crying her eyes out all night. Her voice was so choked up she sounded as though she had a terrible cold.

“I don’t believe Miss Crawford said those things about me,” she whispered. “Everybody’s calling, calling, calling, to see what I have to say. What shall I do?”

“Say ‘No comment’ to everything—and then you can’t get in trouble,” I advised my little blonde friend.

But three weeks later, with letters from the fans pouring in, I called Marilyn again and told her I thought the time had come for her to say something.

The intervening weeks had calmed Marilyn down to a noticeable degree. This time she really had a bad cold and she had been out of the hospital just 24 hours when she dropped by my house in the afternoon.

SHE looked very pretty if still a little ill and her suit was simple and in good taste. I remembered the first time I had met her, just as she was starting her sensational climb, at a party at Joseph Schenck’s home. The dress she wore was cut too low and she looked like a siren—until she opened her mouth.

Then I realized what a shy, ill-at-ease girl she really was, despite all her lush, sexy beauty. Her sudden, dizzying success had given her confidence—but not much.

Marilyn slipped into a chair and tossed her jacket back because the day was warm. After we had chatted a minute about this and that, she got to the point.

“Miss Parsons,” she has never called me Louella—nor does she call many people by their first name, “I don’t want to feud with anyone. All I want is to get to feeling well again and get good pictures at the studio and learn to become a better actress.

“I think the thing that hit me the hardest about Miss Crawford’s story is that it came from her. I’ve always admired her for being such a wonderful mother—for taking four children and giving them a fine home. Who, better than I, knows what it means to homeless little ones.

“Although I don’t know Miss Crawford very well—I met her once at a dinner party, she was a symbol to me of kindness and understanding to those who need help.

“At first, all I could think of was ‘Why should she select me to blast?’ She’s a great star. I’m just starting. And then, when the first hurt began to die down, I told myself she must have spoken to Mr. Thomas impulsively, without thinking.

“In view of many things that have happened since the article appeared, I’m beginning to look on it as a blessing in disguise. If it had never been printed I might never have realized how many friends I have, even ones I’ve never met.

“Lots of GIs wrote me letters saying, ‘We like you the way you are.’ Miss Parsons, that meant a lot to me. It’s one thing that made me decide to go to Korea if I never do another thing in my life. I couldn’t get over the fact that so many kids, who were having it so bad themselves, didn’t want me to have my feelings hurt.

That’s not all. People in our business were so unexpectedly kind. As you know, I don’t know many stars outside of the few I’ve worked with. Think of it, Betty Grable, the biggest star on the 20th lot asked me to lunch with her and she said:

“‘Marilyn, don’t let this get you down. I’ve taken plenty of criticism and so have other actresses. Just keep plugging. The important things are your career—and trying to improve yourself.’”

Marilyn enthused, “I love Betty,” (notice she doesn’t call her “Miss” Grable), “she’s such a good person. Maybe this seems silly, but we were doing a scene for *How To Marry A Millionaire* and Betty noticed I had no polish on my toes as I had worn in a previous day’s work. She ran and got that polish and put it on herself.

“There were no press agents or newspapermen around so she didn’t do it as a grand gesture.

“And Mr. William Powell is another who went out of his way to be kind to me. He said, ‘You remind me of a girl I loved very much. You don’t look like Jean (Harlow)—but you have the same warmth and inner radiance that made Jean such a lovable person.’ I think that is the sweetest compliment I ever had.

“And you have been so good to me, Miss Parsons,” she said, impulsively. “That’s why I feel I can talk with you and tell you the way I feel because I know you will make it sound right even if I don’t always express myself just right.”

I told Marilyn she “expressed” herself all right because she’s always honest and never tries to fool herself—or others.

She knows she first attracted attention because of her sexy appearance—but she’s trying as hard as she can to improve herself as an actress.

For this reason, the part of Joan’s article which hit her the hardest was the reference to her vulgar walk in *Niagara*.

She said, “You see, the character I played was a tramp. The role called for me to wear very tight dresses and high heels. The combination of a dress I could scarcely move in and the high heels caused me to ‘wobble’ when I walked.

“With all the publicity I’ve had and everything, I suppose it will be hard for many people to believe that I never deliberately throw my sex around, thinking, ‘If I do this, it’s sexy—or if I look a certain way, it’s sexy.’”

I know what Marilyn meant. At a party, she’s never thinking of how she can slay all the males present. She never flirts, or tries to attract attention, or makes a “play” for the men.

For a girl so over-abundantly endowed with sex appeal, there have been few men in her life.

She had an unfortunate early marriage; she loved Johnny Hyde (the lovable little agent who helped her career so much) without ever being in love with him. For the past two years there has been no other man in her life but Joe DiMaggio.

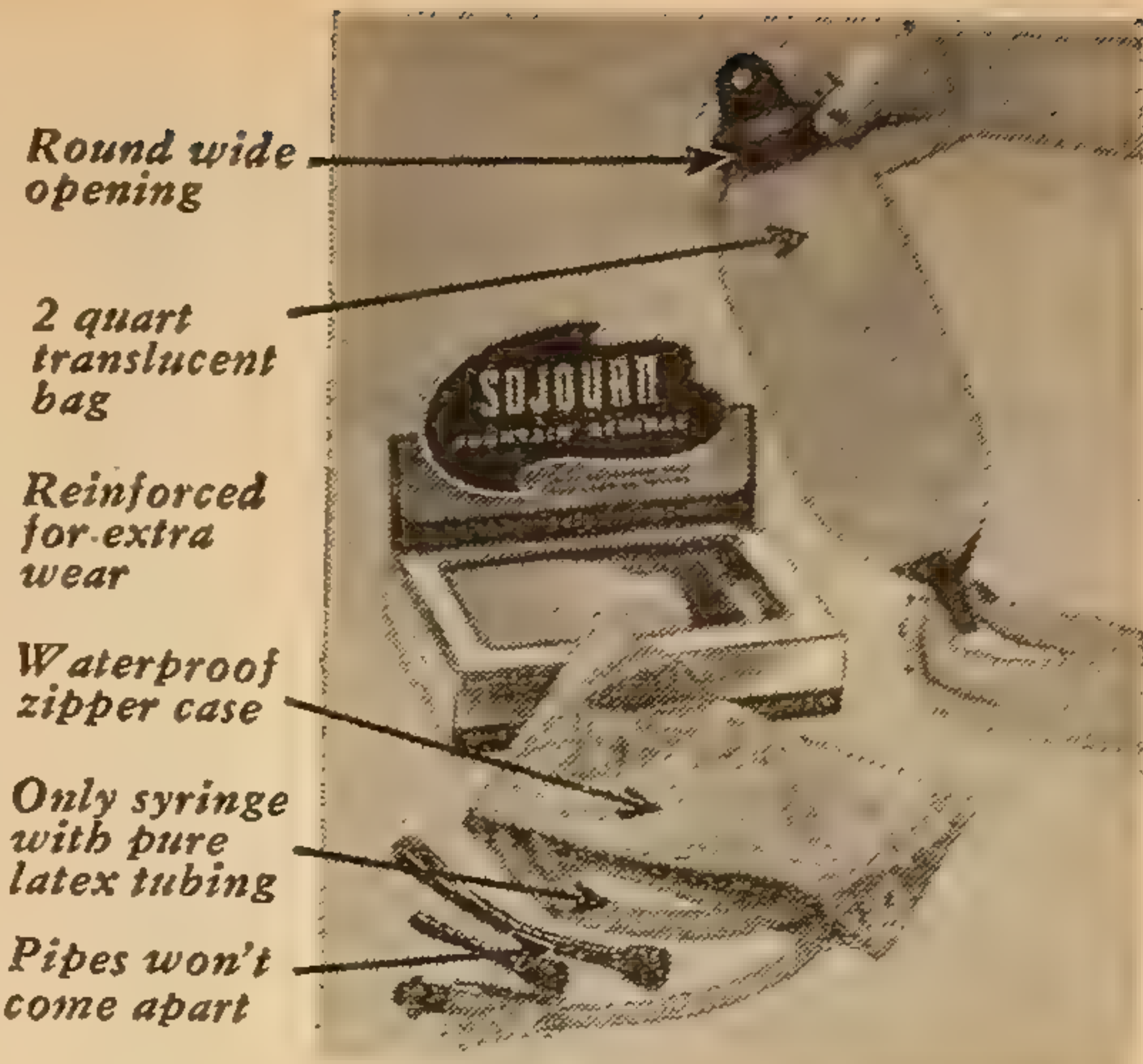
Compare Marilyn’s “love life” with the records of some of our glamor queens and it’s modest, indeed.

SEX has been the stepping stone to her career—and she’s not knocking it! But the lowcut dresses and the dreamy-eyed photographs have served their purpose, and she’s eager to go forward as a performer and as a person.

“This is why I’m gradually getting over the hurt of Miss Crawford’s interview,” Marilyn said just before leaving. “It’s over and done with and I shan’t think about it anymore.

“I’ll just keep on believing she didn’t really mean all those things she said to Mr. Thomas.”

And she *didn’t*, Marilyn. Believe me. END



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AT ALL
DRUG
STORES

at home abroad

(Continued from page 48) adaptive and speak French fluently—Betsy and Kerry went to the Berlitz School in Los Angeles—they're still as American as Main Street.

Like all innocents abroad they hunger for home; and they're determined to return to Beverly Hills come September of this year.

"I've worked and traveled all over the Continent," Gene says, "France, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, all these places have got their strong points, but for day-to-day living, you can't beat the United States, and that goes for life in Pittsburgh as well as Hollywood."

Kerry Kelly, who is her father's image, feels like that, too. "Daddy was doing a picture in Munich," she recalls, "when we first came over here, but I never went to school in Germany. I went to school in Paris. It's called La Petite École. It's sort of a semi-private school. It's very nice, and then I went to school in London when Daddy was working on *Invitation To The Dance*. And in Switzerland I went to a school where you go to class in the morning and ski in the afternoon and, really, that's the best school of all. But even so, I can't wait to get back to Beverly Hills."

By June, 1953, Gene Kelly will have been away from the U. S. for 17 months. In that time he has completed three films, *The Devil Makes Three*, *Invitation To The Dance*, a picture in which there is no dialogue, only ballet, and *Crest Of The Wave*.

In those 17 months, Kelly has been the target for as vicious a gossip campaign as has ever been directed toward any actor.

First, it was said that he and Betsy had separated and were planning to divorce, and second, it is still being said that his patriotism is open to question because, after a year and a half abroad, he does not have to pay any Federal income tax.

Just for the record: Gene and Betsy Kelly have never been happier, and Gene is as honest, patriotic, and law-abiding as any man living. During the last war he volunteered for duty in the Navy and pulled a good long stretch.

BUT we'll get to that tax and patriotism question later. First, the matter of his domestic relations.

"I don't know how those rumors start," Gene insists, "and I don't care. They're not true, and I don't even want to honor them with any discussion. Ask Betsy for her opinion. She's got some ideas on the subject."

Betsy says, "It's very funny, no kidding. Friends back in Hollywood send us clippings all the time. Gene and I are breaking up, they say. That's the tenor of most of them. Where these columnists get their information from I don't know. Probably from returning travelers."

"Geographically, it's true that Gene and I have been separated, but that's only because he was working in London, and I was working in Paris or in Italy."

"When we were in London, we were living in Robert Donat's house, and Gene was working very industriously on *Invitation*. I tried to get a job, any kind of acting job. After all, Kerry was going to school, and I had a lot of spare time. I read for a part, a good role, in something called *Letter From Paris*. They liked my audition and said 'Okay, you're in.' Only I couldn't get a labor permit."

"Just about then, Tola Litvak (Anatole Litvak the director) asked me to come to Paris and work with him as dialogue director and general assistant. He was starting to prepare *The Girl On The Via Flaminia*, and he needed a couple of assistants to teach the cast English. Sidney Chaplin,

Charley's son, and I luckily got the jobs.

"I came to Paris. Gene and Kerry and Lois (Lois McLelland is Gene's secretary and a very close family friend) remained behind in London."

"Right there the stories started. Gene and Betsy had each gone their separate ways. It was ridiculous, of course. I flew back to London practically every weekend. Kerry was in school from nine to four every day. It worked out extremely well."

"It so happened that the picture with Litvak took a pretty long time. Tola is a very careful director; you know. Everything has to be just so."

EVENTUALLY the entire cast and crew went down to Nice. Tola insisted that Sidney and I stay in the same hotel with him. He didn't want us to corrupt the cast. They knew just enough English for the picture, and he didn't want them to get too good. Someone found out about Tola's orders that the dialogue directors stay in the same hotel with him, and the again another rumor started.

"Anatole Litvak was going to make Betsy

Molasses and wheat germ and yogurt don't make ya live longer . . . it just seems longer!

Jimmy Durante

Kelly a big star. He was going to give her the lead in the picture. Lead? I didn't even get a bit. Anyway the gossip mongers had me coupled with Tola. It was laughable, but that's how the rumors got back to the States. Supposedly, I was leaving Gene."

"Anyway, by last Christmas, Gene and I were both free, and we took Kerry to Klosters in Switzerland. She stayed there and went to school for a while, and I went to Nice and finished up my work."

"In March, all of us jumped into our Sunbeam Talbot and toured Spain. In May, Gene went back to London to start work on *Crest Of The Wave*. So any day now you can expect the divorce rumors to start all over again. Kerry and I plan to go skiing, probably in the south of France, near the Alps. Someone will say, 'Where is your husband?' And I'll tell the truth, that he's working in London. And you'll see the gossip will begin once more. Just a vicious cycle. Honestly, it gets on Gene's nerves, but I don't mind it any more."

"If people knew how hard dancers worked, they'd realize that someone like Gene hasn't got enough strength or inclination to fool around after a hard day's work."

As to the tax setup the Kellys find themselves in, Betsy has a few words on that subject, too, but better to let Gene speak for himself.

First, however, some background. In 1951 the Congress of the United States passed a tax law in which it is stated that any U. S. citizen who remains outside the continental U. S. A. for 18 consecutive months need not pay any income tax.

This law was passed because the Army of the United States was building bases all over the world and was finding it increasingly difficult to secure defense workers.

In order to make the overseas job openings in such uncomfortable countries as Arabia, Greenland, Algeria, and Morocco more enticing, the law was passed, primarily, as an incentive to recruit manpower.

Now it so happens that in 1951, Gene Kelly's first contract with MGM was scheduled to expire. Kelly's films had grossed over \$75,000,000 for the studio, and Loew's, Inc. had no intention of letting Kelly go.

In seven previous years the studio had paid him relatively little, especially when one realizes that Gene worked not only as an actor but as a director, choreographer, and writer as well. As a matter of fact, he

was regarded by the studio as a one-man unit.

In 1951, Kelly according to Hollywood standards, should have been earning a minimum of \$5,000 a week. He was earning less than half that figure. Taxes, expenses, and commissions being what they are, he and Betsy had managed to put aside only a small amount of savings for the proverbial rainy day.

When Gene's contract expired, he was offered many lucrative deals. He could have picked up \$10,000 a week at Las Vegas. He could have shared in the profits of independent productions. He could have gone to another studio as a unit producer.

The executives at Metro knew all this. They knew most of all that they must under no circumstances lose Gene. After all, hadn't his *American In Paris* won the Academy Award, the first time in ten long years an MGM film had garnered that honor?

What sort of incentive would keep Kelly at MGM?

ONE of the bigshots of Loew's, Inc. had the answer. Congress had just passed a new tax law. A man could work outside of the U. S. A., and all his earned income after 18 months would be tax free.

The proposition was made to MCA, Kelly's agents. They investigated in detail. They checked all the legal angles. Gene insisted that he would do absolutely nothing that was not 100 per cent legal and above board.

"Look," he was told, "geologists, oil workers, engineers are going overseas every day in the week under the identical tax setup. Why should you penalize yourself because you're an actor? MGM has millions abroad in blocked currency. The only way they can use that money is to make pictures in foreign countries. It is no legal sin to make a film in London or in Paris or in Italy."

Gene Kelly thought it over. He discussed the proposition with Betsy. If he made three or four pictures overseas, would she come along? Would she have any objections? After all, Metro was going to make the pictures, anyway. Betsy said sure, she'd come along.

As it turned out, Gene flew to Europe first. Betsy stayed behind to sublet the house and then, with Kerry and Lois, followed a few months later.

After the Kellys had been in Europe for about six months—and mind you, they are not the first Americans from Hollywood to take advantage of the favorable tax law—an employee of MCA, the Music Corporation of America and the largest talent agency in Hollywood, began pointing out to a prospective client what a wonderful deal his agency had set up for Kelly.

"He'll have about half a million dollars tax free," this employee explained, "because we're on the ball every minute of the day. MCA doesn't miss a trick."

In a few weeks the particular actress who had heard this sales talk demanded that her agent obtain for her the same deal. "You dope," she told him, "if I make films overseas for 18 months, I don't have to pay taxes. It's legal, you dummy. It's part of the new tax laws. Don't you ever read?"

IT wasn't very long before pretty nearly everyone in Hollywood climbed aboard the 18-months bandwagon. Evelyn Keyes was the first, then Gary Cooper, Ava Gardner, Kirk Douglas, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Alan Ladd, Lana Turner.

It is possible, of course, that some of these stars may not have had the question of taxes in mind when they left the U. S., but then again it's entirely possible that the tax forgiveness was the main idea.

Because of this Hollywood exodus, Gene

Kelly is bearing the brunt of public griping.

It is he who is consistently and erroneously pointed out as the first Hollywood star to take advantage of the tax law. What does he have to say about it?

"I was asked to make motion pictures abroad. The tax advantages were pointed out to me. I've made pictures abroad before, even without the 18-months' tax set-up. The law was passed by the Congress. It's on the books, and it's proper and legal. I would sooner cut off my right arm than do anything shady.

"Actors don't have very lengthy careers; that's particularly true of dancers. You can burn yourself out pretty quickly. In saving some money for my old age and providing for my family, I don't see anything morally wrong. In the U. S. there's a 27½% tax depletion allowance on oil wells, because the Government expects them to run dry. Creative people run dry, too; but you don't get any depletion allow-

ance on the inevitable slow-ups of age. "Actors are ordinary human beings. We have the same hopes and fears; only our careers don't last very long. I'm sorry but I don't consider it a sin to put some money away for the day I can no longer work."

THE thing to remember about Gene Kelly is that he is essentially a creative artist, a man who dances because of a life force which propels him. He would dance and experiment with the dance whether he was paid peanuts or a palace.

It is safe to say that he has done more to popularize ballet throughout the world than any other dancer in history. To treat him as a "money man" is to defame his character and to detract from his contributions to international cinema.

When the history of the motion picture industry is written, the name of Gene Kelly will stalk boldly through its pages, and only one adjective will do him justice: "great."

END

crosby and son

(Continued from page 43) Europe, study a little art. He may have some talent along those lines. He paints fairly well for a kid."

Actually, Bing came over to Europe for two reasons: (a) he likes privacy, to do whatever he feels like doing without attracting public attention and (b) because he knew that a trip would serve as the antidote to Lindsay's sadness brought about by the death of Dixie Crosby.

As a matter of fact, Bing over the years has made it a practice to spend as much time away from Hollywood as in it. Once he finishes a film and tapes a few radio shows, he takes off for the house in Carmel, the one up at Hayden Lake, or the ranch in Elko. Within the next few weeks he and the boys will undoubtedly go up to Nevada and work on the ranch during the summer.

In Hollywood, Bing has the feeling that he is being tracked by bloodhounds. As a writer friend of his once put it, "Let Bing ask for change of a dime, and right away some reporter is making a big thing of it. That's why, after Dixie died, he took Lindsay out of school and went down to Palm Springs. But even there he couldn't get away. The papers played up this thing with Mona Freeman as if it were a full-fledged romance. It wasn't."

BING Crosby is an Irishman who lives in a kind of cathedral-like self-sufficiency. He has few close friends, his closest being Bill Morrow, his writer.

Crosby confides in no one, especially about affairs of the heart. He is not a man who wears sadness on his sleeve. In fact, for a man who makes his living as an actor he is the most atypical actor in the business. The Crosby legend in which Bing has been painted as the gay, carefree, light-hearted, insouciant crooner with no depth of intellect or emotion is at complete variance with the facts.

Bing is a little on the sullen side. He prefers solitude which is why he loves to fish and hunt. He is a man who meditates, who has his own philosophy of life, a man with moods and tempers and discernment.

Take, for example, the way he lived in Europe. Most American stars who come to Paris check in at one of two hotels. The Lancaster or the Georges V. These are plush, expensive hostelrys, primarily for foreigners, and if you ever catch a Frenchman living in one of them, the chances are that you'll be rewarded with the Legion of Honor. They have become known in show-

business as Hollywood hotels. Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Olivia deHavilland, Clark Gable—when any of these touch Paris, right away it's the Hotel Lancaster or the Georges V.

Crosby, on the other hand, stays at the Trianon Palace, a quiet, expansive, picturesque hotel out in Versailles, ten miles or so from Paris. "It's a good spot," his son Lindsay agrees. "Dad and I can get up in the morning, shoot a round of golf. Nobody bothers you. The service is swell, and of course, it's very historic. Marie Antoinette and all that. Good for my history."

Bing prefers to make Versailles his European headquarters because the newspapermen in and around there rarely bother him. They interview him when he arrives and when he leaves and what he does with his time in between is his own business. There is no daily accounting of his schedule. Der Bingle loves anonymity.

During the middle of April, for example, he, Lindsay and Bill Morrow jumped into their car and pulled out of Paris, heading for the Spanish border. Their itinerary was their own affair. No one cared. No one ogled them. No one asked for snapshots, autographs or interviews in any town enroute.

When the trio arrived at Biarritz, they stayed for a day at the home of the celebrated French comedienne, Gabrielle Dorziat with whom Bing appeared in *Little Boy Lost*. Bing was asked to show up at the Cannes Film Festival and said casually enough that he might drop in for a few hours, but he was anxious to get to Spain and introduce Lindsay to the bullfighting scene.

After Spain there was the Italian tour and then the return to Paris. By this time, Bing, who is much less a disciplinarian than Dixie was, became convinced that Lindsay had had enough fun and enough golf. It was time for the lad to settle down to some serious study. Bing engaged a well-known painter named Mayo, to work with Lindsay on his painting for at least three hours a day.

It's too early to tell at this point, but it looks very much as if Lindsay has a great deal of potential as an artist. "I like to paint," he says, "and I learned a lot in Paris, but I don't really know yet what I want to be."

Lindsay's twin brothers want to become ranchers and his older brother Gary talks of becoming a football coach.

WHEN Bing took Lindsay out of private school in Beverly Hills last year, the opinion was offered that the boy's education might suffer. Actually, Lindsay be-

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lieves, "I've learned more these past few months than I have in years of schooling."

Bing believes in formal education very strongly—he sent his boys to a Jesuit preparatory college and he himself went through Gonzaga, but when Dixie died, he realized wisely enough that for a few critical months, months of transition, he would have to be both mother and father to Lindsay. He would have to give him both affection and companionship.

Bing has done the job extremely well. Lindsay has not only adapted himself to life without a mother but new horizons, new vistas have been opened up for him. Bing has seen to it, subtly and seemingly without effort but always according to plan.

Lindsay Crosby is bright and alert without being pushing or forward. In France he and Bing began to speak French to each other, and they had some pretty riotous linguistic sessions.

In view of the fact that Bing took Lindsay to Europe this year, he can't very well put himself in the position of playing favorites which means that come next year, he will undoubtedly have to do the same for Phil, Dennis, and Gary.

Just what effect Bing and his four sons would have on continental Europe is very difficult to tell. Sometimes, Europeans resent Americans for no good reason at all.

Take the incident of Bing and the British Amateur Golf Championship. While Bing was in Paris he said he planned to enter the British golf tournament at Hoylake whereupon columnist Desmond Hackett of the London Daily Express sat down and nastily wrote that Bing should be barred from the tournament. Hackett blasted Bing and insisted that the crooner had turned the 1950 Amateur tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland's oldest golf course, into a cheap circus. He also accused Bob Hope of making an "ass of himself" and "even a bigger ass of British golf."

The attack on Crosby who was playing for charity seemed so unfair that the influential London magazine, "Golf Illustrated" came to Der Bingle's defense. "It has been suggested," the magazine said, "that Bing is not a good enough golfer to play in the event. We do not agree with that at all. He is certainly better than many of the home players who enter."

The magazine then went on to defend

Crosby both as a golfer and a gentleman. It declined, however, to do the same for Bob Hope. Said the magazine, "We rather think that in this instance Bing has been again confused with his friendly rival Bob Hope, whose display of bad manners and bad golf is still unfortunately in our memories."

OUTSIDE of England, however, neither Bing nor any member of his family has ever been adversely criticized. Bing is universally liked although he has never pandered to popularity. "I'm a lazy man by nature," he says, "and I do what comes naturally."

It is the course of Bing's nature to do the right thing. Paul Whiteman who gave the crooner one of his first jobs, has said of Bing, "He goes through life trying to help people, and where he can't help, he always makes sure not to harm. He is a credit to America, a credit to show business, and a credit to the revered memory of his wife." Thousands echo this homage.

If any of Bing's four sons grow up to be half the man their father is, the world will hold them in high esteem. **END**

ann blyth's wedding day

(Continued from page 52) adulation: Marjorie Zimmer, Jeanne Crain, Joan Leslie, Betty Lynn, Jane Withers, Alice Krasiva. The bouffant gown of each is in a lovely shade of blue with matching slippers. Their bodices are also tight with taffeta cummerbunds, their sleeves short but arms covered with long, white gloves. Each wears a large blue picture hat with taffeta streamers; each carries a little muff of delphiniums. Each has lived close to the bride, has thrilled to her joy, has given showers and helped her plan for the future.

There is another close by who is in pink, her Aunt Cis, wife of Uncle Pat, the two with whom she made her home after her mother's death several years ago. Uncle Pat, as are all the men, is in striped trousers and morning coat. Dennis Day, Jim's brother, is his best man; their three brothers, John, Frank and William McNulty, are among the ushers.

THIS is the moment, the moment which was destined to be the first time Ann met her Jim, nearly three years before, only neither of them knew it then . . . they both have said.

"Isn't every eligible man a girl meets a potential suitor in her mind?" a reporter had once asked her. "Didn't you think of Jim that way always?"

She could be thinking of the answer she gave to this question, as she had thought of it many times since. She said she didn't think so—always. But was it true of her and Jim?

They met at a party and when he left he asked if he could call her. She replied, "Yes," and he called her four days later. It was not to take her out to dinner, to dance or go to a show, perhaps, but to the christening of a nephew, Dennis Day's second son. She went and wondered—was this by way of being an introduction to his family?

It was a good thing that she did no more than wonder, that she gave it no greater significance. For in the next two years their work, hers in the studio and on tour, his in his office and the hospital, establishing his medical career, saw them much more apart than together. Then, last fall and winter, they found more time for each other, and a week before Christmas he came over to help her decorate the Christmas tree and seemed not to have his mind

on it even when he placed the star on top.

He had dinner with them. Aunt Cis had learned he loved lamb and had made a wonderful roast, yet his plate was practically untouched. Uncle Pat threw questions at him on matters of the day and each seemed to catch Jim's mind wandering. And when the older folks left them alone and they got started on the tree, Jim had kept hanging the decorations upside down. Something told her then. And she was right . . . but barely! He was half-way out the door that night when he suddenly turned back, the words she wanted so much to hear came tumbling out, and her whole world took on new and great dimensions—he wanted her!

From that second Jim was not the same Jim any more, she was not the same Ann. When he went home that same night he telephoned her, within three minutes it seemed, after he left. He said first that he had just wanted to tell her that he had gotten back safely . . . and she had thought warmly and fondly, "He's reporting already." Then, he couldn't just leave it at that . . . he wanted to talk some more.

"Tell me," he asked, "did I propose to you when I was there a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, you did," she said.

"And did you say, 'Yes?'" he pressed on.

"Yes, Jim. I said, 'Yes,'" she told him.

"Ah!" he sighed with relief. "I just wanted to be sure. That it really happened. That it's true."

They went to musicals. They went to concerts. They laughed because in college he had played a saxophone in a band but she had never heard him play. They laughed because he had seen only a few of her pictures and she had far more faithful fans than he.

"How could you stay away from my pictures?" she asked, kidding him.

"Do you go to see the operations I perform?" he came back.

They went to parties. Because Jeanne Crain had teased her about Jim she wanted Jeanne to know about the engagement. "Who was teasing?" asked Jeanne. "I was predicting! I was perfectly sure it would happen."

His mother had told her she knew Jim was going to propose. "For a week before, I never saw such a one as him around the house," she said. "So preoccupied he was!"

Now that it had happened all their friends said the same thing. "We could have told you!" And she wished they had.

A bride's hope must feed on memories and these are the ones that must fill Ann's mind. The home they bought, the Connecticut-style farmhouse in Toluca Lake. It was raining when she went first to see the house with Uncle Pat who had hunted it up. Yet she loved it and when Jim wanted a description she said, "It's the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you."

But then she was sorry she had said this much because she hadn't wanted to influence him, and when they went to look at it together she said not another word . . . but just watched him. That was enough. It seemed to her that he thrilled as she had at everything; the slant roof, the wide, inviting stairway that greeted you as you entered, the Dutch fireplace, the warm, yellow kitchen, the den you could see into from way out in the back through picture windows.

They took it. She was a bride not only with a diamond solitaire set in platinum, but with a house to take over and furnish and live in!

They decided they wouldn't try to buy all they need at one time but instead to pick up pieces slowly, matching and suiting as they went along. But he had nothing to say about the first household article that came her way because it was a gift—a rolling pin with cookie mold attached.

For the first time since she had met Jim he visited her at the studio. She took him to the *All The Brothers Were Valiant* set at MGM and introduced him to everyone from Bob Taylor and Stewart Granger to her hairdresser, Florence Erickson, and the wardrobe lady, Tommy McCoy. "This is my Jim," she said. This is how she found herself referring to him—without planning or thinking.

ONLY a few days before his visit the marriage scene from the picture, in which she and Bob Taylor were wed, had been shot. She had worn not only the engagement ring Jim had given her but his second gift, pearl earrings. Now everyone kidded Bob Taylor on his role, telling him that he had been only the stand-in for the real thing.

Well, here before the altar with Jim this is the real thing. Nothing else matters. Only this moment when he takes her hand in his and places the marriage band on her finger to mark the end of loneliness; this moment, the first of many wonderful ones that will stir her heart. **END**

dangerous crossroads

(Continued from page 31) editors across the country immediately clamored for follow-up news. Jane and Geary had agreed between themselves not to discuss the matter, which everyone admitted was their privilege. They kept that promise to each other, but where was the second bulletin stating that they had not really separated? Clearly, someone in the press department had "goofed," for the only alternative now was for reporters to go out and play detective on their own.

The results were both comic and grim. One columnist fairly stated that the entire affair had blown over, at least temporarily. Another stated, without foundation in fact, that Geary had moved away from home to an apartment of his own. Into print went the statement in one paper that Geary was "jealous," and in another, dated from Palm Springs where Geary had taken Jane for a rest, a pointed anonymous item hinting that the young husband of a certain well-loved dancing and singing star was courting disaster with his outside romantic interests. The topper was the prediction that Jane's personal appearance for two weeks at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas was for the express purpose of establishing residence in Nevada in order to obtain the so-called painless six-week divorce treatment.

Most of this news was pure conjecture, for Jane and Geary had at least temporarily made up their private differences. Then, reluctantly, Hedda Hopper reported in her column, "Jane Powell's separation from her husband Geary Steffen shocked me profoundly. I don't believe she'll wait long before getting a divorce. Since she has a night club engagement in Las Vegas I wouldn't be surprised if she stayed there the required six weeks and got her divorce. The guy she fell head over heels for is dancer Gene Nelson, who recently separated from his wife and is the father of a small child."

All Hollywood, including Hedda, hopes that this will not be the case, and in fact the press on first noting the obvious interest between Jane and Gene "sat on" the gossip. They hoped that this would be just another case in which the leading man and his leading lady became infatuated with each other during the production of a picture. It happens frequently, as it apparently did with Jane and Gene on the set of *Three Sailors And A Girl*. But in most instances, a week or so after the picture is over the temporary unreal romantic atmosphere in front of the camera dies away and everything is forgotten. Sometimes, however, emotions get out of hand, rumors blossom and become fact. Then unless all parties are willing to forgive and forget, divorce becomes inevitable.

Boiled down, all the stories, comments, and rumors come to this factual status of the Powell-Steffen situation: Usually the husband is the last to know in a marital

situation of this sort, but unlike other pending divorces, Jane and Geary have remained under the same roof. Up to a day before she left for her personal appearance tours in the east and in Canada, Jane and Geary were together in their Brentwood house, and there had been no physical separation. They both admitted there was serious trouble, but that they had arrived at a definite plan. Jane was to go to Toronto, then to New York, and on to Las Vegas for her two weeks there beginning May 12th. During that time they would consider themselves in a trial separation period.

Columnists, hearing this schedule, insisted that this was the end. They pointed to the fact that Gene Nelson would be in New York at the same time with her.

Jane said nothing. She was incommunicado. But intimates insisted that even then Jane and Geary were earnestly trying to hold their marriage together. They were married in the Catholic church. Jane did not become a Catholic, but took instruction in Geary's faith, and respects his religion. Both of their children were baptized in the Catholic church.

Those who saw Geary Steffen, just before Jane's departure, on his knees, drawn and haggard, earnestly praying, knew the reason. What they did not know was that Jane was also on her knees, praying equally as fervently in another church. They both asked the same grace—to be given strength in the difficult weeks ahead, and wisdom in making their decision.

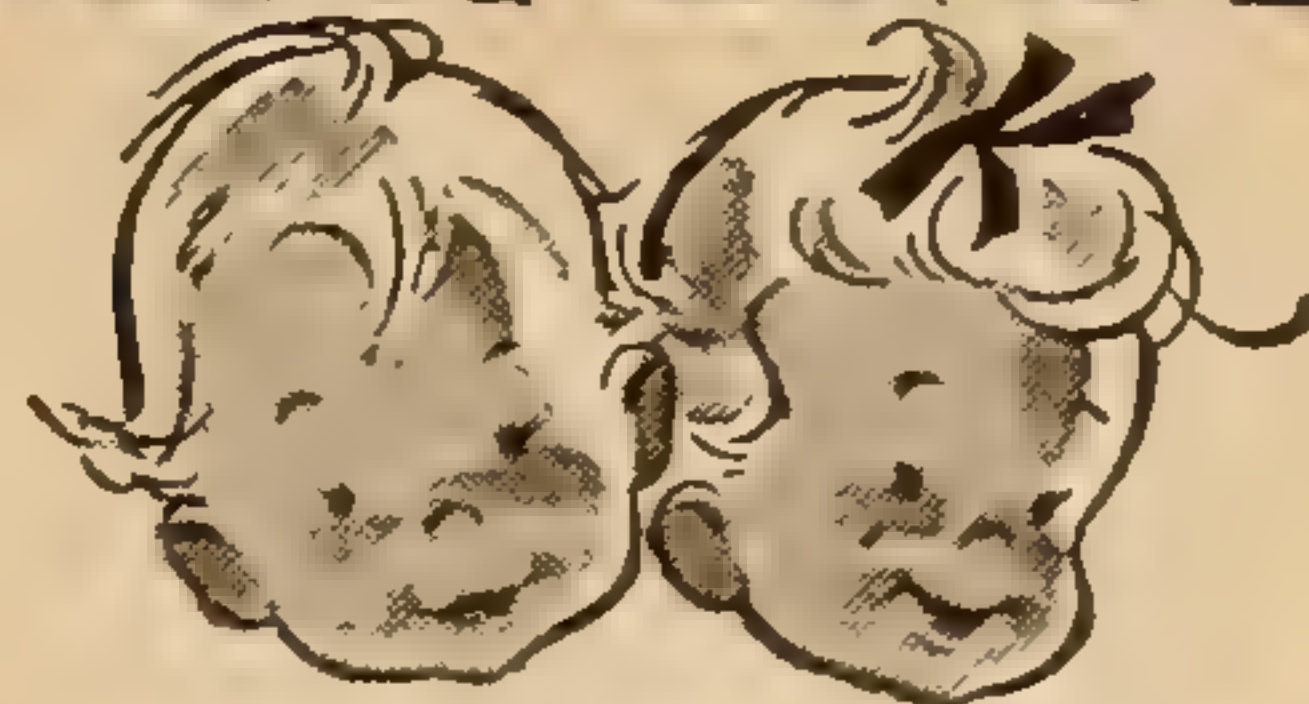
Let's see how this situation has affected Jane Powell. The truth is that Jane and Geary have long had a thorough understanding on the subject of leading men. She's worked with dozens of them, lunched with them, had them call her "honey," a favorite form of show business salutation; she's listened to their romantic woes, smilingly shrugged off their meaningless and habitual passes. In this case, after the picture was over, Gene Nelson happened to be present at Ciro's the night Geary tossed a birthday party for Jane. She danced with a half-dozen men that night. Certainly, if there had been cause to take serious objection to any male behavior, Geary could have handled it. The son of the great fighter, Willie Ritchie, Geary is a rugged boy himself. No one wants to irk him unduly in his presence or behind his back.

No, whatever the rumored "evidence" concerning the cause of their disagreement, the underlying cause which Jane and Geary decided not to discuss was much more complex than any real or imagined flirtation.

Jane is such a trouper that no one thought to inquire into the state of her health. So, we come to facts. Her second baby was born on November 21st, last year. Being used to rigorous picture schedules, she didn't think that January 15th was too soon to begin work in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Unfortunately, the schedule for this film was tightened considerably, due to Warners' decision to close down for a short period. Dance numbers which normally would have been done in two or three days were ordered completed in one. So close was Jane to complete physical exhaustion that she fainted dead away during one number. This, however, didn't prevent her from working the whole day the following Sunday, nor from carrying on other overtime work even though suffering from the flu.

It's no secret that having a baby frequently has a severe effect on any woman's power of endurance; frequently a considerable change for a time on her mental outlook. Jane badly needed a rest, but couldn't have one. As a matter of fact her closest

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friends maintain that if she hadn't gone back to work so soon after the last baby this might never have happened. This is not to say that she became completely unreasonable and ill-tempered, therefore being the one to blame. Privately, both have admitted to close friends that they each feel responsible for their differences of opinion. By so doing they display the necessary concern for each other that is required to help them through this difficult period in their marriage.

INCREDIBLY, it is a Hollywood habit to read a headline and accept it immediately as irrevocable truth. For this reason, a large portion of the movie colony, pre-occupied with their own lives, assumed that Jane and Geary actually had separated from the moment the studio took official recognition of their spat. Very few people noticed that two days later Jane appeared at the airport late at night with Geary to keep an important date—the arrival of the unique three-wheeled English car. The Regal, in which they have an interest, together with Barron Hilton and Quay Sargeant. Jane stood around for nearly an hour in the chilly night air, waiting for the Slick Airways plane to bring the car in. Then she posed with the remarkable machine for publicity photos needed in connection with its impressive premiere showing at the annual Los Angeles Sportsman's Show. If she and Geary were losing their mutual interests, Jane most certainly would have begged off.

The Regal, which travels at speeds up to 70 miles an hour, doing 50 miles to a gallon of gas and selling for just over \$1,000, is but one of Geary's carefully planned interests of which Jane has reason to be proud. Not everyone remembers that when they first became engaged it was Geary who held back from an early marriage. He realized that there might not be a long-range future in his job at the time as Sonja Henie's skating partner. Strictly un-Hollywood in his thinking, he was determined to enter a profession in which he could support his wife and future family, even if she were to never again set foot on a studio lot. So Geary prepared himself carefully in the insurance business.

In the months and years that have followed, Geary has established himself as one of the most-liked business men in Los Angeles. True, his daily associates are people who can never catch the headwaiter's eye at Mocambo. Yet, because he has constantly helped "ordinary guys" to build up their estates, he is a solid man in his community. For proof of this, ask around a little about Mr. Steffen.

As one example, consider what the operator of a small machine repair shop has to say: "It took Geary six months to convince me that my insurance program was inadequate. Without the protection he sold me, my trip to the hospital would have set me back \$1,000. Not only did he save me a lot of money; he sent me a bunch of new customers. I've never met his wife, but when I do I want to tell her what she already knows: 'In my book, your husband is one swell guy!'"

Jane indeed does know this and usually talks more about him than she does about herself. Her feelings, past and present, are best defined by her good friend, Betty Lynn, who not long ago told a MODERN SCREEN reporter, "Jane is so intelligent about life. She's so sure of what she wants. She has never fallen in and out of love like a lot of other young kids. She knew she'd fall in love with the right man when he came along. And she did. She knew it was Geary, and no one else, because he represented all the fine things that Jane wanted in a husband. He was charming, intelligent and hard working. Having

worked so hard herself, she expected no less in her ideal."

Moreover, what Geary Steffen has done for others, he has also accomplished for his own family. If something happened to him, suddenly, they'd be more than adequately provided for if Jane never worked another day in her life. In addition, he and Jane only last year completed the building of a ten-unit apartment house in the San Fernando valley. Next door to this building, they own a couple of additional lots on which they will erect other apartment units, "when they have the money."

BECAUSE they have avoided the shallow Hollywood social life in favor of building mutual interests together, it would be no easy decision to dissolve their marriage. They have both seen close friends who have given up the complex problem of maintaining complete marital harmony. One of these said, on reading the news about them, "I hope that Jane and Geary have the sense to hold on tight to what they have, for the sake of themselves as much as for their children. I didn't, and I have regretted it ever since."

That these two will and are trying to is obvious, for they are very aware that in this modern age three out of every four marriages are failing throughout the nation, with an even higher percentage in

Cecil B. DeMille wanted a mob of extras to rush upon a leper in the market-place, crying "Unclean! Unclean!" The extras were rehearsed as to action, and then handed mimeographed scripts of their brief utterance. But a typist, cutting the stencil, left out two essential letters. When the cameras started grinding, the mob rushed upon the leper, crying "Uncle! Uncle!"

Maxwell Drake

Hollywood. One night, before they were wed, Geary asked Jane, "What do you think ruins most marriages around town?"

They agreed that there are four major causes: career trouble, financial trouble, in-law trouble and the problem of fading love. At that time they took inventory of themselves and believed that they would be able to survive these major obstacles. Today, they have only two hurdles which they conceivably may fail to jump—career trouble and fading love.

The career trouble Jane knows very well. Knows, too that it is something every actress must fight against. Currently there are stories that Jane's new Metro contract was partially dependent on the promise that she wouldn't have another child for three years. The truth is that no such clause can be put in a contract, legally, although it might be "understood." Another factor, blown up out of all proportion, perhaps even in Jane's mind, is the studio's decision to concentrate on glamorizing all of its feminine stars. Most of them now regretfully tell their friends in the press that they cannot pose for pictures with their children; it is against studio "policy."

As for Jane, the policy is an unfortunate complete reversal. Of course, until very recently she was limited to homey little girl parts. This, however, can be blamed more on the short-sightedness of certain producers than on a healthy public interest in her private life happiness. Under the circumstances, with sophisticated and dramatic parts going to other girls on the lot, a less balanced girl than Jane would have decided that the only thing to do to convince producers that she could play something besides gingham roles would be to "do a Lana Turner on the night club

trail." Instead, Jane has never sought to "showcase" herself and has turned a blithe but cold shoulder toward romantic intrigue in private life.

AND to what end? Today she commands tremendous money on personal appearances. It appears certain that she will take over the top feminine role in *The Student Prince*. But if Fate should cost her that role, one of the most important of the year—would she lose it to a glamor girl? No, the most likely star to play it would be Ann Blyth, a close friend of Jane's and a girl who has always been far from the "glamor type."

If there is anything wrong with Jane's career, it might readily be the advice of "career experts" who would give her a false veneer. Taken out of context, Jane's statement in a recent interview, to the effect that, "I've had a little secret ambition to play a bubble or fan dancer or burlesque queen . . . there's something earthy and vital about girls who do these things . . ." sounds a little like a publicity man's idea. Certainly, if the burlesque queen or fan dancer were asked if she'd change places with Jane Powell, "nice girl" roles and all, she'd doubtless give an earthy answer—"Yeah girl!"

To be serious again, as matters stood at last report, Jane and Geary had moved into their two story white colonial mansion on Sunset Boulevard, set far enough back from the street so that the heavy traffic is a mere hum. Matter of fact, they moved into the place while the gossip about them was the heaviest and friends were speculating about their nightly whereabouts. Instead of being separately "out on the town," they were moving in bits of furniture and personal belongings they didn't want to trust to the storage vans.

Instead of buying a whole house full of new furniture, they are installing the old pieces, planning to purchase new traditional furniture as they go along. So interested has Jane been in her new home that when Geary asked what she wanted for her birthday she made him promise to buy only things they could use in the new house—nothing for herself.

There is an air of permanency about this lovely mansion, purchased through their mutual efforts and with the profits from the sale of the home in which they have lived for four years. Almost twice as large as the old place, there are two bedrooms for Geary, Jr., and baby Suzanne, who need their own quarters. There's an extra bedroom too for another possible addition to the family.

Even now, Jane is reported to have cancelled plans for arranging a property settlement and cut short her tour to meet Geary in Las Vegas.

These facts should stand up well against the opinion of skeptics who insist that once there is the slightest break in a marriage, there is no going back; sooner or later the final parting will come. Even so, a veteran observer is greatly tempted perhaps by wishful thinking that if Jane and Geary can get a solid grip on themselves and each other they can go right on with the job of solidifying their marriage.

In fact, he may even mark it down as a certainty as he chooses to believe in what Jane herself has said, to wit: "You've got to make an effort to be happy. You can't just think that you're something special and entitled to it. I have my career; Geary has his work. But we have something more important together. Something we both share—our home and our family. That's what makes a good marriage something to share. If that goes, then I think that love goes, too."

Jane Powell said that in 1951. Now, in 1953. . . ?

END

temptress

(Continued from page 35) about all this. It had been a long time. The last talk we had with her had been two years before, and then she had been a true teen-ager, vibrant as a colt on the first day of spring, eager for the new work in the movies, fanatically infatuated with a young man she'd been engaged to since she was 16, and as sure of the future pattern of her life as only a teen-ager can be.

At that time Mitzi Gaynor was cute, very cute, but in a purely adolescent way. She wore blue jeans and a horse's tail hairdo and flat ballet slippers and she walked like a ten-year-old who had just taken a dancing lesson. Her idea of a big night was to eat early, go to a movie and wind up behind a malted milk in a drug store, and then off to bed for a solid ten hours sleep. She was just 18.

But most of that has changed. This time we talked in the cool, sophisticated Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mitzi sat across from us and ordered the way the Duchess of Windsor would, and the waiter bowed and called her Madam. She wore a chic suit, black, naturally, with patent leather French-heeled pumps and a small hat with a veil that almost covered the tip of her nose. Her lips were bright with the proper shade of lip rouge and her eyes were outlined in heavy penciled doe lines like a Vogue model. It didn't look like the same girl at all at all.

Mitzi Gaynor today could well be called the sexiest-looking woman in Hollywood. She is five-feet six-inches tall and weighs a well-distributed 125 pounds. Her measurements are at least adequate, even if you're a perfectionist in this matter. She carries her head high and struts just a little when she walks, not enough to call it a wiggle, but enough to suggest she's got a body beneath the petticoats. She has been blessed with high cheek bones and a narrow chin, which gives her something of an exotic contour above the neck. But it is her eyes that do the real work. They are dark and brooding and very slanted and wide, and Mitzi Gaynor knows how to use them.

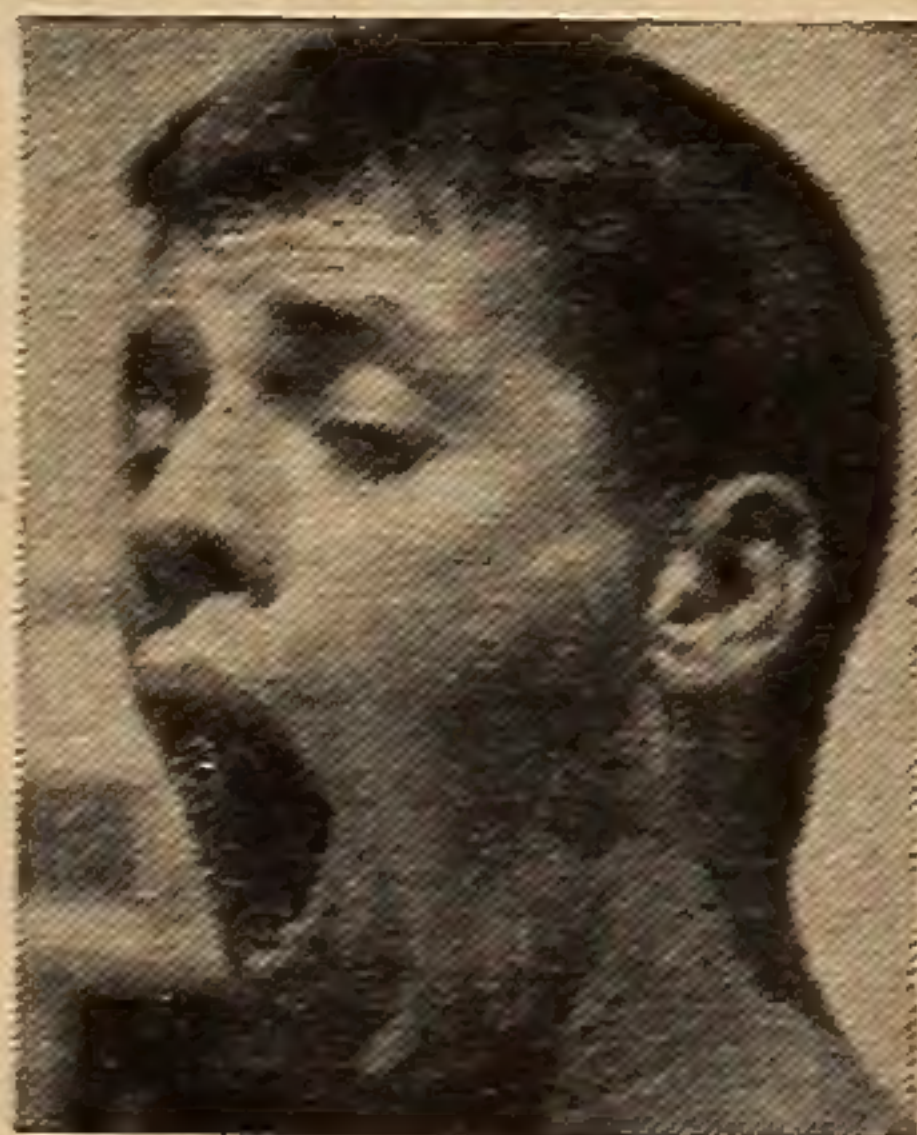
On-screen it is possibly the figure you'll remember most about Mitzi Gaynor. In her recent pictures she has been leggy and narrow-waisted and snug-hipped, and she has thrown herself about a good deal in musical numbers. But off-screen it is her eyes you will remember, for they are win-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During an engagement of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis at the Paramount Theater in Frisco a cute little blonde girl, about two or three, wandered away from her parents and joined a gathering of teen-agers who grouped on the steps of the stage.

When the ushers came to chase away the girls Jerry yelled, "Hey! Don't you dare touch her", pointing to the frightened three-year-old. Dean rushed over, grabbed her up and Jerry produced a chair from the wings for her to sit on—right in the middle of the stage! After the show Dean picked her up tenderly, came out into the audience and returned the child to her father.

Patricia F. Ray
Oakland, California



dows that let you look into a volatile soul, and they are hot and heavy one moment and bright and icy the next, brimming with excitement and anticipation. Man!

"What ever happened to that other girl?" we asked eventually. "The one who hated shoes, remember?"

Mitzi laughed. And we felt a thud on the floor beneath the table. We looked and it was a pair of black patent, French-heeled shoes. Nylon-encased feet drummed on the carpet.

"She's still around," said Mitzi with a grin. "Anyway, I can still think better in my bare feet."

"It's been a long time," we said, "since we've talked. So much seems to have happened to you. Now for instance in *I Don't Care* you suddenly seemed to bloom. Never saw so much skin on the screen before."

"And it's about time," Mitzi said. "I've been so covered up for so long I thought it was time to get out from under. I've been a dancer all my life, but they've always had me in pantaloons or hoop skirts. Nobody thought I had legs. Well, when they began to talk about costumes for *I Don't Care* I was afraid for awhile that I'd end up walking out on the stage with nothing but a ribbon across my middle reading 'Compliments of 20th Century-Fox.' But it turned out all right, didn't it?"

"It turned out fine," we said.

A man accompanied by a striking blonde walked into the room and was seated at the next table. He apparently suddenly thought he was alone, because he stopped looking at the blonde and got a fix on Mitzi and couldn't break loose.

We ran our finger down a long list of men we'd brought along for the interview. Mitzi saw what we were doing. She waved the list away.

"You're wasting your time," she said, "if you're looking for romance there. Dates. That's all they are. But most of them are wonderful."

"The last time we talked," we said, "you were engaged."

Mitzi's face darkened just a little. "I was very young," she said, "and I thought I was in love. But I guess I really wasn't. I think maybe 16 is too early to make up your mind about such things. I have no regrets, but I wouldn't advise another young girl to do the same thing. Why, do you know that until just less than a year ago if I met a nice man and he asked me for a date I was horrified. I used to snort: 'I happen to be engaged!' and I'd think the fellow was an awful wolf. But I don't want to talk about that. That's in the past."

A CHANGE came in her expression. The eyes had it again.

"If you will forgive the expression," she said, "I'm now in my sophisticated period. I don't want to get serious with anybody. I never go out with the same man too often. When I'm not working I live. For instance, an average day goes like this: I go to lunch with someone, go shopping in the afternoon, meet somebody for cocktails, go home and dress, go to dinner and maybe a show, then have supper and wind up at one of the late spots. I've never done any of these things before—and it's fun."

"And what does your mother think of this?" we asked. Mitzi and her mother are very close and share an apartment together.

Mitzi laughed loudly. "You'd never guess," she said. "She says: 'It's about time!' And I think she's right. You know 21 is about time for a girl to stop fluttering her eyelids. At 21 a girl is a woman if she's ever going to be one. And it's important that she begins living a woman's life. Do you realize I elected Eisenhower last November. It was my first vote—and I won."

We also had a clipping from a newspaper in our pocket. We took it out and read it

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carefully. Mitzi, it seems, or so the columnist reported, had gone to Palm Springs a few days before for a rest. The first night she was there, quietly sitting in the patio outside her bungalow, two automobiles came screeching into the driveway simultaneously. Two young men came running toward her. One was Hugh O'Brian, the other a Hollywood doctor. They had both gotten the idea of sneaking down for a date with Mitzi that afternoon, had spotted each other on the highway and had raced the rest of the way. She went out with both. And during the rest of her vacation period, according to the clipping, no less than 17 Hollywood men drove to the desert and turned her rest cottage into something resembling the front lobby of Mocambo on a Saturday night.

MITZI had been reading the clipping upside down across from us. When we looked up she was grinning with satisfaction.

"Men—they're wonderful," she said piously. "I never felt so wanted in all my life as I did that trip. Every time I turned around there was another man who'd come down to take me out. And the wonderful part about the whole thing is that none of them were jealous. I guess they all figured it was nice I was so popular. A good deal of the time, four or five of us would go out together."

"I guess you know," we said, "that you're now considered a very sexy dish because of all this. And, of course, the kind of movies you're making now."

"That's all right with me," Mitzi said. "I'm afraid I'm awfully feminine—and I like to be thought sexy. Besides sex is changing. Even in show business. The ballet, for instance, the way it's been done for 100 years, is definitely old hat now. The modern ballet theater is very sexy indeed. Take the new 'Streetcar Named Desire' ballet, the way it's done by Mia Slavenska and her company. It's costumed differently and danced with all the wild abandon that showed in Tennessee Williams' story. And the business is fantastic. People want women in the theater to be sexy nowadays. Not nasty, of course, but sexy."

"I think a woman can be sexy and still

have the best of the old-fashioned ideals," she said. "For instance, I like the new me, but I wouldn't change a lot of things about the old me. I still want to marry and have four or five kids and a home and just one husband. Although I go out with a lot of different men I still like the wholesome, ambitious type I admired when I was a kid. I don't care if a man I like doesn't have a dime or any position whatever. If he has the other qualities, the good ones, then I'm for him. If I go on a date it's the kind of date the man can afford. If he hasn't the means to go to Ciro's, we'll go to an inexpensive restaurant. And if he can't afford that, I'll invite him to my house and I'll cook for him." She grinned again. "The only trouble with that, though, is that they all fall so hard for my mom that I have trouble getting any attention at all from them."

"But after all this attention," we said, "don't you think you'll find it rather hard to settle down to just one lad?"

"I should say not," Mitzi said earnestly. "I'm not going to be a jerk about it, but when I finally do decide on one man I won't look at another. That will be it." She blew the veil away from her lips; she had something to say and she wanted it heard good. "But that's the way it's going to have to be with him, too," she said. "I think that women let men get away with far too much in this town. Most of the husbands a girl runs into in Hollywood are part-time husbands and part-time Romeos. My man is going to be so happy with me he won't look at another girl. I think I know how to make him that happy. If he ever does look at another girl the way he should look only at me I'll cut his head off!"

"You don't think," we said, "that marriage can get kind of stuffy? That raising four or five kids will be kind of out of character for the new Mitzi Gaynor?"

"What," Mitzi asked wickedly, "can be sexier than having four or five kids?"

We changed the subject.

"It's been rumored around," we said, "that you and Hugh O'Brian are at least considering matrimony."

"Not yet," Mitzi said. "I've got a bit of living to do before I settle down and so has Hugh. But I like Hugh, maybe more than any other man I know. I think he's a won-

derful fellow and is going to be a great actor. I can hardly wait for him to get into his 40's. He's going to be another Walter Huston. You wait and see."

"Are you going to be tagging along with him?" we asked.

Mitzi smiled enigmatically. "Now what kind of a question is that?" she demanded. "I told you we have no plans at the moment, neither of us, but who can tell. I'd like to know Hugh all that time, but as for romance I'm not sure yet, nor is he."

"Getting back to the new Mitzi," we said, "what changed you? What made you take off the teeth braces so to speak and try life as a femme fatale?"

"That's where you're all wrong," Mitzi said. "I'm not a femme fatale, a racy woman, or anything like those things. I'm just a girl of 21 who has come to the conclusion that I want to have fun while I have the youth and energy. I work hard, go to church every Sunday, pay my taxes and write letters to my congressman. In what spare time I have left I like to buy good looking dresses, laugh a lot, flirt a bit, and attract my share of attention from the opposite sex. There's nothing the matter with that."

WE agreed there was very little the matter with that. "But," we pressed, "the whole town is aware of your transformation. All of the magazines are asking about it."

"Good," said Mitzi. "Solid stuff. I like that. It means I'm not in a cocoon—and that people are going to let me grow up, and I won't have to play goody-gumdrops in pictures for the rest of my career like so many girls who get into the business when they're very young do."

"You can tell all those people that Mitzi knows what she is doing. Oh, it's not an act, but I know that living the way I do now is going to help me both professionally and personally. But I want to call your attention to the fact that I haven't ever attempted anything obvious. I wear clothes that suit the occasion. I never wear a low-cut dress to lunch—and I have never bought a dress just because it was low cut. I try to dress with taste and to show off my natural attributes—all of them."

"If people think I'm a flirt, or a temptress, as you put it, fine! I like that, too, because I am a flirt. What single girl in my position wouldn't be? I don't whistle at men in cars but if I'm at a party and I see a nice fellow across the room that I think I might like to meet I might blink my eyes at him a few times so he can see I'm around. If I see a man I'd like to know and it isn't the proper occasion, I might ask someone who knows him to introduce me. If that's not proper what is?"

"I've got a lot of young years left and I'm going to try to make up for some of the time I sat at home watching television. I want to dance every night if I can. And I want to date my share of the boys. And when I play a part in a picture, I want the men in the audience to walk home thinking about me. And that just about says everything, doesn't it?"

We agreed, again, that it did. "But there's just one more thing," we said. "Frankly, we were a little shocked at the sudden change. Don't you think the readers will be a little shocked, too, when we tell them all this?"

Mitzi saw the date she had been expecting standing in the doorway looking around for her. She excused herself and got to her feet. She waved at the handsome chap and started away. Then she turned back, with an afterthought. She tossed us a naughty wink. Man, those eyes!

"I certainly wouldn't want to shock your readers," she smiled. "Please don't do that. But you might explain to them that things are different now. It's blossom time for Mitzi!"

END

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